THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 194, No. 5. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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JULY 30, 1921

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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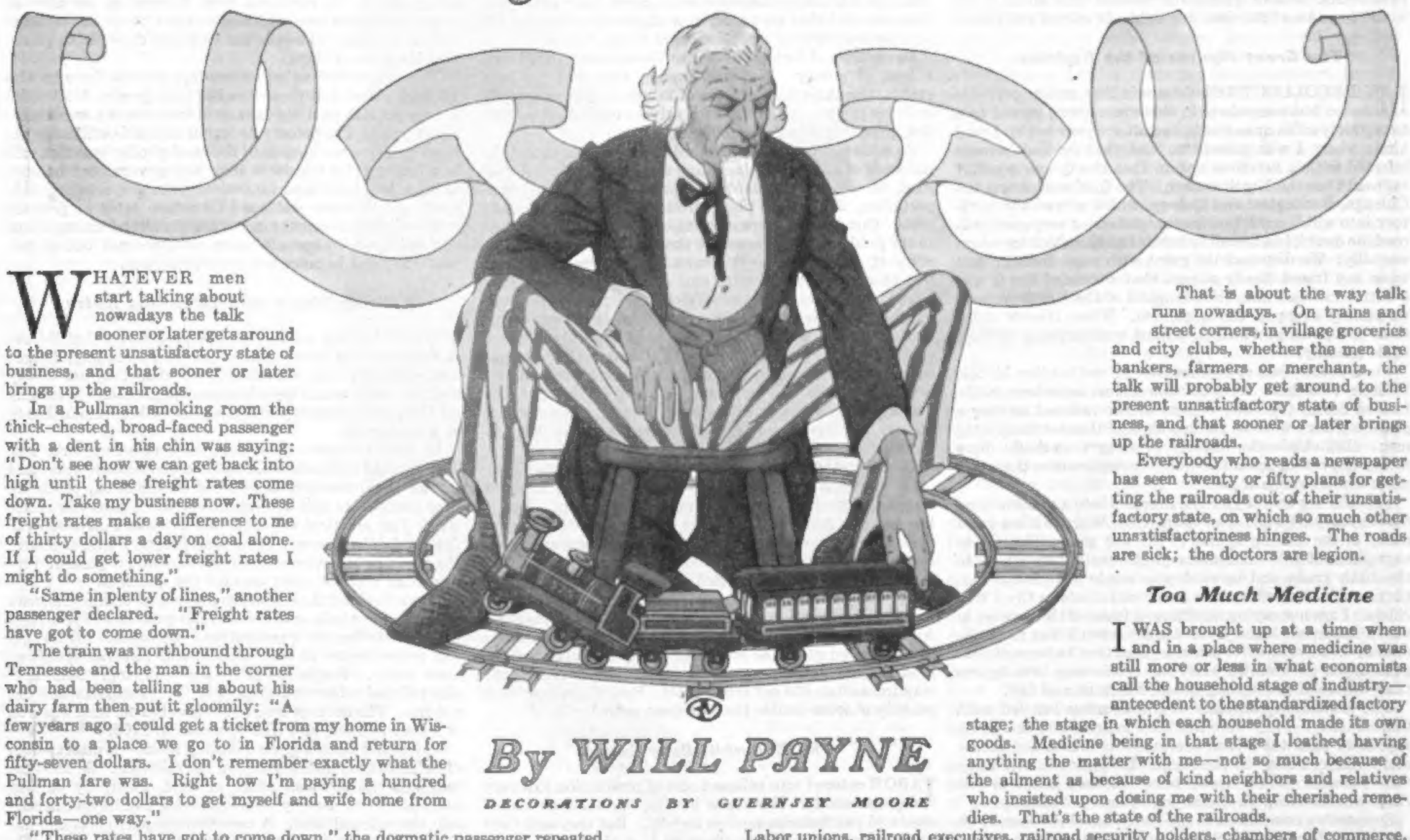
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, and at Chicago, Illinois

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 30, 1921 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 5

What Really Ails the Railroads



By WILL PAYNE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHATEVER men start talking about nowadays the talk sooner or later gets around to the present unsatisfactory state of business, and that sooner or later brings up the railroads.

In a Pullman smoking room the thick-chested, broad-faced passenger with a dent in his chin was saying: "Don't see how we can get back into high until these freight rates come down. Take my business now. These freight rates make a difference to me of thirty dollars a day on coal alone. If I could get lower freight rates I might do something."

"Same in plenty of lines," another passenger declared. "Freight rates have got to come down."

The train was northbound through Tennessee and the man in the corner who had been telling us about his dairy farm then put it gloomily: "A few years ago I could get a ticket from my home in Wisconsin to a place we go to in Florida and return for fifty-seven dollars. I don't remember exactly what the Pullman fare was. Right now I'm paying a hundred and forty-two dollars to get myself and wife home from Florida—one way."

"These rates have got to come down," the dogmatic passenger repeated.

I had been reading a short article on railroads in an investment magazine. It said that when freight and passenger rates were raised by the Interstate Commerce Commission last August the new rates were calculated to give the roads 6 per cent return on their valuation. There was a little table in the article setting forth what this 6 per cent on the valuation would have come to each month since rates were raised and what the roads had actually earned, net, each month. It showed that in December they fell short of earning their 6 per cent by some seventy-six million dollars—earning less than 1 per cent on valuation. In January they didn't even earn operating expenses and taxes. In February they fell short of earning operating expenses and taxes by several million dollars. Returns for March had not been compiled when the article was written.

More Hearings, Delays and Arguments

I SHOWED this little table to the company and asked: "How can you reduce rates when the roads aren't earning expenses and taxes with present rates?"

"Wages must come down," said the dogmatic passenger. "They're doing that now. There was something about it in the paper this morning."

The thick-chested passenger rubbed his brows perplexedly and remarked: "But they take so blamed long about it. The roads began trying to reduce wages last winter. The dispatch this morning says the Labor Board at Chicago has sanctioned a reduction of wages in some cases to go into effect July first. But nothing's been done yet about some other cases. I suppose the unions'll have to have their say about this cut—with some more hearings and appeals. Takes 'em so blamed long. Probably the Interstate Commerce Commission will wait a while after this reduction in wages has gone into effect, in order to see how it pans out, before doing anything about freight rates. Sure to be more hearings and arguments then before rates can come down. Takes a long while." He favored us with a humorous man's grin. "Like the doctor, you know—his medicine was all right, only his patients died on him before the medicine could get in its work."

That is about the way talk runs nowadays. On trains and street corners, in village groceries and city clubs, whether the men are bankers, farmers or merchants, the talk will probably get around to the present unsatisfactory state of business, and that sooner or later brings up the railroads.

Everybody who reads a newspaper has seen twenty or fifty plans for getting the railroads out of their unsatisfactory state, on which so much other unsatisfactoriness hinges. The roads are sick; the doctors are legion.

Too Much Medicine

I WAS brought up at a time when and in a place where medicine was still more or less in what economists call the household stage of industry—antecedent to the standardized factory stage; the stage in which each household made its own goods. Medicine being in that stage I loathed having anything the matter with me—not so much because of the ailment as because of kind neighbors and relatives who insisted upon dosing me with their cherished remedies. That's the state of the railroads.

Labor unions, railroad executives, railroad security holders, chambers of commerce, farmers' associations, merchants' associations and kindly individuals by the score have brought out plans for curing the railroads. At this writing Congress has been holding extensive hearings on the subject. In due time Congress will concoct its own remedy, put it on the statute book, hold the patient's nose and administer the tumblerful.

Every one of the plans that I have seen is a quack remedy. The plan that Congress finally adopts and administers will be a quack remedy. Presumably it will dope the patient through this present crisis, but it will not touch the disease which now afflicts the railroads of the United States. Like most quack remedies its final effect will be to aggravate the disease. It is only a question of time until the patient is back at the sanitarium for another dosing.

There was the Adamson Law dope five years ago. War came and the Government took over the roads. Then there was the Esch-Cummins Law dope hardly a year ago. Nobody at this writing knows what action Congress will take respecting the railroads. But it will be dope. It will not cure the disease. The patient will be back for another dozen of the large-size bottles with the yellow label.

Plenty of people know in their hearts what really ails the railroads. Truth is often unpopular and maybe railroad truth is unpopular now, but I believe that any fair-minded and fairly experienced man can see it if he cares to. Suppose we take a fair look, beginning some years back.

I was one of four or five youngsters going home from school in a Northern Illinois country town. Our new brick opera house stood back, in proper dignity, a dozen feet from the building line. The lower story was occupied by a carriage factory. I might maintain that with a minstrel show upstairs and Fred Larsen downstairs putting the finishing touches on a side-bar buggy until its black gloss was the glossiest and its blue stripes the bluest that ever could be, our opera house shed as much culture as there is room for in a healthy boy's system. Fred Larsen was the best buggy painter in the world.

On the afternoon I speak of several prominent citizens stood admiringly in front of the opera house, exhibiting it to a gentleman with a gray beard who carried a cane—which was extraordinary except for cripples. Some lesser citizens stood at a little

distance from the group. From one of them we learned that the gentleman with the gray beard and cane was the governor of Illinois. We surveyed the governor with respectful but very languid interest. As we looked at it, governors went in about the same category with school superintendents and presiding elders—very useful men, no doubt; but not at all thrilling.

In order to get home from school we boys who lived on the hill had to cross the Chicago and Northwestern Railway tracks. One afternoon an exciting report spread among us. We raced to the dingy brown shed which served as combination passenger station and freight warehouse. A locomotive and two or three cars stood by the station. The last car had shiny brass railings. A group of men were talking on the station platform. One of them was a burly, solid-looking person with a square chin and a patch of whisker on each cheek. That was Marvin Hughitt, superintendent of the Chicago and Northwestern—at whom we gazed with awe, for to us he was the incarnation of power and ability. Anybody, roughly speaking, might be a governor. But to be a topnotch railroad man! To put it profanely, we reacted to a governor about as we would have to a sermon, and to a topnotch railroad man about as we would have to a first-class dog fight. It stirred the blood.

The Great Figures of the Eighties

MY RECOLLECTION of dates in that remote period is hazy; but somewhere in that era a friend moved to a town thirty miles or so south, and after a year or two I paid him a visit. I was grieved to find that he had become infected with a heretical notion that the Q was a better railroad than the Northwestern. The Q, of course, was the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which served the territory into which my friend had migrated—a very good railroad, no doubt, but to call it better than our Northwestern was silly. We disputed the point with some feeling; and when my friend finally alleged that Potter of the Q was a better railroad man than Hughitt of the Northwestern, we simply dropped the argument. When friends differ there is a point at which they must cease arguing or cease to be friendly.

For a dozen years or so thereafter I lived in other Middle Western localities. At that time almost anywhere in the United States the chief officers of the railroad serving a given territory were on the top shelf of that territory's big men. Rail chiefs, the country over, were no doubt more firmly impressed upon the public consciousness than any other similar group of men.

I should say that if you had dropped into a public school fifteen years after the close of the Civil War—while a great many of the leading figures of the war were still actively engaged in affairs—and laid a questionnaire before boys in the sixth grade and upward you would have found that they could name offhand as many rail chiefs as Civil War chiefs. I am not saying anything in favor of the manner in which American history was taught when I was in public school; but I will write down a guess that to boys of that generation, the country over, rail chiefs were liver figures than war chiefs, excepting Grant, Sherman and Lee.

The important railroads of the country bristled with individuality. They were not mere railroads in the lump, any more than the characters in Dickens and Balzac are mere human beings in the lump. They stood out. They were persons. Their beetle brows or bald heads or red chops or side whiskers struck you in the eye indelibly.

Suppose we come down to the first years of this twentieth century. The United States had about eighty million inhabitants, and Europe, including the British Isles, had over four hundred millions. But the United States had about one-fifth more miles of railroad than all Europe put together. Take only the most densely settled northeastern corner of the United States and compare it with the most advanced countries of Europe. That part of the United States had twice as many miles of railroad per inhabitant as France, Italy, Germany and Belgium. And if you take the more thinly settled portion of the United States, west of the Alleghanies, the American, in comparison with the European, had railroads to throw at the crows.

With trivial exceptions this railroad system of ours had been built up by private enterprise. Government had aided Western roads by grants of wild land, a great part of which the roads sold to settlers at a few dollars an acre on long credit. This land lay mainly west of the Missouri River—millions of acres of it, empty save for buffaloes and Indians. To the simple-minded folk of that generation it seemed a fine idea to get this empty land settled up and converted into farms. But the land would be useless to settlers without railroads. So to whoever would build railroads through it the Government gave each alternate section of land for several miles on each side of the right of way. Under homestead acts settlers got the even sections free, by living on the land and cultivating it for five years. The odd sections they had to buy, at a few dollars an acre, from the railroad, without which neither the odd nor the even sections would have been of any human use.

Long after this rough-and-ready arrangement had completely achieved the purpose for which it was designed—namely, getting railroads built and the land settled—some people found endless fault with it. There will always be people to whom the fact that Grant drank too much wine after the Vicksburg campaign seems much more important than the fact that he captured a supposedly impregnable position and opened the Mississippi to the Union.

In the case of Union Pacific the Government aided with a loan of money. Notwithstanding that and the land grants, this American system of railroads was practically built by private initiative, with private capital, at private risk, privately planned and managed.

So initiated, built and managed it exceeded in extent the railroads of all Europe, including the British Isles. A railroad, of course, is a plant that produces and sells transportation, as another plant produces and sells shoes or nails. Our American transportation plant sold its product to the public as cheap as any in the world. I know the difficulty of getting an exact comparison between American freight and passenger rates and rates in Europe or elsewhere. At no point are the services rendered exactly comparable, and often the books are not kept in the same way. But anybody who looks up the subject candidly will say, positively, that before the war our transportation charges were no higher than in Europe. Our average freight rate per ton per mile was far lower than any in Europe. Our average passenger rate, with a better service, was somewhat higher. Positively, our transportation plant sold its product as cheap as the European plant.

Of what other big American plant was that true?

Of course it was true of some plants making a highly specialized product, usually protected by patent. But in the big standardized industries our manufacturers were declaring they couldn't compete with European plants because they had to pay much higher wages. At every tariff hearing they submitted a mountain of figures to prove it.

Our transportation plant—the railroads—paid the same American wage scale that other big plants did. Rail wages in the United States as compared with rail wages in England, France, Germany and Austria-Hungary ran all the way from 80 to 160 per cent higher. Rail wages here were roughly at least double the European scale.

The Downhill Rate Curve

LABOR entered into railroad cost of production to a very great extent. The roads had to buy tariff-protected steel and pay American prices for coal. But they sold their product to the public as cheap as it could be bought in Europe; their freight and passenger rates, on the whole, were no higher than Europe's.

Seems to me that was an achievement to brag of. In itself it proves, I believe, that American freight and passenger rates were not excessive. Europe began building railroads when we did. It had much more capital than we had. Generally it had the advantage of denser population and denser traffic. With less than a fifth of Europe's population we had more miles of railroad and our roads sold their product as cheap as Europe, while most other American industries were charging higher prices to offset higher wages.

I say that with a free hand for private initiative and opportunity we beat Europe hands down in railroading.

This, you understand, was before the public or the Government had assumed power to fix freight and passenger rates. Without public regulation those rates had been quite steadily falling. On a chart the line of transportation charges from 1870 to 1900 is downhill all the way. An automobile wouldn't stand on it anywhere without the hand brake set.

Rates had been falling while the roads had a free hand in the fixing of rates, because the roads had discovered—what nearly all businesses have discovered since—that lower rates meant surer profits. In other words, they had been discovering the economic advantage of volume production.

The roads were managed, of course, for profit; but they found that big volume at a low price is a surer way to profit than smaller volume at a high price. That is a commonplace nowadays. Most of you have seen the automobile industry grow to huge proportions out of nothing, and you know that the man who has made by far the most profit out of automobiles is the man who has sold the cheapest car. Some years farther back the telephone started out as an absolute monopoly, protected by patent. In its early days it banked on the old-fashioned monopoly idea of high prices. But it soon learned better and began really to flourish when it began seeking volume of output and lowering prices. If airplanes ever become as popular as automobiles the man who makes most profit out of them will be the man who sells the cheapest dependable plane, and the most of them.

The commercial nabobs nowadays are not the men who get high prices, but those who sell most goods. Mail-order houses get rich on a big volume of business at a small margin of profit. The broad rule is that railroads will make the most money when they haul the most goods; and that rule is a better price regulator than any government bureau. With a free hand and no violent price disturbance, railroads would have continued to reduce rates as growing traffic and improvement in the art of railroad management enabled them to operate more cheaply—not out of philanthropy but because it is sound business.

Rising Wages and Declining Rates

I BELIEVE it is a demonstrable proposition that if Government had never intervened in railroading, freight and passenger rates would be lower than they are to-day and the roads would be self-supporting, instead of leaning on the public treasury like a victim of homemade hooch at a lamp-post.

In 1887 Congress passed an interstate-commerce act. The act said railroads must not charge excessive rates and set up the Interstate Commerce Commission, partly to hear complaints and determine whether a rate was excessive. The practical effect of this act was that when the Interstate Commerce Commission judged a rate excessive the case was taken into court, evidence and argument were presented and the court decided the question.

Down to about the end of the nineteenth century railroad rates, on the whole, continued to fall quite steadily, as they had been falling for a generation. But about 1898 wages and prices began to rise, which made railroad operation more costly. Wages and prices kept on rising. Some specific railroad rates were advanced. Yet rates as a whole did not rise. The average freight rate per ton per mile was .798 of a cent in 1897, and .766 of a cent in 1905.

There had been a gross rebating abuse—a direct effect of cutthroat competition among the railroads. By 1905 the railroads had got that abuse in hand, partly by various consolidations. But by 1905 something had happened outside the railroad field. A considerable portion of the national mind was no longer interested in any admirable American industrial achievement. It didn't want to hear about admirable achievements. Hearing about them made it sick.

This considerable portion of the national mind was like a lad who has been brought up on orthodox high-school American history. He knows about Washington's crossing the Delaware; how Hamilton created a firm structure of government credit out of rag, tag and bobtail; about Grant's genius in transporting his army below Vicksburg to strike the fortress in the rear. Knowing all that, he comes across some historical

(Continued on Page 80)

JUJU

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

FROM the ground, the *batey*, the mirador on the great roof of the sugar mill seemed too small to hold a foot; but, actually in it, Charles Heebner and Colla Braddock had plenty of room for turning and observation. The mirador was so high in air, so dizzily situated that Colla involuntarily grasped the railing. Her breathing was accelerated, and the delicate flush from the long climb upward remained in her cheeks. Charles Heebner, of course, was unaffected. He was *administrador* of the sugar *estancia* America, in Camagüey, and he had stood many times in the mirador, the lookout, gazing—more often anxiously than not—over the far-reaching flattened green *colonias* of cane. There he had stood, his eyes fixed on the pouring coppery smoke of a fire that destroyed priceless areas of his crop. From there he had watched the detonating rim of a revolution sweep forward almost until it seared the *estancia* with ruin and death.

There was a need now for the fastening of his attention on the twisting pattern of the narrow-gauge railway reaching to the farthest extent of his control. But—and this, for Heebner, was of the greatest significance—instead he was looking at Colla. She was, in a thin rosy simplicity of dress with a broad leaf-green sash, very engaging. But Charles Heebner, for all his looking, wasn't conscious of her as a charming individual. At that precise moment she was, for him, the symbol, the personification of the Northern spring, then at early May. He saw, through her, the orderly red-brick town of his birth, the streets cool passages of maple trees, set in a countryside of deep grass, meadows of buttercups and silvery blossom. Not only that, as though he were home in the dusk, he heard the clear piping of the frogs by the streams; the night followed, and at dawn the robins made a clamor of sweetness on the lawn.

He had been in Cuba seventeen years, and suddenly, with Colla Braddock beside him to recall so much, he was, Heebner assured himself, sick of the tropics. If he was ever to leave, return to his blood and heritage, now, with Colla if possible, was the time. She had even hinted diffidently at this. Rather she had reminded him of how long he had been away and of the fact that the Braddock offices in Boston, the necessary activities in Washington, might offer him sufficient scope for his ability and the future. The Braddock family owned America and two other *estancias* in Santa Clara. Colla had spoken with the calmness of certainty, and, Charles Heebner remembered, she didn't like Cuba.

He had liked her, however, from the first; and this feeling, through months of absence, had grown until he was at the point of calling it by another surrendering name. Yes, at last he was tired of Camagüey and Santa Clara and Havana. Colla was everything he desired in a woman. His years in a Spanish civilization had made very formal, very precise, his attitude toward women. Most that he saw now in his occasional hurried trips North frankly shocked him. He disapproved of their cursing, their cigarettes and their legs. And Colla, though she was as smart as possible, was different from all this. She disliked, for herself, smoking and cocktails; and, without prudishness, she had no touch of a cheapening freedom of manner.

The truth was that she had inherited more than a little of her father's, John Q. Braddock's, direct force. They were both impatient of side issues, small or large squanderings of money or emotions. They had no dramatic instinct, and nothing at all—in a New England temperament modified by an extensive European consciousness—of the tropics from which they drew great sums of gold. This Heebner, weary of the planting and cutting and loading and hauling and weighing and grinding of cane, immensely approved. He reached out a hand instinctively toward Colla's slim fingers, but mechanically stopped before he was absolutely committed. A curious and, here, annoying correction to his own phrase entered his thoughts. He was not sick of the tropics—he hated it!

That, he realized, was not the same as the other. He might be weary of the process of making sugar, but no career and success was ficult decision. It was his years—forty-five—weighing of associated con-doubt on the reality and potential fervor of his love. He had no intention, he hadn't the power, to fling himself, as it were, to fling himself from the mirador into thin unsupporting air. On a side which, in the employ of Colla's father, might have arrested a determination he was, he thanked a local saint, free; he was the possessor of an independently made, not inconsiderable fortune. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing against him as a prospective husband for a Braddock. His thoughts, sharply broken into by an exclamation of Colla's, returned abruptly to the immediate earth and sugar.

The Juju Could be Prevented Only by His Own Prompt Action. He Would Have to Go in Person to Luz Jiaz

"Isn't that a cane fire?" She indicated a black curtain rolling solidly up a mile away. Charles Heebner gave the smoke a brief frowning scrutiny.

"That's only a *tumba* burning," he reassured her; and he described how a field was cleared for planting—the felled timber, when it had dried, was fired in a conflagration like an explosion of flame. "See that other," he continued, "much farther away, like a haze. That was a destructive fire, but on Galope. It wasn't, fortunately, our cane. It was incendiary, though, and we may get it any time. The Haitians, you see. There is a lot of discontent on the island because wages were cut, and most of the hundred or more political sets are taking advantage of it for revenge or avarice. They work through the negroes."

feeling so negative could describe his attitude toward Cuba. No one who knew Cuba, perhaps the most difficult of obtainable knowledge, ever grew tired of it for more than an incidental period of staleness or fever. No, either they were held, as if by the lianas of its jungles, by an unbreakable spell, or they fled, as much in fear as in hatred.

Yet against this palpable truth there came, he recognized, to every man who had lived in the tropics for a round period of fifteen years an hour when his longing turned homeward. It was critical, that, because upon its outcome hung the rest of life and fate. Some stayed and some went back. Both ways there was regret expressed; but the actual desire, the single chance, never returned, it never came twice.

More, therefore, than a declaration of love confronted Charles Heebner. His whole suspended on one diftypical of him and of that a deliberation, a siderations cast no

He stopped there and avoided her further questioning about politics and the negroes of Haiti. It wasn't a subject he could explain or dwell on with Colla, in reality with any Northerner without his own experience and understanding. He had been a fool to bring it up. The negroes, as a matter of fact—he continually repeated that form of speech in his thoughts and words—at present were a very serious danger. Not so much the Jamaicans, who were superior and exclusively employed on the *batey* and in the houses, as the mysterious horde of Africa from the other island. A few Cubans—three-quarters, nine-tenths, Spanish—knew a great deal, indeed, about the Haitians; and some of that they had, through pride or friendliness, communicated to Charles Heebner. This dark store he had increased through years of contact and observation. He had seen things in the depraved *fambas* of the *narrigos* in Havana, rites of *brujeria* in Oriente, at America itself, which he had been obliged to blot from memory. He had heard sentences, stray words in the secret tongue; seen colored rags tied with a purpose in unexpected places. Altogether his penetration of African character was uncommon, invaluable. And though it was still notable for what it could never grasp, that penetration was comprehensive enough to keep him from any casual approach to a subject that resembled a bog of primeval and bottomless mud.

"Have you seen enough?" he demanded of Colla Braddock, anxious to lose, forget, the wide prospect of cane for his porch closed in with bougainvillea vine, the formality of Juan, his house boy, in correct white linen. "If you have, perhaps we had better see about dinner. Some people are coming in afterward for roulette—the administration, with a couple of wives. You're a big thing; it's lonely here."

"Are you trying to account for my popularity?" she asked, descending iron steps vibrating with the roar of the cane crushers.

That, he replied, was not worth answering. She made a grimace at the sweetish stench of the running juice. Below the platform were high vats filled with bubbling black liquid. A row of great truncated cones diminished in perspective. A carrier bore the fibrous bagasse to the rear. On the bare trodden clay of the *batey* they left the line of cars waiting for unloading and walked toward the low, wide-porched houses, strung out in a single line, that held the administration.

Mrs. Braddock, already in a severe evening formality of dress, was on the veranda, and, calmly pleasant, watched them approach. Charles Heebner had brought Colla and her mother to America from Havana, where they had left John Q. Braddock in conference with the most powerful of the Cuba-owned sugar companies. Mrs. Braddock, beyond middle age, was an excellent traveler, an admirable guest. With compact, precise baggage, she fitted easily into unfamiliar circumstances. Her tranquil assurance of bearing required as little as it offered.

Colla proceeded at once into the house, but Heebner dropped into a chair beside the older woman, listening, polite but absent-minded, to her explanation that instead of proceeding to Camagüey as she had intended, she had now decided to return directly to Havana. John, she proceeded, who was very unaccountable in his movements, might find it necessary to take the steamer any morning for Key West.

Charles Heebner's thoughts were centered in Colla. He wondered what dress she would wear for dinner, and if, with the roulette, he would have a chance to speak to her quite privately. This he had made up his mind he would do. Yes, if she would consent he'd leave Cuba with—no, for her. Yet the mere passage of the image of the island through his brain recalled the threatened difficulties in the industrial and political situation. It was all so cursed subterranean. That was one of the aspects of Cuba which particularly fretted him. Nothing was as it seemed. All words bore a significance in utter contradiction to their express meaning. To praise a man warmly might well be preliminary to his final and mysterious disappearance; to recommend was to damn, to damn concealed intricate ambitions, hidden values. Tropical diplomacy!

In itself that was bad enough; bad, but not impossible to penetrate, cope with. He had the ability to meet it with an equal wisdom. Even John Q. Braddock would never know by what means, at difficult and even desperate times, his properties had been safeguarded for him. But the Haitians, the unfathomable superstitions and somber passions that were exploited—that was the old familiar difficulty. He saw, walking with a customary half swagger over the path lying parallel to the porches, Johnson Lute, the field superintendent. Something in Johnson's manner, perhaps his concentration and pinched thin lips, gave Heebner to understand that his superintendent was bound toward him. Lute dressed invariably in a dramatic

manner. His white riding breeches were thrust into heavy boots. He affected a Western hat at an aggressive angle, and a revolver of the border type sagged on its belt at his hip.

He turned in from the path, as Heebner expected, but, seeing Mrs. Braddock, stopped abruptly at the steps. She rose at once and tranquilly moved away. The uneasiness in Johnson Lute caused by her presence vanished immediately, and he mounted to the veranda, leaning cross-legged against an upright and a mass of purple bloom.

Lute said without preliminary, "I saw a thundering pretty woman with Jobabo this morning." Charles Heebner made no effort to conceal his annoyance at this trivial announcement. "Wait!" the field superintendent went on. "Do you know Amalia Cruz? Have you ever seen her?" The irritation on Heebner's face gave way to a hardening scrutiny of the other man.

"No," he admitted, "I haven't seen her; but she has been described to me. I heard in Havana, though, that she had gone to Rio for the opera."

"You would have heard that," Lute reminded him, "but that wouldn't mean it was so. This woman with Jobabo, for instance, she was medium tall, and looked thin, but she wasn't; and—you can't fool me about this—had about a whisky glass of black in her; maybe a cordial glass would hold it, but it was there. Her hair was straight and black, skin pale and no powder, and clothes what the pictures I see call French."

"That might be any one of a million women," Heebner interrupted irritably.

"So it might, so it might," Lute agreed. "But on a gold chain around her neck—I saw it through her thin waist—she had a *brujo* charm, one of those devilish things that look half baby and half turtle. And Jobabo, the coldest mackerel in Camagüey, was afraid of his life with her."

"That is more convincing," Charles Heebner agreed. "Well, what of it? What do you think she means?"

"Hell," Lute answered briefly.

"With the field hands," the *administrador* continued reflectively. "Ask the *capataz* of the *batey* gang to come up to the porch right away."

The negro who appeared at the steps, tall and powerful in a casual garb, had, showing through the darkness of his cheeks, the ruddy tone of Jamaica; and when, in answer to Heebner's questions, he spoke it was with the soft insular English of an apparently cultivated refinement.

"Mr. Lute tells me he saw a strange woman with Jobabo this morning in the village. Is she staying at the hotel? What have you heard of her?"

"Mr. Heebner, sir, I am too busy on the *batey* to listen to talk about women."

"Guane!" Heebner pronounced his name sharply, and his gaze bored into the negro's consciousness.

"One of the boys did speak of a woman."

"Did he know her name?" Lute demanded.

"Jobabo wouldn't tell him."

"What do you think—is it Amalia Cruz?"

Guane's gaze avoided Heebner's interrogation.

"Either you are the *capataz* of my *batey* or you are not, and I shall find out which immediately. If you aren't ——" He made a gesture indicative of dismissal. "And remember, it won't be simply that you'll leave me. A word or two will follow you. Are you, underneath, Haitian?"

"You know, sir, I am not," the *capataz* answered indignantly; "and I am honored by my authority here; I am your man. We all thought it might be Amalia Cruz. The Haiti boys who are paid off here are very much troubled, and there was talk of a juju this evening on the *colonia* Las Jias. After one of those anything crazy happens."

That, Charles Heebner told him, was all for the present; and when the negro had gone he turned to Johnson Lute.

"What do you suggest?"

This, they both knew, was purely perfunctory, a conventional courtesy; for Heebner, who had completely centralized the *estancia*, made himself solely responsible for all important decisions. His position, attitude, was analogous to that of a pilot on the bridge of a ship.

Lute replied generally, "It's strange she's still alive, that white crow, after all the trouble that has followed her."

"Her beauty," Charles Heebner explained curtly. "You know how Cuba feels about a beautiful woman. The Americans down here are too polite to get rid of her, and the negroes wouldn't breathe on her. I wish I knew exactly how she was used and trusted—for example, how Germany played through her in the war. Of course it's local to Cuba now; but in what direction? Are the annexationists at her to bring around a revolution and destroy American property? Then, you see, we'd intervene. Or is it Cuba Libre? Or is it only the next presidential election?

"The *brujo* is the hysterical and nasty part. This dance, if it's a fact, at Las Jias, where they will make magic, juju, is all her, if it is her at all. Have you ever seen one, Lute?"

Johnson Lute hadn't.

"It's not precisely what you'd be accustomed to in Ohio. A nightmare describes it as well as anything. But that's unimportant. As Guane hinted, it is what follows we're interested in, the result to the *estancia*. Once that poison is generated, it spreads like an epidemic—burning and murder. Remember that Mrs. Braddock and her daughter are with us—in other words, this juju must be stopped."

This statement, except where it might crystallize his purpose, was not in itself impressive. It became important only when it was transformed into action, a definite result. He wished that it were to-morrow, for without foresight of the details he realized that a great deal which was extremely precarious must happen before then. It was characteristic of Charles Heebner that when once he admitted a possibility he accepted it completely, in all its potentialities. And he had come to believe that it was Amalia Cruz who had been seen with Jobabo, the proprietor of the most disreputable of the restaurants in the village of America, an individual who combined the bloods and vices of three races. His gaze flitted over Lute, still settled against the bougainvillea, and he asked the field superintendent to stay within easy summons.

Johnson Lute, taking his dismissal with the customary faint resentment by which he maintained his conception of a vested independence, replied that he would be at the mill, and strode away across the open, his swagger reasserting itself in the near distance. Lute was a good man, Heebner reflected. He was fortunate in those under him—America was loyal. Alone, he concentrated his attention upon Amalia Cruz. He tried to think of her objectively, in connection with the problem of the field hands; but in spite of his effort his logic was interrupted by the consideration of the woman herself. It suddenly came to him that just as Colla Braddock was the personification of a Northern May, Amalia Cruz, although he had not yet seen her, embodied the Spanish tropics. His knowledge of her came from fragments, descriptions, surmises, almost legendary.

Wherever she was seen trouble followed, insurrection and peculiarly revolting crime. Through the late war it was known that she had stayed often at the house of a notorious German millionaire coffee planter in Pinar del Rio. She wove the scarlet thread of her presence between Cuba and the celebrated ports of South America, and Heebner had heard of her once as being in Paris. Beautiful, comparatively young, and, in surprising directions, cultivated! A convent school in Peru, through a short period of childhood, was admitted her. She had a talent that was almost genius for dancing, and at one time had taken a prominent part in a Sevilla review. But she had soon tired of that. Her political activities and notoriety had absorbed the other phases.

What Charles Heebner saw very clearly was that she could not be dismissed as a mere tool of money and unscrupulous scheming. The impression she everywhere created could be only the result of an individual force. How Cuban, how tropical she was! No such figure was possible, thinkable, in the North. Here there was even visible in those she threatened a certain pride in her reputation. Amalia Cruz was regarded by apparently sensible men as infallible if not invulnerable. There was a fatalistic attitude toward her approach, as though she were the fateful goddess of mischance. Here Heebner managed to lose the figure for the portent. He returned to the immediate problem. Obviously she was in America to incite—through her influence as a witch doctor—the Haitians to revolt, to the end of a destruction of the Braddock property. Why, where, that was desired was for the present unimportant. The very company with which John Q. Braddock was conferring might have instigated it, but that, he repeated, could, must follow. The juju was his sole concern now.

The *colono* who owned Las Jias, the farthest of the cane farms immediately associated with the sugar mill, was Calixto Diloguez, a full Cuban, whatever that means. He was a slender, coffee-colored planter, sixty or more, with a profound vanity expressed in an elaborate formality of compliment and manner, who conducted his *colonia* with an utter laxness of morals and the most pitilessly remunerative store on the island. What, as a matter of fact, did Charles Heebner know of him? What would be the probable result of his going, with the knowledge he possessed, to Diloguez and asking his assistance? He could hear now the flowery Spanish protestations and exclamations of horror. He saw the graceful bows from the waist, the broad palm-leaf hat sweeping the ground. But what would he, Heebner, actually gain?

Nothing!

This conviction forced itself upon him. For all he knew, Calixto Diloguez might be a *brujo*. Many Spanish and part Spanish gentlemen, or less, had been discovered members of the *fuegos* of Havana, worshipers of the dark Ecue, the god Dibo. Diloguez might equally be in the pay, subservient to the purpose that had brought Amalia Cruz there. Then there was the possibility that in omitting some trivial observance of native courtesy he had drawn the Cuban's hatred. Standing before him with a face wreathed in smiles, Diloguez might have deeply considered killing him, then waited, patient and unforgiving. Yes, Cuba was like that. There was, for Charles Heebner, no security. He walked, lived, operated America, with no more protection than his own wisdom and courage and good luck, opposed to a tortuous, secretive and vindictive power. America rested on his ability to carry alone that responsibility. He was a little tired. His mind was not as sharp and active as usual. A vision of Colla Braddock, delightfully cool and lovely, flashed before him.

When he had first come to Cuba he had been unreflective, hasty—in short, young. The dancing and champagne of the Hotel Miramar had largely attracted him. He had gone the seductive way of the tropics. Eventually he had been saved, not by admirable resolutions, but by a mountain of small things—an aversion to disorder, a preference for what he regarded as the finer, the necessary conventions. Heebner drank now not at all and seldom smoked. At his long dinners he ate but sparingly. In consequence he was slender and hard. His sun-browned face with its domineering hooked nose had the light of a triumphing health. His blue eyes were almost intolerant in their clarity. It was in a way a shame to remove so much hardly gained specialized knowledge from its contracted field. No one else, for instance, could get such returns from Florida as he. The intricate sheet of the daily report was in his mind, the arrobas of cane ground, the tons per hour, the normal extract, the *sacos* of sugar entered, the twenty-four hours of production in practically every twenty-four. Yesterday the belt of the thresher elevator had broken, but with only fifteen minutes lost ——

His thoughts were scattered by the appearance of Colla in very pale yellow with beaded slippers like bronze butterflies. Bowing, he was breathless at her charm, acutely aware that he was still in riding clothes. He explained this with a general reference to an unexpected contingency that had delayed him; but still he lingered, his mind, as it were, divided between Colla and Amalia Cruz.

"Indeed," he said further, "it may be that I shall not be able to come to dinner. Perhaps it will be necessary for me to go to one of the *colonias* at once. But not for long. I'd be back for the roulette."

That palpably displeased her. Speaking, she gazed past him on the impending end of day.

"Don't you manage things rather intensely? It seems to me, in your position, and we are here such a short while ——"

Colla didn't finish her sentence.

He liked her impatience, he told himself, its sting removed by the implied interest. The thought of the *estancia* retreated again before his growing resolution. Almost he might speak to her now. But hesitating before such an impetuous course, he put it off until a later, more appropriate hour. At the same time he wished to give her an indication of his purpose, to try a little his luck. While he was considering a phrase at once graceful, unforced and serious, the harsh double blast from the mill for the shift, recalling his obligations, suspended and spoiled his intention. His other announcement to her, however, had given voice to what all the while had lain solidly behind his speculations—the juju could be prevented only by his own prompt action. He would have to go in person to Las Jias in the exercise of his authority. *Brujo* dances, he knew, began exactly at the fall of dark, and he could tell at a single glance, from their concerted actions, the Haitians' state of mind. It would be best to take along Johnson Lute, whose presence and harsh voice had an intimidating effect on the field hands.

Standing with Johnson Lute by the narrow track beyond the weighing shed and the cars discharging cane into a pit, Heebner waited for the gasoline rail car to be lifted onto the tracks. The almost lost day was, except for a disklike low crimson sun, gray as though it had been spun out of smoke. The heat, before the nightly trade wind moved across the island, was increasing degree by degree. The air had an appearance of being too thick and hot for breathing. It was remarkable, Heebner thought, that it could enter the lungs, carry any invigorating or sustaining principle. Except in terms of the crop, it had been a long while since he had noticed—felt the weather; and this fretted him disproportionately. His mind, swinging between two opposed points, settled on the conviction that with developing nerves it was imperative for him to get out of Cuba.

He spoke irritably to the sweating negroes who were having difficulty with the tracking of the rail car. As they bent and lifted the sweat was thrown in crystal drops from their charcoal-black faces.

"I want to get back," Charles Heebner explained to Lute. "A party has been arranged."

The field superintendent seated himself at the throttle, with Heebner on the other side of the rude lengthwise seat, and there was a series of sharp erratic explosions. These settled and merged into a continuous smooth racket, a diminishing monotone that soon left not even its echo in the *batey*. The car was at once absorbed in a sea of cane that spread away on either hand, unbroken except for the broad regular fire lanes. Some was old, ripe for cutting, higher than a tall man's upstretched hand; other expanses were young and tenderly green ratoon.

At intervals along the tracks were delivery stations for loading, an open weighing shed with a simple mirador of scaffolding; and at a spur of rails a solid low board structure had across its face a small horde of lounging field hands. A preposterously fat white man, clothed only in a pair of denim trousers, waved as the *administrador* passed. Then at a clearing the rail car slipped by a *bohio* of Haitians. The hut was open, its roof a palm thatch, with a row of fiber hammocks slung down the center. Attracted by the sound of the engine, the laborers stood in a group, gazing with dull, unspeculative eyes at Lute and Charles Heebner. They were smaller than Western men, in a fragmentary clothing held at the waist by a leather belt through which was thrust a broad-bladed cane knife. Their heads were small, with retreating skulls, widely set eyes with no more than a murky glimmer of whites, and their noses had the appearance of a forcible flattening on their thick dark lips.

They were decidedly sullen, secretive in manner, and in an illusion of the tremulous light their knives were more evident than any other feature. Not a word was exchanged at the passage of the rail car, not a foot shifted nor a position changed. Back of them and the *bohio* the cane swept to a fringe of naked-looking lavender trees and tents and canopies of green clinging lianas. To the right a great ceiba tree stood in a customary isolation. The superheated air was heavy with the stinging odor of the burning *tumba*. Yes, the spirit of the Haitians, Charles Heebner saw, was bad. Lute, too, evidently had concluded this, for with a free hand he fingered the butt of his revolver. He talked often of the need for bitter discipline and hinted a rebellious field hand's shot; but Heebner never could make up his mind about the truth in this. Probably such statements were no more than a part of Lute's very human swagger. However, he had no intention of ever inquiring closely into such possibilities. Johnson Lute was the best field superintendent in the province of Camagüey.

"They are off, all right," the latter pronounced.

As he spoke he brought the car to a screeching stop—ahead on a rail was a long row of empty bottles. Lute walked forward and swept them aside.

"They might have ditched us and might not," he observed, returning. "They might have been put there with intentions or only to make some fun. How can you tell?" he cried to the hazy stillness. "How the devil can you tell?" he muttered to his hands, employed with the reluctant engine.

"What are you going to do when we reach Las Jias?" he demanded of Heebner when they were again moving forward. "What'll you say to this Amalia if we find her making magic?"

"I don't know," Charles Heebner admitted. "It will depend on circumstances. I'll drive her off the *colonia* at any rate."

Lute grinned.

"You haven't seen her. She's not a lady it would be easy to be rude to. And somehow I can't believe she'd pay much attention to good manners. I'm thankful you have got her to meet and not I. I'm frank to say I'd be scared. Not of her, but of myself—of that fool quality you spoke of other Americans' having. When it came to it, and her in those Paris clothes, I doubt if I could make the grade."

"What grade?" Heebner demanded.

"Don't be silly," Lute admonished him in a relapse from formality. "There's only one thing to do of course—kill her as dead as a Colon Market chicken."

Heebner nodded. He had understood this and agreed with it. But, without relinquishing his responsibility, he wished to hear it put into words. The joining of the rails was uneven. In some places the track had sunk and the rail car, gathering speed on the open reaches, lurched and jumped. Running through the closed switches there was a sharp double clicking. Yes, in the slightest difficulty which offered there was but one course to take about Amalia Cruz. That, with her, in Cuba, would raise no difficulties. After certain payments it would be completely understood, hushed.

Here the figure of Colla Braddock rose in his vision, and her presence in his thoughts made what had formerly been clear, inevitable, impossible to entertain. Together with her lovely person, she forced into him her judgments and restrictions. Colla laid a metaphorical firm detaining hand

(Continued on Page 73)

Her Clothes Were Torn, the Slippers Were Gone and Only Shreds of Her Silk Stockings Remained

Reminiscences of Charles A. Dana and the Old New York Sun

By Chester S. Lord

Member of the Sun's Staff Forty-One Years and for Thirty-Two Years its Managing Editor

Chester S. Lord

NEWSPAPERS have fascinated me always. During the antislavery agitation that preceded the Civil War, and during the great strife itself, my father had the New York Tribune, and I devoured it as a boy devours food. The Tribune was at full speed in those days. Greeley was leading the fight against slavery and for the Union cause with editorial articles that moved the nation. Charles A. Dana was the Tribune's managing editor for ten years, until the war was well under way, and he gathered about him a brilliant group of writers—Bayard Taylor, George Ripley, Charles Congdon, Moncure Conway, George William Curtis, Fitz-Henry Warren, Amos J. Cummings, Richard Hildreth, Margaret Fuller—the brightest and best newspaper staff the country had known.

Greeley was interested chiefly in politics, prohibition and potatoes—in agriculture especially—and he didn't bother much with other topics. Dana also was thick in politics, but everything else of human interest seemed to entrance him, and he crammed the Tribune with most interesting reading. The Tribune was famous not alone for Greeley's politics, but also far beyond other newspapers of the day for its articles on literature, music, the drama, science and progress in general, and in all these succeeding years it has not ceased to reflect these impulses. It was Dana who gave to the Tribune its reputation for literary excellence.

Greeley and Dana worked together on the Tribune for fifteen years. Dana went there in 1847 on leaving the famous Brook Farm community.

I once asked him why he went to Brook Farm, and he answered: "I wanted to be associated with the bright men and women there. I was very young. I had myself appointed as waiter at the common table in order that I might hear the bright things said."

Greeley was a great writer of political editorial articles, but he was not especially able in editing the other part of his sheet. He was away on lecture tours much of the time. He was not greatly interested in social life, in the fine arts, in games or contests or popular amusements. But he was intensely practical, was of kindly disposition and rather inclined to be conservative. He was quite willing to have Dana run the paper, and they got on together very well until the war began, and then came an estrangement that separated them. They made a great newspaper. I began to read it when I was eight years old, and I have been quite familiar with it ever since. All through my boyhood and youth I was fascinated and influenced by it.

Getting a Toe-Hold in New York

I QUIT college at the age of twenty, and reached Oswego, New York, where I was to begin for myself, with just two dollars in cash and not a red cent's worth of fitness for newspaper work. I was to be the associate editor of the Advertiser, now the Oswego Times—was to write minor editorial paragraphs and help to fill out the editorial page, and I was to have ten dollars a week. I reported for work about noon. Someone was ill, and they asked me to do the horse races that were to begin that afternoon. I had never seen a horse race of any account, and I hadn't a notion of how to report one—and this was to be my first newspaper article!

They gave me a desk in a cubby-hole made by putting two low wood-screen partitions at right angles to the wall. The desk was a pine table without even a drawer. On it was a bunch of news-print paper cut in squares. All copy was written with pencil in those days. Also there was a big pot of rancid printer's paste made of flour and water, with a little gum added, into which had been thrust a large paintbrush with a besmeared handle, and about which hovered a swarm of flies.

In my college hours of pleasurable anticipation I had pictured myself seated in the easy-chair of a comfortable editorial sanctum with its shelves of volumes of history and reference, its ample rug on the floor, its big geographic globe, its luxurious comfortable desk with pigeonholes and trays and ample blotting pad. Gracious!

I sat down to reflect over this horse-racing assignment. My father was a clergyman, and he hadn't let me go to horse races. I remembered seeing one at an agricultural fair that had ended in a row and a fist fight, but there my experience had ended. I hadn't been interested in racing.

Then came a happy thought that I imagined was original and smart. In a New York Herald of recent date I found a long report of races on a metropolitan track. It was the regulation routine account—the weather, the condition of the track, the gathering of the crowd, the presence of the ladies, the betting, the names of distinguished people there, the races themselves, the summaries. I cut out this article and referred to it all the afternoon at the races as I watched everything. It served me in good stead, for I wrote a report in structure and otherwise as nearly as possible an imitation of it, changing names and figures.

The report was satisfactory to the office; the new man had made good. But the new man had been guilty of imitation, and imitation is perhaps the most serious habit that affects writers for the American press. It is easy for a lazy hurried editorial writer who must fill a column or two of space to grab a newspaper from a far-distant city and, finding an article that will do, to rewrite it, using its ideas freely and its language unconsciously; and this sort of imitation is done constantly and brazenly all over this broad land. It is easy for a writer of news who is in doubt how to treat his piece to refer to an article in the same line, as did this youngster in Oswego.

But since the article of imitation is not so able as the article imitated, it follows that the net result must be the deterioration of the editor and of the newspaper that prints the flabby stuff.

It soon dawned on me that as associate editor I was expected to furnish nearly all the matter for the editorial page. I sailed into the task with all the confidence and enthusiasm of verdant youth. At this mature age of twenty years I wrote articles on the conduct of the Franco-Prussian War, then raging, reproved Bismarck for diplomatic inefficiency and advised the crowned heads as to terms of peace. It was the period of reconstruction following our Civil War, and I cheerfully and confidently instructed Congress and the President just how to accomplish it. It is quite impossible for me to explain the consternation with which I now read these articles.

A little later they were persuaded to give me fifteen dollars a week, for I wanted to marry, and after we were married my wife and I began to reflect on our prospects in life. John Barry was getting twenty-five dollars a week as editor in chief of the Palladium. John A. Place was getting twenty-five as editor in chief of the Advertiser. Clark Morrison had seventeen and Ben Wells, then city editor of the Oswego Press, was earning fifteen. Twenty-five dollars a week surely was the highest newspaper reward that Oswego could offer. It seemed wise to seek a city of better opportunities.

With an introductory letter from one of his old Tribune associates, I approached Amos Cummings, the managing editor of the Sun, in New York. Amos greeted me with a flight of profanity directed toward the writer of the letter for sending me, then toward myself for wanting to get into the newspaper business in New York City. I might come on trial for ten dollars a week if I wanted to, but I was a damned fool if I did, he said. So we threw up the fifteen-dollar-a-week job in Oswego and started in all over again in New York for ten dollars.

A Tilt With Amos Cummings

I THINK it was a wise thing to do. New York is the best newspaper town in the world, pays the biggest editorial-work salaries, offers the best advantages to a man who, without capital, is compelled to live by his pen. Hundreds of magazines and other periodicals are published there that pay cash for what they print, and a good reputation established there is a recommendation for better things elsewhere. Hundreds of technical publications, literary journals and miscellaneous sheets want editors and helpers and pay fairly well for them. Writers of ability are in constant demand.

I started in New York as a news reporter, and in about a week Cummings warned me that if I wished to stay I must get over my country way of doing things. My composition was slovenly, he said; I was pushing my own opinions into news reports which should be free from opinion; I was wasting space on introductions and I had a lot of other faults. I realized that my Oswego experience of two years or so had not been especially instructive. I had written whatever I pleased just as I pleased, for no one there had either time or inclination to teach me otherwise. This condition prevails in almost all offices where the staff is small, and it is to the great disadvantage of the beginner. For the newspaper business is a business that has to be learned just as law or medicine or theology is to be learned, and it cannot be learned in a week or a year. Occasionally a journalistic genius treats us to a sudden illumination by quick deeds or quick inspiration, but for the most part good newspaper work is accomplished only after patient laborious study along established lines. The adage that self taught is ill taught remains distressingly true of the newspaper business.

Cummings was a newspaper genius. He was managing editor of the Sun for a short time only, less than three years, but he was the great inspiration of its news-getting excellence. He had keenest appreciation of the value of news, and, as he had also a terrible temper, he made it painfully unpleasant for the reporter who missed a point.

A bunch of freethinkers, in solemn convention, nominated Mrs. Victoria Woodhull for the presidency in the Grant-Greeley campaign of 1872. A new reporter returned to the office full of the fun and absurdity of the thing, and he wrote two columns about it. The edition was crowded and the copy reader cut it to half a column.

Next day Cummings stamped into the office shouting, "Who wrote that Woodhull stuff?"

"I did, sir," replied the unfortunate young man.

"Damn you, why didn't you write two columns, you——"

The young man jumped to his feet, and grabbing his chair poised it high in air and cried, "You call me that name again and I'll knock your damned head off!"

Cummings looked at him in astonishment for about five seconds, and then with a grin said in the most assuring and friendly tone, "Oh, sit down, you little fool! No one has called you any names."

The Woodhull report was then explained, and Cummings went in search of the copy reader to have it out with that wretched man.

It was the beginning of a glorious friendship between Cummings and the young reporter—a friendship that lasted as long as Cummings lived, I am pleased to say.

Just about then the New York Times and the Sun were having an angry controversy over something, and the Times sent a reporter to the Sun office to interview Cummings. The young man, approaching Cummings, mentioned his mission and asked a question. Cummings sprang from his desk chair, grabbed the young man by the neck with both hands, dragged him to the stairway, down the two flights to the street door and flung him out. Cummings then returned and resumed work at his desk, having not spoken a word from the time the young man asked the question.

The interview did not appear in the Times.

Cummings, like Greeley, believed that compositors made good editors, and he drew generously from among his old Tribune associates to fill the staff of the old Sun. At one time the working news staff included Cummings, managing editor; John B. Wood, night editor; William Young, city editor; Samuel Homan, night city editor; William H. Bodwell, Albany correspondent—all formerly Tribune printers; also, Amos B. Stillman, telegraph editor, who had been a printer on the Hartford Courant. The idea prevailed in those days that printers were familiar with the way to prepare copy, with condensation, and were wise to the value of news.

My first glimpse of Horace Greeley was on the afternoon of his nomination for the presidency. Amos Cummings, passing me, said, "Come along. I'm going over to see how Horace takes it. I may need you," and presently he added, "You write a description of Greeley's office and his personal appearance and I'll do the rest."

Cummings was an old Tribune man with Greeley and Dana. He went to the Tribune as a compositor and attracted Greeley's attention while the great editor was fussing around the composing room, as he delighted to do. Greeley was a printer by trade, and he had set type in several cities, as well as in New York, before he started the Tribune. He never could keep away from the printers. He believed that they made good editors, and often he put them on the editorial staff. Cummings was thus promoted, and ere long he was the city editor of the paper. He was one of the best news editors, as well as writers of big news events, that journalism has ever known. But he had a testy temper and a troublesome tongue, and he was asked to quit the Tribune because of his insolence and profanity. Mr. Dana promptly made him managing editor of the Sun and afterward editor of the Evening Sun. He served in Congress also.

Horace Greeley in His Sanctum

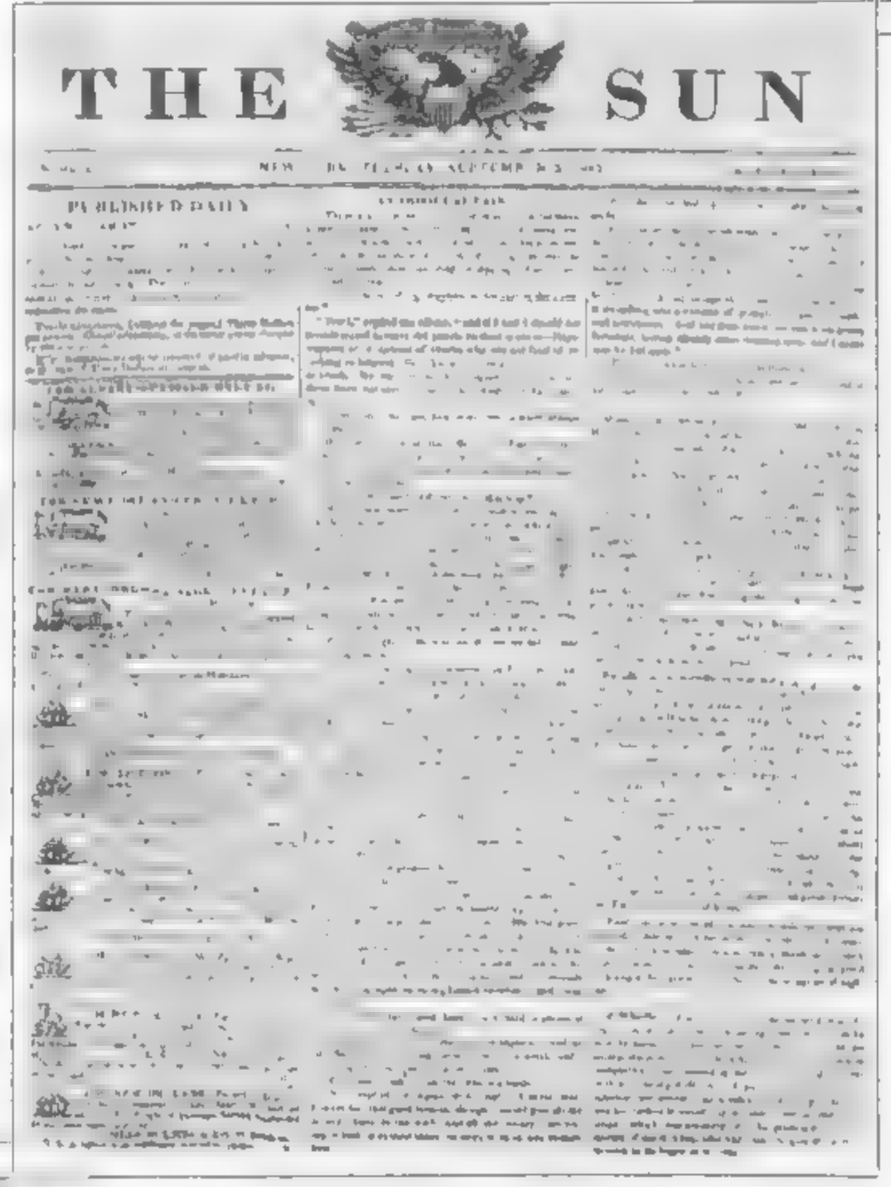
WE CLIMBED the Tribune stairway and found Greeley in great glee. He was much pleased over his nomination and couldn't conceal it. He had been writing an editorial article when the news came, and the unfinished sheets were yet on the desk. The editorial room was on the second floor of the old edifice, and Greeley's desk was close to the window, and Greeley could be seen from the street as he sat at his work. People used to stand in the street and watch him, for he was one of the sights of the town. A great crowd was gathering as we went in.

The room was quite plainly fitted. It contained three chairs, two desks and a high stool and an old sofa. An immense map of the world covered one wall, and on another were maps of New York and New Jersey. Also a framed print representing the landing of the Pilgrims and a plate of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation were hanging there. The editor's desk was littered with newspaper clippings and manuscripts. Some of them looked as though they had been there since the time when Henry Clay ran for President. A box of common red wafers was half upset on one side and an old-fashioned sand box used for blotting was standing guard over the accident. Postage stamps, envelopes, letter paper and pamphlets seemed ready to fall out of the drawers. The entire desk was a mass of confusion. Two brass-bound copies of the Tribune Almanac and a pair of disreputable shears were chained to it. Greeley's hat lay on the desk.

Greeley was neatly dressed in black. His necktie was smoothly placed and his pantaloons were drawn over his bootlegs. The legend that he habitually went around with one trouser leg thrust in his boot top is a fable. He used to wear a white topcoat and a wide-brimmed soft hat that were a bit conspicuous, but in general he displayed few eccentricities of dress.

Cummings led him into conversation and a half score of visitors chimed in. Greeley did not say that he expected to be elected, but it was plain that he thought he would be. He was anxious to know what the convention platform was to advocate, saying that he could not accept the nomination if the platform were to declare for free trade. To a colored clergyman who shook hands with him he said, "The colored people know me pretty well by this time. My record never has been hidden."

Charles A. Dana


THE SUN

Horace Greeley

They began firing a salute in City Hall Park just then, and Greeley went to the window and bowed to the crowds that were shouting and gesticulating. He rubbed his hands and smiled expansively. He then returned to his visitors and entered into an extensive and bitter criticism of the Grant Administration.

The nomination of Greeley for the presidency made the Sun's staff smile. General Grant was the opposing candidate, and the Sun had been attacking him ferociously. Dana and Greeley had not attacked each other in print, but everybody knew that they were not on good terms. Somebody laughingly asked Dana which candidate he would support, and he replied with a twinkle of eye that he thought we were likely to have a little fun.

Greeley had arranged to deliver some lectures on temperance, and he announced that his nomination was to make no difference; he would deliver them all the same. Dana thought it a mirthful situation for a Democratic candidate to be making assaults on the liquor habit, and he directed that Greeley's temperance talks be reported in the Sun. I wrote several of the reports.

At the conclusion of one lecture Greeley beckoned to me, and as I approached he said, "Are you the young man who has been following me around and putting my lectures in the Sun?"

I was obliged to say that I was.

"Who sent you?" asked Greeley. "Was it Amos Cummings or old Dana?"

"It was the city editor, sir," was the reply.

"Well, it must be old Dana told him to," commented Greeley as he turned away

Greeley's lectures were interesting. They were delivered with great earnestness and much feeling. He was far from possessing a spark of oratory, but he pleaded with his hearers to avoid strong drink as a father might plead with a wayward son to cease disgracing himself. He began his paragraphs in quiet tone, and as he became interested his words came faster and his voice raised into a shrill falsetto, almost a squeak, and he was not so clearly understood. Becoming yet more interested, he began to gesture, and as he raised his arms he extended or separated his fingers like a fan, at the same time throwing his head and shoulders violently forward and backward. Then of a sudden, as though it had come to him that he was getting excited, he relapsed into ordinary calm, only to repeat the same thing as he again warmed to the subject.

Great Men of the Sixties

I RECALL his telling that the word "intoxication" came from the Greek word that meant "poison"; that when the Greeks saw one of their number reeling down the street they cried, "Toxicon"—"Poison, poison! He is poisoned"—and Greeley continued shouting the word "poison" until it became a shrill word of admonition to his hearers. He told them that he had taken the pledge in the year 1824, when he was thirteen years old; also how in those days the good clergymen used to make twenty calls a day and take a drink at each stopping place; how the entire community got drunk when one pastor was installed, and how everybody chided a poverty-stricken fellow who did not furnish drinks at his child's funeral. At this his listeners laughed, and Greeley told them in all seriousness that it was no laughing matter.

When I went to the Sun, in the early days of 1872, the entire staff was talking about Dana, and so was all newspaperdom, for that matter, and all continued to talk about him until the day of his death, twenty-five years afterward. It was my good fortune to be there during those twenty-five years, eighteen of which I was his managing editor.

Dana was the Sun and the Sun was Dana, and it is quite impossible to say much about the old Sun without saying more about Dana. He was one of that group of journalists who are constantly referred to as the greatest editors of our newspaper history—Greeley, Raymond, Brooks, Bryant, Bowles, Medill, Watterson. It is easy to maintain that he was the ablest of them. The others were great editorial writers. They wrote under the inspiration of the events of the Civil War, when the country was aflame with excitement, when party politics and partisan prejudice were uppermost. They were the champions of their cause, champions of a people whose very existence was threatened.

Present-day readers have little conception of how the war moved and agitated every inhabitant. The editors

(Continued on Page 52)

THE CATFISH KID

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

AS THE Catfish Kid ambled through the red dust toward Buzzard Flats, on a spent roan horse he had borrowed three nights previously whilst the owner slept, he whistled Home, Sweet Home through his teeth softly and with a certain feeling. He came from nowhere in particular and had no place to go, so the song hit him particularly hard. Besides, it was enjoying great vogue at the time. The Kid had heard it in a border dance hall shrilled by a maudlin soprano.

Near the outskirts of the town a Chinaman came along on foot, and the Kid roused from his listless side-slouching in the saddle. He shook out his rope, whirled it and noosed the Celestial, whom he then proceeded to drag a few yards. Several residents of the Flats were witnesses of the incident, but did nothing to interfere. Instead they laughed, for that sort of thing was considered good comedy.

"There's Just as Good a Man Here Right Now," He Informed the Dead Bad Men, "as Any Dog-Gone One of You"

The Chinaman grabbed the rope and held desperately to it with both hands to lessen the jar of the bumping, but he made no outcry. Neither did he offer resistance when the Kid got down to remove the rope—not even when the Catfish went deftly through his clothes and frisked him of his money. He knew the Kid would probably kill him if he did, and no hand would be raised in defense.

"That'll learn you to give me the road," remarked the Kid as he let his victim up.

Hop Lee did not risk a reply, but the moment he was released he hurried off at a stumbling run.

The Catfish remounted and rode on into town. He tied the roan in front of the Palace Saloon and sauntered in, rolling a cigarette, but also sizing up the crowd.

"Gentlemen."

"Howdy."

"Set 'em up," the Kid told the bartender. "What'll it be, gents? Name the poison."

The habitués of the place responded to the invitation with their usual alacrity. Yet a certain wariness marked their manner. Evidently the newcomer inspired caution. It was discernible in the formal politeness with which Deaf Hawkins tilted his glass toward the Kid before tossing it off, in the swift exchange of glances between Dan Hartman and the barkeeper.

"You shore need rain round here," observed the Kid.

They gravely acquiesced.

"Know anybody who wants a good cow hand?" he continued.

"Well," answered Dan, "it's like King Fisher would give you a job."

"Who's he?"

The query proved that he came from distant parts, but nobody commented on it, and the bartender mentioned civilly that Ol' Man Fisher owned everything in the country that wasn't nailed down, and let it go at that.

"Lafe Kincaid was in here only last week lookin' for a good man," added Doc Larrabie, and the Catfish proceeded to extract what further information he could.

He was quick to note the reticence of the replies. Everybody seemed reluctant to talk about the two cowmen, and returned carefully guarded answers to every question. The Kid knew instantly what that meant: There was a feud between the big owners, with the country divided into two factions. Such being the case, to air opinions was hazardous, and he speedily decided there could be no profit in pursuing the subject.

They had a few more drinks, and somebody proposed a game of stud poker. The Catfish agreed readily. Now he rather fancied himself at stud, but when he permitted Larrabie to sit on one side of him and Deaf Hawkins on the other his chances flitted. Within a couple of hours they had won every cent he had in the world, and his horse; after which they bought him a drink, and Dan Hartman offered to drive him out to King Fisher's ranch to land a job. Considering that Fisher's gate was eleven miles from Buzzard Flats and his ranch house thirty miles from his gate, it was magnanimous of Dan; but the Kid displayed no gratitude.

He cursed his luck, announced that he aimed to stick round a while and walked out into Broadway to look the place over.

"Where's this here Boot Hill?" he inquired as he departed.

"Just on the aidge of town. You can see it from the door," replied the bartender.

It was not more than three hundred yards from the Palace, so the Kid decided he would leg it instead of borrowing a horse. He rolled a cigarette and started off at a peculiar shambling walk, stepping high like a hen with tender feet, his spurs clinking. Atop a horse, and at a distance, the Catfish Kid might pass muster. On foot he was a joke—an ugly little runt, with a wide, projecting upper jaw and a couple of snag teeth which earned him his sobriquet. Usually his mouth remained slightly open. His hair was a sandy red, his face and hands covered with freckles.

Indeed, he looked not unlike a stunted boy until you saw his eyes, and then the illusion vanished. Looking into them, one felt as though he were staring into the mouth of a rifle. They were light gray in color, flecked with brown, devoid of lashes, steady and glacial.

Accessibility from every point in the town had been responsible for the location of Boot Hill, the citizens not being minded to haul the stiffs any considerable distance. But to the Kid the short slope proved a breather, as he had never walked a continuous mile since childhood. Arrived at the top, he sat down on a grave to roll another cigarette and survey the pleasing prospect.

Twenty-two gentlemen of parts and some distinction lay under those cross-topped mounds. All had died very abruptly, with their boots on, and the Kid paid them silent homage as heroes. Some had been gun fighters, others merely hasty. There were three who had been listed as bandits outside of the Flats, but in their own bailiwick they had possessed friends, so they found a resting place among the Buzzard immortals. And of the twenty-two, seventeen owed their demise to old John Barleycorn.

As he read the names and dates on the wooden crosses the Kid experienced the nearest feeling to reverence he could achieve. But that he was not overcome by awe seems evident from his remark on finishing the inspection.

"There's just as good a man here right now," he informed the dead bad men, "as any dog-gone one of you. And I'll sure prove it, too, before long." From which it readily will be discerned in what direction the Catfish Kid's ambitions lay. He was the logical product of his times.

He went back to town. In front of Ackers' general store was tied a team of young bays hitched to a buckboard. A hound dog panted in the shade of the porch. It roused on hearing him approach and came out into the street, growling as it cautiously circled the stranger. The bristles on its back stood straight up. In fact, every honest creature—dog or horse or human—felt instinctive revulsion when the Kid hove in sight.

He kicked a spurt of dust at the hound, making as though to pass on. The dog barked furiously, showing his fangs, and with a bewilderingly swift movement the Kid shot him dead. As an exhibition of gun play it was prettily done. Whatever may be urged against the Catfish's state of mind, it must be conceded that he was amazingly efficient in his profession.

The report brought the proprietor and a young girl running from the store. Everybody else ducked under cover; not so much as a head was shoved into view.

"Who killed that dog?" demanded Ackers.

The Kid surveyed him in cold quiet. The storekeeper was not much beyond his own age, and the marks of the tenderfoot stuck out all over him. Consequently, although Ackers was big and athletic and seemed unafraid, the Catfish dismissed danger from his mind.

"I did," he replied, smiling slightly. "What you got to say about it?"

Ignorant of the close connection between a dog row and sudden death, Ackers was on the point of saying a good deal, but Nan Fisher did not give him the chance.

Stepping directly between the two men, "What did you kill him for?" she asked, eying the visitor with a dislike stirred as much by sex repulsion as by anger.

"He was fixing to bite me."

"But he didn't bite you. He only growled."

Argument was not the Kid's forte.

"Was he your dawg, ma'am? If he was, I'm sure enough sorry."

"No, he wasn't. But it was cruel to kill him."

"If it wasn't your dawg," he replied gently, nodding toward the storekeeper, "why not let him do the talkin'?"

Ackers took a step forward, but again the girl restrained him. Seizing firm hold of his arm, she almost dragged him indoors, at the same time calling back over her shoulder: "Now you go on and mind your own business or I'll tell my daddy, and then you'll see!"

"Oh, my! You shouldn't ought to scare me thataway, ma'am," retorted the Kid with a jeering laugh. He added something about hiding behind a lady's skirts, and Ackers turned a fiery red.

"Miss Fisher, let go!" he said angrily. "I can't take that, you know!"

She answered hotly, tightening her grip on his arm: "Now don't be foolish, Mr. Ackers. That's just what he wants. You haven't got a gun, and wouldn't know how to use it if you had."

"But I can't stand by and let a man shoot my dog for no real reason at all," he protested.

"The thing's done. The dog's dead, and you can't bring him back to life. What's the use of risking your own, then?"

"But a man's got to keep his self-respect."

"What has self-respect to do with it? Is your self-respect hurt by paying no attention if some tough tries to pick a fight with you? Besides, you wouldn't kill him because he shot that hound, would you?"

"No, of course not. But ——"

"Then keep quiet, Mr. Ackers, for if you don't it means a killing. I've lived here all my life, and you haven't. Now please get my parcels together. I'm late as it is."

The Catfish Kid did not hear this colloquy, and after waiting a reasonable time in the expectation that the storekeeper might issue forth with a gun and provide some action he showed his disappointment by kicking at a clump of dirt and expectorating with remarkable force and precision. Then he continued on his way to the saloon.

The episode proved unfortunate for Ackers, because about the only gauge the community applied to a man was that of readiness to risk life on the least provocation. One could be a drunkard, a killer, a crooked gambler or cattle thief, and still command a measure of respect and not a few friends in Buzzard Flats; but the instant a man let an affront pass he placed himself beyond the pale. The citizens might continue to treat him well enough, but it would be in a spirit of tolerance wholly devoid of respect. And Ackers was a newcomer to the town, having blown in from that void vaguely referred to as the East.

"Why didn't you leave him be?" demanded King Fisher of his daughter. "This business has done him a whole lot of harm."

"But he's alive!"

"Well, sir, if that ain't just like a woman!"

"What would you have had him do, dad? Go gunning for that little fish-faced brat and get killed?"

"Everybody is saying he was scared half to death."

"Then everybody lies," returned his daughter contemptuously. "I can tell when a man's afraid. And Mr. Ackers isn't afraid of anything."

"Huh-huh?" returned her sire, and he stared at her quizzically. "You seem to know a lot about him, don't you?"

"Anyhow, I know that much."

Not long after this conversation the Catfish Kid got into trouble through eagerness to gain a reputation as a gunman. He shot and killed Dan Hartman, who was no slouch himself when it came to shooting out an argument. Had it been a perfectly straight best-man-wins affair they would have toted Dan up Boot Hill and the incident would have been closed; but the circumstances of the killing were too shady even for Buzzard Flats to ignore.

The Kid had been hanging round town, panhandling a living until he could land a job. Among the redeeming qualities of the Palace Saloon patrons was open-handedness, and they kept him up for a while with small loans; but when it became apparent that the Catfish was not especially eager to go to work or to repay or to reciprocate favors in any fashion they began to turn him the cold shoulder. One day the poker crowd quietly ignored his efforts to horn into the game, and then and there the Kid decided he would have to do something to earn their respect.

With no apparent resentment against their closed ranks, he sat down to watch the play, and during a lull expressed lively admiration of Hartman's gun. It was a pearl-handled, silver-plated, triggerless .45. Dan always fanned the hammer with his thumb when he threw down on anybody. The weapon had often been admired, so Hartman unsuspectingly handed it to the Kid for inspection and then became absorbed in the next deal. On the Catfish returning the six-shooter in a few minutes the owner stuck it carelessly in its holster before riffling the cards.

The game ended shortly before noon, and Hartman had the bulk of the money. The Kid waited until most of the players had departed, and then requested a loan of twenty dollars.

"I'm sure sorry, ol'-timer," replied Dan steadily, "but I'm mighty nigh broke."

In a low even voice the Catfish proceeded to tell him how many varieties of liar he was. Hartman jerked his gun. The weapon clicked twice before the Kid could fire, but his first shot drilled Dan between the eyes.

After the smoke had cleared and the Kid had gone through the formality of surrendering to the sheriff it was discovered that the deceased's gun had two empty chambers. Then everybody remembered how his slayer had borrowed it to admire the grip.

This was too raw. It was against all the rules of the game of life as they played it; it was shocking bad form. Dan's sudden taking off could not be counted a loss to the community or the country at large, but if such methods were to be tolerated, where would they end up? What would become of their standards of honor and their boasted civilization?

Such were the contentions of the gambling fraternity. As for the general public, they did not care a hoot one way or the other. With them Hartman had always been listed as a dangerous citizen, so it did not matter how he had been killed. Their only regret was that his antagonist survived.

Yielding to the demands of the Palace patrons and his own notions of the code among gentlemen, the sheriff put the Catfish in the calaboose to stand trial for murder. Half a dozen men had seen the trick by which he rendered Dan's weapon harmless. The bartender had been witness to what followed. It really looked as though the Kid might swing.

Then Lafe Kincaid came to his rescue. Just what his motive was can only be conjectured, for he had never even set eyes on the prisoner. Perhaps the rivalry between him and King Fisher was responsible, for Hartman had been a henchman of the latter. At any rate, Lafe appeared suddenly in the Flats and went bond for the killer.

After that the trial developed into a test of strength between the two cattle barons. The entire Fisher outfit, numbering more than two hundred men, embraced the dead man's cause as they would a slain brother's. The Fisher faction in the Flats, composed of all the people with whom he dealt, ranged with them. Opposed to this array stood the Kincaid phalanx, quite as strong numerically and as deadly determined that the Catfish Kid should go free. They didn't know him. The bald facts of the case would certainly have swayed them in the other direction had their prejudices not been stirred; but other issues determined their partisanship, and justice was made the football of contending interests.

Between the hostile factions stood an unimportant group of neutrals. Of these Ackers was the most prominent. The majority were nester farmers who held sections of land within or adjoining the domains of the cattle kings and who smarted under long oppression and a host of wrongs. The professions were about evenly divided. In Buzzard Flats the minister, the doctor and the school-teacher were on Fisher's side; in Espuela, where Kincaid was supreme, they lined up with Lafe. The cleavage followed similar

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Some of Kincaid's Men Swooped Down on Them and a Running Fight Took Place. The Raiders Got the Worst of This Encounter

MAY MAGIC

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

CUPID nowadays plays his little game against tremendous odds. There is the house shortage, for instance, and the high cost of fuel and food and French hats. There are other minor oppositions, too, such as the wonderfully good time that everybody helps give a young bachelor. But it is the economic combination that combats Cupid most effectively; the wretched combination of low salaries and high prices which keeps many a hot-blooded young man from marrying when he wants to; leaves him hung up with nothing but work and hope for several years, during which his blood cools a little and he slowly begins to wonder if a man isn't maybe better off single, after all.

Or perhaps it is the girl who does the wondering. In the case of Keye and Anne, it was Anne who held back; Anne of the curly bobbed black hair; Anne of the many talents. The least of the talents was the only one which so far had proved remunerative. Anne was on the staff of Attire, the ultra-sophisticated fashion magazine which everybody buys now and then, ostensibly to find a way to make up Helen's blue gingham, but really to glance over in order to feel that one is keeping in touch with everything which is new and smart and quite out of one's reach. Anne wrote the little paragraphs of description which appear under the pictures of the season's gowns.

"Straw fringe, that daring novelty fresh from the Paris salons, renders unusual this simple frock of black organdie," she would declare. Or "The slim little gown of Chantilly turns its back to show the full sweep of its flame-colored net cape, richly embroidered in tarnished silver."

For adding the skillful lure of just the right words to fit Attire's smart illustrations, Anne received a very fair salary. Keye averaged, perhaps, half as much more with his whimsical Pucklike drawings. He had no haughty artistic unwillingness to supplement his income with purely commercial work, but it was an unmistakable fact that his soap-ad pictures and his calendar landscapes were as bad as his own kind of work was good. He could draw you a disapproving old gentleman watching the gambols of Spring—a half-gnomelike, half-sophisticated Spring, as fascinating a creature as ever was born of a drawing board—in a way to warm the very cockles of your heart; but his picture of a pretty girl washing out a Georgette blouse in Sparkling Suds Soap Flakes left you cold.

Keye would get there, of course, along his own line in time, about the time probably that he was forty and Anne thirty-nine.

They were considered prosperous young people. Keye had a small single room in the Allesden, an exclusive bachelor building; he had evening clothes—both full dress and dinner coat—and looked extremely well in them. He played a good game of tennis and golf and bridge, which pleased the men, and had an easy informal charm which pleased the women.

If the slightest of Anne's talents was the one which earned her salary, all the others were called into play when it came to spending it. She and Grace, an older widowed sister, had taken the cheapest and least desirable apartment in a studio building on West Eleventh Street and proceeded to make it by far the most attractive. They had signed a long lease, however, so it remained the cheapest. A tiny grand piano stood in one corner of the big living room.

"We're buying it," Anne laughingly declared, "a dollar down and a dollar a week till death closes the contract."

The piano, however, was the only expensive article in the entire apartment. The air of charm, of artistic luxury, was a triumph for Anne's talents; a matter of the wide shallow mirror hung opposite the windows in a way to make the living room seem half again as large and twice as bright; of low, graceful willow armchairs stained dull and dark to make one forget they were willow; of lamp shades made of a silk remnant as richly glowing as a stained-glass window; a matter of exquisite trifles, like the quaint brass samovar picked up at a bargain down near

"Well," Anne Observed, "I Can't Play Against the Three of You"

Williamsburg Bridge; the gleaming graceful candlesticks; the bowl in a shadowy corner, squat, unusual of line and true ox blood of color. There were a half dozen pictures—originals, of course—done by more successful friends of Keye's or coaxed from the art editor of Attire.

Anne could concoct the most wonderful Saturday-night feasts in her kitchenette, and while the oysters were baking in a piquant-sauced, crumb-sprinkled triumph of her own concoction she would come back to the living room, throw a handful of sea salt on the fire to make it burn in changing green-and-violet lights and sing a song or two at the tiny grand piano—gay dancing songs, ever so slightly Gallic, songs which were never dull yet never naughty.

Then, too, Anne had a natural way with her clothes, and being on Attire had raised this to a talent. She never bought a suit which was not still smart in its third season; was never deceived into choosing a hat whose black-cherry trimming soon after became as common as plantain weeds in the spring. She was never too tired to slip trees into her shoes at night or spread out a damp veil so that it would dry trimly smooth. She wore washable gloves and they were always immaculate. She would buy an inexpensive handmade waist, add dull-rose embroidered dots, a touch of real Irish, and lo, it became a blouse—even one which looked as though it might justify being pronounced "blooze." She could cloud her last year's lilac-and-white-checked gingham with white organdie, add a belt of French-blue ribbon, a formal little boutonnière of deep-purple velvet pansies, and look like a sketch from Seen on the Turf and Surf Club Veranda in the June Attire.

In short, Anne was what her old-fashioned grandmother would have called a good manager, the ideal wife for an ambitious and talented young artist who could not as yet be called a good provider.

There had been a time when Anne had not cared whether Keye could earn a living or not. It had begun the last evening of Keye's Christmas vacation and had lasted through a breathless ecstatic spring. They were both very young then, twenty and twenty-one, and finding out for the first time that they were in love. It was a time of strange shy thrills, of unbelievable blisses and poignant new heartaches, and it came to its climax one lilac-scented night in May.

Keye had had Anne up for the last fraternity house party before commencement, and of course there had been a dance. They slipped out after the first waltz. The violin notes sang faintly, sweetly after them, and floated away into the warm darkness of the still campus. Spring had come, a little late, in fragrant clouds of fruit bloom and lilacs.

The two found a rustic bench beside an oak—oh, even campus trees seem different near commencement time!

Anne had seen Keye that day for the first time in the dignity and mystery of his cap and gown. For some little time they were tensely silent. Keye leaned forward and twisted the edge of her little pink-taffeta dancing dress between his thumb and finger. It was a gesture at once so longing and so fearful that Anne felt her young blood suddenly pulsing in her very finger tips. Breathless at her own daring, she laid her hand over his.

"Sweetheart!"

Keye's arms were about her, his lips against hers. She could feel his heart pounding hard against her shoulder.

"Oh, Keye!"

The sing of the violins was all about them, the misty sensuous sweetness of the night. It was youth and love, and the rest of life a trillion miles away. It was sheer May magic!

Anne would have married Keye that night, as Nature meant her to, and gone it blind with him to the edge of the world. But he did not ask her. Impractical though he was, he knew more of the world than she did, and he knew, alas, that impracticality, carried far enough, isn't quite decent. So he choked out his love for her, his lips buried in the softness of her neck; choked out his love, his marveling at her sweetness, his promises of undying faithfulness.

After a while she fixed her hair, powdered her nose and they went in and waltzed the Good Night, Ladies, of their last college dance with some hundred other young couples who still had their way to make in the world. And the May magic passed.

It was two years later that Keye really proposed to Anne. He had a small-salaried job then, commercial artist for an advertising agency. But Anne had learned a little in the two years, and she was afraid to try it.

"Let's wait a year," she counseled, rubbing her soft cheek against his. "You'll surely have a raise in January, and—well, I've seen what a terrible time Jim and Natalie are having, and ——"

Keye was too fearful himself to press her any, and when two weeks later he was laid off through a falling off of work he thanked the merciful Providence which had made Anne more cautious than it had him.

It is proof that there really was an amazing draw between these two that, although it was two years more before Keye dared ask in marriage again, it was again Anne that he asked. He had something to offer then; precarious, of course, as the offers of a free-lance artist must needs be, but enough to take a chance on. Granted the May magic then, they might have made a go of it.

But things had changed since the lilac-sweet night. Anne had her position on Attire; she was furnishing her apartment; she had bobbed her curly black hair and learned to wear gray tulle and silver to match her eyes, instead of pink taffeta.

"We'd be foolish to try it, Keye dear," she said. "Of course we might get along all right, as well as Van and Miriam do, if I could keep right on with my position too. But when"—being of a generation which does not mask simple possibilities under the mock-modest veil of what-if-circumstances-should-change?—"what if there should be babies?"

"I'd take care of you some way," Keye insisted stubbornly. "Of course we'd have to move out of New York, just near enough so that I could get in once or twice a week to see editors. We'd buy a little house."

"And I'd do the washing and you'd spend your spare time bailing out the cellar and mowing the lawn and

working in the garden in a pair of old overshoes. You'd have to give up the Illustrators' Club and I'd get a new winter hat every other year and we'd have to decide whether we'd rather go to see the play that everybody'd been talking about or buy linoleum for the kitchen floor. And after a little while we'd always decide on the linoleum."

"I hope to keep making more all the time," Keye said a little stiffly.

Anne was quickly repentant.

"Of course you will, darling! Don't I know that? If I didn't know you would I'd say we might as well do it now as any other time. Goodness knows, I'd rather have you and linoleum than any other man and all the new plays! But when it's just a matter of waiting a little while, don't let's start wrong. Let's wait till we can do it right."

Keye said nothing.

"We have a good time just as we are, don't we, Keye?" Anne coaxed, coming over to sit on the arm of his chair. "We see each other all the time, people ask us everywhere together. Don't—don't you like being just sweethearts with me, Keye?"

Her soft shoulder cuddled against his rough tweed. Keye had been a little hurt, but Anne was very dear to him. He slipped his arm around her waist.

"It's up to you, honey," he said.

"Then let's"—she twisted his short brown hair into two little tusks and kissed his forehead between them—"let's just be sweethearts a little longer."

But it wasn't as easy as it sounded. Nature's idea of being sweethearts is a running pose. Catch the fleet gesture and try to hold it immovable for some six or seven years and you have what Keye and Anne slowly became two young people likely at times to get on each other's nerves.

There were times when Anne realized that Keye was growing selfish; when, for instance, he took the five-hundred-dollar prize for the best drawing submitted in the Mason's Magazine contest and went abroad to put in six months studying painting in Antwerp, leaving her alone to work through the summer heat in New York. But he came home, his work so vastly improved, his eagerness to be with his sweetheart again so boyishly delicious, that she forgave him and accepted the exquisite beaded bandeau he brought her as a peace offering.

There were times, too, when Anne treated Keye none too well. When one has had the same sweetheart for seven years one naturally likes at times to experiment a little in new mediums. She broke engagements with Keye sometimes too; demanded as rights what had once been sweet surprises; on rare occasions was even a little rude to him before others.

In the main, though, they got along very well together; went to a play or a concert or two a week, played tennis Saturday afternoons in the summer, attended the art exhibitions in the winter, danced a good deal both winter and summer. But they took to calling each other "old dear," and now of a winter Sunday evening when they came in from a brisk walk, and Anne joined her sister in the little kitchen to start supper, Keye, instead of stalking around the living room or strumming impatiently on the piano to hide his eagerness for Anne's return, was likely to stretch out on the couch and doze off, sometimes sleeping till she called him impatiently to open up the gate-leg table and start the percolator.

Keye was getting much better prices for his work now, but Anne's salary had doubled, and they had both acquired a distaste for table-d'hôte dinners, walk-up apartments and cheap cars. As two charming unattached young people, they received week-end invitations in the summer, dinner and dance bids in the winter, which they were not expected to return. Keye could afford to give an occasional theater party with a supper afterward at a midnight roof; could send Anne orchids to wear and call for her in a rented limousine, so long as he did not have to pay for the slim little mauve French dress that she wore. Singly, they enjoyed a social position several notches higher in the scale of smart living than they could possibly maintain married, as a family with its own dignity and responsibilities to uphold.

And each month brought its new necessities—necessities which had once seemed luxuries. They were learning slowly to depend upon all these things that marriage would cut them away from. Marriage, too, they were finding, was something which could be kept waiting indefinitely. Their life as it stood was not half bad. If it had lost something of romance, it had gained much of ease and comfort. As a matter of fact, the fall that Keye was twenty-nine and Anne twenty-eight, these two, economically so much nearer, were in reality farther from marriage than they had been that penniless, glorious, mad May night.

Then came Phyllis.

When Cupid finds the cards stacked against him, as Keye and Anne and the economic system had them stacked, he is likely to have a trump of his own up his sleeve. "Up his sleeve" is, of course, a clumsy figure of speech when one recalls how Cupid is usually pictured as dressing. However, he has a hidden trump, and nine times out of ten it is a girl like Phyllis.

He flings her triumphantly into the game, and the placid satisfied playing ceases at once. High cards lose their value. Players who have been content with their own hands count them over dubiously—and wonder. Young men realize with sudden fervent gratitude that they still are young; old men remember their first loves.

Cupid plays into Nature's hand oftener than idealists would have us believe. He is concerned not half so much in seeing that each special John shall marry some particular Jenny as in arranging for each John and Jenny to marry somebody. That is really Cupid's little game. And when it comes to that, he could have no trump of surer play than a girl like Phyllis.

Phyllis was twenty-two to Anne's twenty-eight. And where Anne was smart, sophisticated, piquant, Phyllis was all soft: soft of hair and eyes and voice; soft of manner; a velvety little person. With her large dark eyes and her corn-silk hair, she looked like an angel on an Easter card. She looked too helpless, too trusting, too guileless to be exposed to the cruel rigors of life. Men universally felt that she must be protected.

As a matter of fact, Phyllis knew her way about. The helpless-looking angels usually do. She was as unconscionable a little flirt as ever kindled flames for the sheer fun of watching them burn. At first comparison she did seem young and guileless, considering Anne's smart frocks and sophisticated ease of manner. But when it came to men it is likely that Phyllis at twenty-two already knew more than Anne would ever learn. She knew by instinct, for instance, that Keye was unconsciously hungry for adoration, for romance, for something which would make him feel powerful and young and impulsive.

Keye met her at the young Van Sants' one Friday evening, where he had taken Anne for bridge. It was the psychological moment. Keye had called for Anne, and as they walked up Fifth Avenue in the lamp-starred twilight they had come very near quarreling. Anne had started it by announcing casually that Earl Curwood, a more successful professional rival of Keye's, had asked her to pour tea for him the next afternoon when he was having some people in to see some new pictures.

"Does that let out our tennis again?" Keye asked. "Or can you play for an hour right after lunch if I can get a court then?"

Anne shook her head regretfully.

"I've got to get a manicure and violet ray treatment after I leave the office. All the other girls who'll be at the tea are ladies of leisure. I don't want to look like a weary woiking goil."

"What you need," Keye suggested inopportunely, "is more good, wholesome outdoor exercise and fewer violet rays."

Now, no woman really relishes being told by any man what she needs to improve her looks. Anne was no exception to her sex.

"You mean, Keye dear," she suggested sweetly, "that what you need is somebody to play tennis with you to-morrow. Why not say what you mean?"

Now, no man really relishes being brought up sharply, even if justly, like that. And Keye was no exception to his sex.

"Suit yourself, of course," he said loftily. "Only if you have got tired of tennis, it would be a little more considerate of you to say so instead of keeping me hung up of a Saturday afternoon expecting to play with you, then finding some excuse at eight o'clock Friday night."

"I'm not finding some excuse. I'm very much complimented at Mr. Curwood's asking me to pour for him when he has so many more-important friends. You won't have any trouble finding somebody to play with you to-morrow."

"You flatter me," said Keye.

It was no time for sarcasm. Anne hummed lightly and looked in the shop windows. She would have liked to think that Keye was jealous of Curwood's having asked her, but she was afraid that he was merely piqued at being left with a Saturday afternoon on his hands. That was all, but they had arrived at the Van Sants' decidedly edgy at each other.

Then Keye met Phyllis. She was Van Sant's much younger sister, and had come to spend a month in New York. Her dress was some fluffy thing of rose color belonging to the small-town-dressmaker phase through which Anne had passed triumphantly years ago. But it made Phyllis look like one of the dolls that the Germans have at last stopped manufacturing because they are too pretty to be lifelike.

Keye Had Been Short-Rationed on Sugar. Hungrily Unfastidious, He Devoured Phyllis' Honeyed Words

(Continued on Page 61)

MUMMERY

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

ON MONDAY Mrs. Egg put her husband on the eastbound express with many orders. He was not to annoy Adam by kissing him when they met, if they met in public. He was to let Adam alone in the choice of civil dress, if Adam wanted to change his naval costume in New York. He was not to get lost in Brooklyn, as he had done before. He was to visit the largest moving-picture theaters and report the best films on his return. She made sure that Egg had her written list of lesser commands safe in his wallet, then folded him to her bosom, sniffled, and patted him up the steps of the coach.

A red-haired youth leaned through an open window and inquired, "Say, lady, would you mind tellin' me just what you weigh?"

"I ain't been on the scales in years, bub," said Mrs. Egg equably; "not since about when you was born. Does your mamma ever wash out your mouth with soap?"

An immediate chorus of laughter broke from the platform loungers. The train jerked forward. The youth pulled in his head. Mrs. Egg stood puffing triumphantly with her hands on her hips.

"It's a shame," the baggage-master told her, "that a lady can't be kind of—kind of ——"

"Fat," said Mrs. Egg; "and bein' tall makes it worse. All the Packers 've always been tall. When we get fat we're holy shows. But if that kid's mother'd done her duty by him he'd keep his mouth shut."

The dean of the loungers put in, "Your papa was always skinny, Myrtle."

"I can't remember him much," Mrs. Egg panted, "but he looks skinny in his pictures. Well, I got to get home. There's a gentleman coming over from Ashland to look at a bull."

"Here Y'are, Mamma." Mrs. Egg Swung About. Adam Stood Behind a Shape in Blue Pajamas, a Hand Locked on Either of Its Elbows

She trod the platform toward the motor at the hitching rails, and several loungers came along gallantly. Mrs. Egg cordially thanked them as she sank into the driving seat, settled her black straw hat and drove off.

Beholding two of her married daughters on the steps of the drug store, she stopped the car and shouted: "Hey, girls, the fleet's gettin' in to-morrow. Your papa's gone to meet Dammy. I just shoved him on the train. By gee! I forgot to tell him he was to fetch home—no, I wrote that down—well, you come out to supper Wednesday night."

"But can Dammy get discharged all in one day?" a daughter asked.

Mrs. Egg had no patience with such imbecility. She snapped, "Did you think they'd discharge him a foot at a time, Susie?" and drove on up the street, where horse-chestnuts were ready to bloom, appropriately, since Adam was fond of the blossoms. She stopped the car five times to tell boys that Adam would be discharged to-morrow, and made a sixth stop at the candy shop, where a clerk brought out a chocolate ice cream with walnut sauce. He did this mechanically. Mrs. Egg beamed at him, although the fellow was a newcomer and didn't know Adam.

"My boy'll be home Wednesday," she said, giving the dish back.

"Been in the Navy three-four years, ain't he?"

Mrs. Egg sighed. "April 14, 1917. He was twenty-one las' week, so he gets discharged soon as the fleet hits New York. My gee, think of Dammy being twenty-one!"

She drove on, marveling at time, and made her seventh stop at the moving-picture theater. The posters of the new feature film looked dull. The heavily typed list of the current-events weekly took her sharp eye. She read, "Rome Celebrates Anniversary—Fleet Sails from Guantánamo," and chuckled. She must drive in to see the picture of the fleet. She hadn't time to stop now, as lunch would be ready. Anyhow, night was the time for movies. She drove on and the brick business buildings gave out into a dribble of small frame cottages, mostly shabby. Edith Webb was coming out of her father's gate.

Mrs. Egg made an eighth halt and yelled, "Hey, Edie, Dammy'll be home Wednesday night," for the pleasure of seeing the pretty girl flush. Adam had taken Edith to several dances at Christmas. Mrs. Egg chuckled as the favored virgin went red, fingering the top of the gatepost. Edith would do. In fact, Edith was suitable, entirely.

"Well, I'm glad," the girl said. "Oh, say, was it our house or the next one you used to live in? Papa was wondering last night."

"It was yours," Mrs. Egg declared; "and thank your stars you've got a better father than I had, Edie. Yes, right here's where I lived when I was your age and helped mamma do sewin', and sometimes didn't get enough to eat. I wonder if that's why—well, anyhow, it's a solid-built house. I expect Dammy'll call you up Wednesday night." She chuckled immensely and drove on again.

From the edge of town she passed steadily a quarter of a mile between her husband's fields. His cows were grazing in the pastures. His apple trees were looking well. The red paint of his monstrous water tanks soothed her by their brilliance. A farmhand helped her out of the car and she took the shallow veranda steps one at a time, a little moody, wishing that her mother was still alive to see Adam's glory. However, there were six photographs of Adam about the green sitting room in various uniforms, and these cheered her moment of sorrow. They weren't altogether satisfactory. His hard size didn't show in single poses. He looked merely beautiful. Mrs. Egg sniffled happily, patting the view of Adam in white duck. The enlarged snapshot portrayed him sitting astride a turret gun. It was the best of the lot, although he looked taller in wrestling tights, but that picture worried her. She had always been afraid that he might kill someone in a wrestling match. She took the white-duck photograph to lunch and propped it against the pitcher of iced milk.

"It'll be awful gettin' him clothes," she told the cook; "except shoes. Thank God, his feet ain't as big as the rest of him! Say, remind me to make a coconut cake in the morning in the big pan. He likes 'em better when they're two or three days old so the icin's kind of spread into the cake. I'd of sent a cake on with his papa, but Mr. Egg always drops things so much. It does seem ——" The doorbell rang. Mrs. Egg wiped her mouth and complained, "Prob'ly that gentleman from Ashland to look at that bull calf. It does seem a shame folks drop in at mealtimes. Well, go let him in, Sadie."

The cook went out through the sitting room and down the hall. Mrs. Egg patted her black hair, sighed at her third chop and got up. The cook's voice mingled with a drawling man's tone. Mrs. Egg drank some milk and waited an announcement. The cook came back into the dining room and Mrs. Egg set down the milk glass swiftly, saying, "Why, Sadie!"

"He—he says he's your father, Mis' Egg."

After a moment Mrs. Egg said, "Stuff and rubbidge! My father ain't been seen since 1882. What's the fool look like?"

"Awful tall—kinda skinny—bald ——"

A tremor went down Mrs. Egg's back. She walked through the sitting room and into the sunny hall. The front door was open. Against the apple boughs appeared a black length, topped by a gleam. The sun sparkled on the old man's baldness. A shivering memory recalled that her father's hair had been thin. His dark face slid into a mass of twisting furrows as Mrs. Egg approached him.

He whispered, "I asked for Myrtle Packer down round the station. An old feller said she was married to John Egg. You ain't Myrtle?"

"I'm her," said Mrs. Egg.

Terrible cold invaded her bulk. She laced her fingers across her breast and gazed at the twisting face.

The whisper continued: "They tell me your mamma's in the cem'tery, Myrtle. I've come home to lay alongside of her. I'm grain for the grim reaper's sickle. In death we shan't be divided; and I've walked half the way from Texas. Don't expect you'd want to kiss me. You look awful like her, Myrtle."

Tears rolled out of his eyes down his hollowed cheeks, which seemed almost black between the high bones. His pointed chin quivered. He made a wavering gesture of both hands and sat down on the floor. Behind Mrs. Egg the cook sobbed aloud. A farmhand stood on the grass by the outer steps, looking in. Mrs. Egg shivered. The old man was sobbing gently. His head oscillated and its polish repelled her. He had abandoned her mother in 1882.

"Mamma died, back in 1910," she said. "I dunno—well ——"

The sobbing was thin and weak, like an ailing baby's murmur. It pounded her breast.

She stared at the ancient dusty suitcase on the porch and said, "Come up from Texas, have you?"

"There's no jobs lef' for a man seventy-six years of age, Myrtle, except dyin'. I run a saloon in San Antonio by the Plaza. Walked from Greenville, Mississippi, to Little Rock. An old lady give me carfare, there, when I told her

I was goin' home to my wife that I'd treated so bad. There's plenty Christians in Arkansaw. And they've pulled down the old Presbyterian church your mamma and I was married in."

"Yes; last year. Sadie, take Mr. Packer's bag up to the spare room. Stop cryin', papa."

She spoke against her will. She could not let him sit on the floor sobbing any longer. His gleaming head afflicted her. She had a queer emotion. This seemed most unreal. The gray hall wavered like a flashing view in a film.

"The barn'd be a fitter place for me, daughter. I've been a ——"

"That's all right, papa. You better go up and lie down, and Sadie'll fetch you up some lunch."

His hand was warm and lax. Mrs. Egg fumbled with it for a moment and let it fall. He passed up the stairs, drooping his head. Mrs. Egg heard the cook's sympathy explode above, and leaned on the wall and thought of Adam, coming home Wednesday night. She had told him a thousand times that he mustn't gamble or mistreat women or chew tobacco "like your Grandfather Packer did." And here was Grandfather Packer, ready to welcome Adam home!

The farmhand strolled off, outside, taking the seed of this news. It would be in town directly.

"Oh, Dammy," she said, "and I wanted everything nice for you!"

In the still hall her one sob sounded like a shout. Mrs. Egg marched back to the dining room and drank a full glass of milk to calm herself.

"Says he can't eat nothin', Mis' Egg," the cook reported, "but he'd like a cup of tea. It's real pitiful. He's sayin' the Twenty-third Psalm to himself. Wasted to a shadder. Asked if Mr. Egg was as Christian an' forbearin' as you. Mebbe he could eat some buttered toast."

"Try and see, Sadie; and don't bother me. I got to think."

She thought steadily, eating cold rice with cream and apple jelly. Her memory of Packer was slim. He had spanked her for spilling ink on his diary. He had been a carpenter. His brothers were all dead. He had run off with a handsome Swedish servant girl in 1882, leaving her mother to sew for a living. What would the county say? Mrs. Egg writhed and recoiled from duty. Perhaps she would get used to the glittering bald head and the thin voice. It was all most unreal. Her mother had so seldom talked of the runaway that Mrs. Egg had forgotten him as possibly alive. And here he was! What did one do with a prodigal father? With a jolt she remembered that there would be roast veal for supper

At four, while she was showing the Ashland dairyman the bull calf, child of Red Rover VII and Buttercup IV, Mrs. Egg saw her oldest daughter's motor sliding across the lane from the turnpike. It held all three of her female offspring. Mrs. Egg groaned, drawling commonplaces to her visitor, but he stayed a full hour, admiring the new milk shed and the cider press. When she waved him good-by from the veranda she found her daughters in a stalwart group by the sitting-room fireplace, pink eyed and comfortably emotional. They wanted to kiss her. Mrs. Egg dropped into her particular mission chair and grunted, batting off embraces.

"I suppose it's all over town? It'd travel fast. Well, what d'you think of your grandpapa, girls?"

"Don't talk so loud, mamma," one daughter urged.

Another said, "He's so tired he went off asleep while he was telling us how he nearly got hung for shooting a man in San Antonio."

Mrs. Egg reached for the glass urn full of chocolate wafers on the table and put one in her mouth. She remarked, "I can see you've been havin' a swell time, girls. A sinner that repenteth ——"

"Why, mamma!"

"Listen," said Mrs. Egg; "if there's going to be any forgiving done around here, it's me that'll do it. You girls was raised with all the comforts of home and then some. You never helped anybody do plain sewin' at fifteen cents a hour nor had to borrow money to get a decent dress to be married in. This thing of hearin' how he shot folks and kept a saloon in Texas is good as a movie to you. It don't set so easy on me. I'm old and tough. And I'll thank you to keep your mouths shut. Here's Dammy comin' home Wednesday out of the Navy, and all this piled up on me. I don't want every lazyjake in the county pilin' in here to hear what a bad man he's been, and dirty the carpets up. Dammy likes things clean. I'm a better Christian than a lot of folks I can think of, but this looks to me like a good deal of a bread-and-butter repentance. Been devourin' his substance in Texas and come home to ——"

"Oh, mamma, your own papa!"

"That's as may be. My own mamma busted her eyesight and got heart trouble for fifteen mortal years until your papa married me and gave her a home for her old age, and never a whimper out of her, neither. She's where she can't tell me what she thinks of him and I dunno what to think. But I'll do my own thinkin' until Dammy and your papa gets back and tell me what they think. This is your papa's place—and Dammy's. It ain't a boardin' house for ——"

"Oh, mamma!"

"And it's time for my nap."

Susan, the oldest daughter, made a tremulous protest. "He's seventy-six years old, mamma, and whatever he's done ——"

"For a young woman that talked pretty loud of leavin' her husband when he came home kind of lit up from a club meetin' ——" Mrs. Egg broke in. Susan collapsed and drew her gloves on hastily. Mrs. Egg ate another chocolate wafer and resumed: "This here's my business—and your papa's and Dammy's. I've got it in my head that that movie weekly picture they had of Buttercup Four with her price wrote out must have been shown in San Antonio. And you'll recollect that your papa and me stood alongside her while that fresh cameraman took the picture. If I was needin' a meal and saw I'd got a well-off son-in-law ——"

"Mamma," said Susan, "you're perfectly cynical."

Mrs. Egg pronounced, "I'm forty-five years of age," and got up.

The daughters withdrew. Mrs. Egg covered the chocolate urn with a click and went into the kitchen. Two elderly farmhands went out of the porch door as she entered.

Mrs. Egg told the cook: "Least said, soon'st mended, Sadie. Give me the new cream. I guess I might's well make some spice cookies. Be pretty busy Wednesday. Dammy likes 'em a little stale."

"Mis' Egg," said the cook, "if this was Dammy that'd kind of strayed off and come home sick in his old age ——"

"Give me the cream," Mrs. Egg commanded, and was surprised by the fierceness of her own voice. "I don't need any help seein' my duty, thanks!"

At six o'clock her duty became highly involved. A friend telephoned from town that the current-events weekly at

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She Stood Up. The View Enlarged. Adam Jerked His Black Head to His Opponent—and the View Flicked Off Into Some Stupid Business of Admirals

RECOLLECTIONS OF J. D.

By George D. Rogers

DECORATION BY HERBERT PULLINGER

VARIOUS names have been given to Mr. Rockefeller, but the current appellation in use *sub rosa* by the clerical force was the diminutive "J. D." I never knew anyone to enter an office so quietly as Mr. Rockefeller. He seemed almost to have had a coat of invisibility. He never permitted himself to be hurried, and in a negotiation or trade to attempt to crowd him was fatal.

One day a man who had a horse to sell intimated that unless he bought it at that price and on that day another man stood ready to buy. His answer was: "All right, let him have the horse. I don't wish to buy."

He was a man of infinite patience. He could wait. He could tire the other man out. I remember that one time a gentleman presented a proposition to him and after an interval of a few days called with reference to it. It was explained to him that Mr. Rockefeller had been very busy, and that his attention would be called to the matter at the first opportunity. He chose to take umbrage.

"Mr. Rockefeller promised to look over my papers," he said, "and I want to know his decision."

The message was carried to Mr. Rockefeller. Without comment he took the papers from his desk, and without opening them held them under his chin, and with a twinkle in his eye said, "Tell the gentleman that I have looked over his papers and that I do not care to do anything about the matter."

His method of getting business attended to was the acme of simplicity. Unfinished business—letters, telegrams, memos, and so on—was placed in a pile on the right-hand side of his desk. He would take up the first paper that came to hand, give an answer or issue his instructions to someone else competent to handle it, and when the matter was off his mind the papers were handed over to be filed. If the paper could not be immediately attended to he turned it upside down on the left-hand side of the desk. When the pile at the right side was demolished he would turn the pile at the left right side up and transfer it to the right-hand side to be taken up again on the following day. In later days nothing was left on his desk but the desk pad, a blotter, pen, ink and pencils.

In still more recent years he was not obliged to come to the office at all. In the very early days of the Standard Oil Company it was very different. Then I have seen him come to the office with his left cuff marked all over with the memos of things that had occurred to him while riding downtown on the elevated.

The Ore Fleet

HIS memory was tenacious. He once told me that his method was to repeat over and over several times anything that he especially wanted to remember, and also to listen intently and try to impress at once upon his memory when and where anything important was said to him.

"It is very important to remember what other people tell you, not so much what you yourself already know. Let the other fellow talk."

Most important of all, in the early days he made it a practice to review in his mind at the end of the day the special business of that day.

It is difficult to realize to-day that anybody ever doubted the success of the Standard Oil Company; but I recall a discussion in which one of the principal officers of the company wanted to sell his stock, because he did not believe that the oil in the oil regions of Pennsylvania could last much longer, and then all their cars and stills would be only so much junk. Mr. Rockefeller's statement to me throws light upon his early opinion of Standard Oil and its possibilities.

"Commodore Vanderbilt has all his money in ties and rails and cars which wear out and have to be continually replaced. Others have fortunes in ships or houses which deteriorate; others in goods and merchandise that change or decay. I guess Standard Oil will make me my fortune. I'll just stick to that."

After the discovery of the great ore deposits on the Mesaba range shipments were made to the lower lake ports on vessels already owned and operated by various shipping men. It soon became a question of business policy with Mr. Rockefeller whether to continue to pay exorbitant and increasing prices for the vessels required to move the ore or to build his own fleet. After careful analysis the decision to build was made, and accordingly an ironclad agreement and specifications were drawn up for the construction of one large steel steamer and for one consort, or barge. The contract and specifications were submitted to each of the twenty-two shipbuilding yards on the Great Lakes. There was keen competition for the business, as it was generally recognized that in all probability other vessels would be required after this first one was built. Such rivalry for the order led to hair-splitting figures, and the result was the naming of the lowest possible bids from all the yards. When all the bids had been received and found to be bona fide and duly signed, each bid was accepted simultaneously by telegram. Then it was discovered that every one of the twenty-two shipbuilding yards was building a steamer and a barge for Mr. Rockefeller at the lowest possible competitive prices—a fleet in all of forty-four great ore-carrying vessels. This became the Bessemer Steamship Company, which eventually became part and parcel of the United States Steel Corporation when it was formed by Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Rockefeller was a man easily approached. He loved to talk with anybody. This is quite contrary to the general opinion of him, for many people look upon him as a hermit because of his exclusiveness, which was forced upon him as a protection from unwarranted intrusion.

Contacts With Strangers

SO PRONOUNCED was this opinion that a bank president once said to me: "We never see Mr. Rockefeller. He does not mingle with us in clubs and social gatherings, and so we have come to look upon him as a great spider sitting back in his web seeking whom he may devour."

One time when we were in Asheville, North Carolina, we strolled out from the hotel for a short walk and passed a little place where an old colored man was hoeing his garden plot. Mr. Rockefeller stopped and engaged the old man in conversation. The darky, not knowing to whom he was talking, made some remark about "de rich people." This was enough to start Mr. Rockefeller, who skillfully egged him on, eliciting a tirade on wealth and the uses that should be made of it, all of which he repeated later with great gusto at the dinner table.

Another time on a trip to Lakewood, on a train without Pullmans, he sat next to a man from Farmingdale who made a specialty of raising choice peaches. He had a talk with the farmer which they both apparently enjoyed, and I do not suppose that to this day the man has any idea that he had been talking with the richest man in the United States.

When the Rockefeller party was on a trip West many years ago the news was spread of the day and the hour that they were to arrive at a certain hotel. Everyone was curious to see the great man. When the train stopped alongside the hotel greetings were exchanged, and we all started to walk into the rotunda. Mr. Rockefeller took my arm and we strolled very, very slowly, arriving last of all in the center of the room. As we paused there for a moment an old man walked up in front of Mr. Rockefeller, looked him over, up and down from head to foot, and then slowly walked all the way around him, with mouth wide open and eyes staring, until he again got around in front, when Mr. Rockefeller quietly extended his hand and began to talk to him. He was a Baptist clergyman who had traveled a hundred miles for the privilege of seeing with his own eyes the man who had given so much money to help the Baptists.

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THE MANIKIN MAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VI

CATO ENDERLY and his two associates, Pondevero and Hollister, liked the power they had enjoyed it. When they were successful in their campaigns—they had reverses—they were the political masters of almost a hundred million people, dominating the majority party, and thereby the Government. They made a careful show of being democratic in their operations, but in reality were autocratic.

These men had come to consider the presidency, when one of their men had it, as an appanage of their tripartite combination, and used it as such, discreetly but effectively. They looked on the occupancy of the White House by an opponent as a period for preparation for the recovery to their own control of what they held to be their rightful and beneficent sphere of influence. They had no delusions as to themselves. They knew they could not be elected President, any of them, because they were bosses, but they recognized that as the offset for their power and position.

There was nothing crass or dictatorial about their methods of White House control. Those were predicated in advance on the influence they used in nominating the candidate, and buttressed by a skillfully imparted and maintained sense of that great obligation in the mind of the man elected. They rarely went further than suggestion and were wary about much of that, reserving their influence for important matters and not dissipating it in a multitude of minor applications.

However, if their man in the White House developed an obnoxious independence in important matters they had means of punishing him that were effective. They were strong enough in their organization and support in the Senate to hold up any administration they saw fit to hold up, and expert enough in their politics to give the President a realizing sense of their power and motives without resorting to either threats or intimidations. They were smooth, resourceful, scientific politicians, and the means with them justified the end on every occasion where the end failed to justify the means.

They were not without vigilant opposition, both within their own party and without, but they used the organization fetish to hold their lines together, and distributed patronage and legislative favors for loyalty with discrimination. They were in touch with the chief financial contributing sources, and thereby held control of the campaign chests. They were liberal in their allotments of funds for elections and reëlections of useful men. Their main objects of solicitous attention were neither proved friends nor avowed enemies. They had their methods for holding their friends, and they had written off their enemies.

The men they looked after most sedulously were such as Constable, who though nominally of the organization were not actually parts of its machinery. Of these there were those who were playing politics themselves, and who made opposition gestures and staged opposition shows for the purpose of securing inducements for renewed regularity; but they knew these intimately and considered the price of their support an incidental expense of the game. Such men as Constable, however, whose independence was real and not mercenary, held their close attention, for they realized that in these men there was always the potentiality of trouble and, it might be, defeat.

"I don't know just how to figure that man Constable," Enderly said to Hollister. "He gives me the impression of a small-town Buddha, you know, instead of a captain Buddha, sitting with his hands in his lap and looking at us with those ironical and penetrating eyes of his and with that slow smile of his, as if he was on to us to the last maneuver, and one of these days might rise up and spill what he knows. He makes me nervous. I've got the number of every one of the rest of them, but this chap eludes me. He's polite and friendly, and usually regular, but all the time I know that he sees clearly into the inside of this game, and it amuses him."

"Well, that's better than having it enrage him," commented Hollister comfortably.

"I don't think so. I'd rather have a man abusing me than laughing at me."

"Oh, you are seeing things again," laughed Hollister. "We've had twenty like him. Wait until the time when he has to make his campaign for reëlection and we'll find him on the front doorstep begging for aid, succor and advice, and promising his head off to be good. If he isn't we can start somebody out against him, and give him a run for his ironical and penetrating eyes, as you call them."

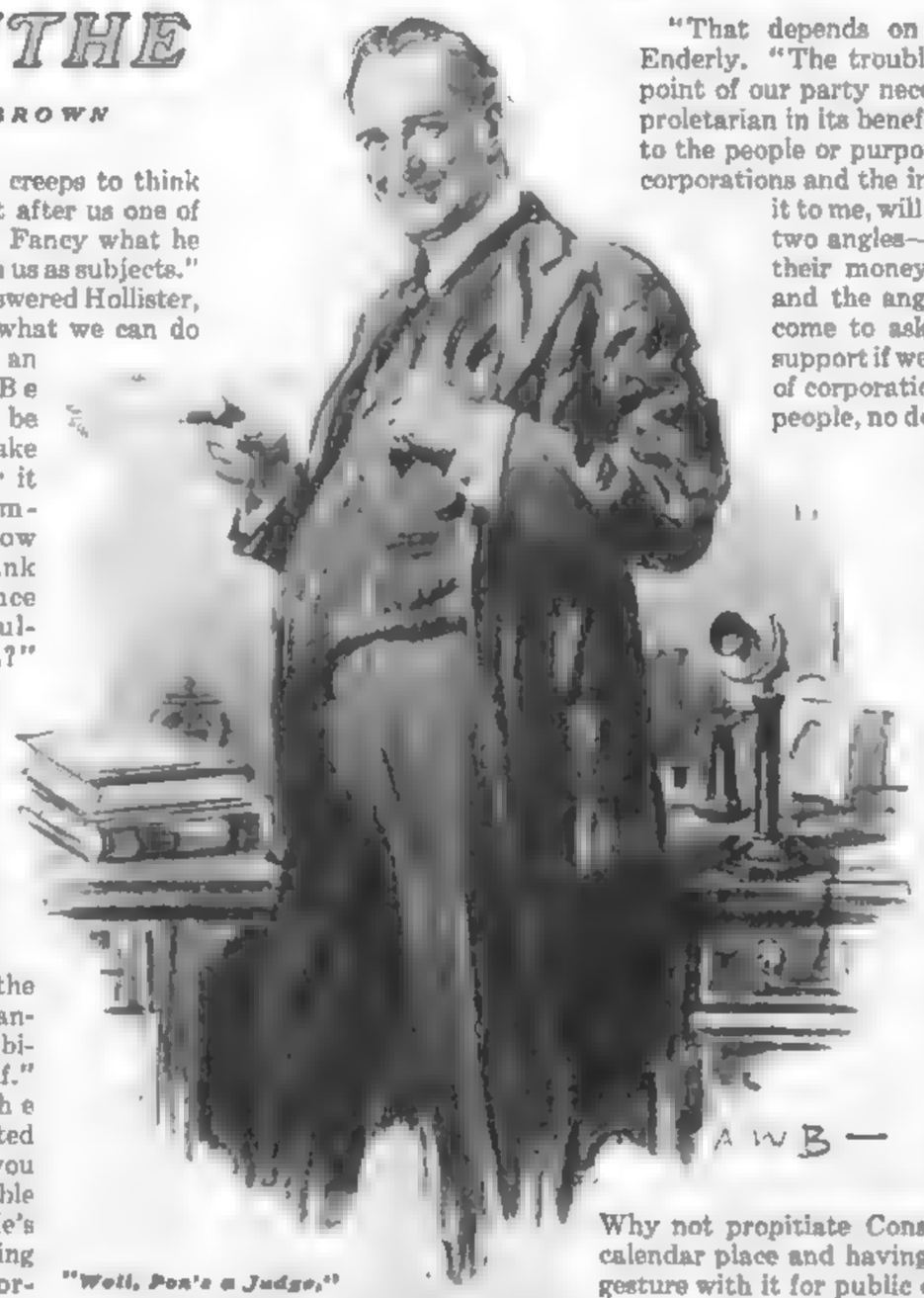
"I think Constable's different," protested Enderly, "and he's darned smart any way you look at him. Sort of gives me the creeps to think he might get after us one of these days. Fancy what he could do with us as subjects."

"Yes," answered Hollister, "and fancy what we can do with him as an object. Be calm. He'll be all right. Take my word for it and be comforted. How does Pon rank him now, since he's been cultivating him?"

"Pon talks of him as able and thinks of him as ambiguous."

"Well, Pon's a judge," laughed Hollister. "He's the Grand Panjandrum of ambiguity himself."

"All the same," insisted Enderly, "you bear Constable in mind. He's far from being subject to organization discipline and restraint. He may run out on us any time, and if he does he has it in him to make trouble."



"Well, Pon's a Judge," Laughed Hollister. "He's the Grand Panjandrum of Ambiguity Himself"

"So have we it in us to make trouble," Hollister replied. "Forget it, I tell you. There are forty ways of handling that gentleman if he gets gay."

Hollister's telephone rang.

"It's Turnbull," he said after he had boomed an "All right" into the transmitter. "He says there is to be a meeting of our fellows on the Steering Committee over in his room and wants us to come."

"What's on?" asked Enderly as he rose from his chair.

"Turnbull didn't say."

"Might be this very Constable and that bill of his for the regulation of corporations. He's been stewing about a lot lately."

"What about that?" asked Hollister. "We reported it out from the committee for him, didn't we, and put it on the calendar?"

"We did all that, but if you will reflect a moment you will recall that we had it reported out by a strict party vote, without recommendations, and the place on the calendar it occupies will give it a chance in about four years and six months."

"Huh," was Hollister's only comment.

The two men walked through the corridors to Turnbull's room and found Turnbull and four others there—majority members of the Steering Committee, that unlisted but most puissant committee that lays out the work of the Senate, expedites or sidetracks business, smothers or vitalizes bills, guards, conserves and controls the calendar, and generally runs the machinery, and always with acute attention to the political requirements of the majority.

"What's on the aggregate mind of this distinguished assemblage?" asked Hollister after he and Enderly had found chairs.

"Constable's corporation bill," Turnbull replied. "He's been raising hell about it for a week. Wants a better place on the calendar, and insists we shall expedite it. He's coming in presently to talk about it. I thought it might be well to get together beforehand and talk a bit ourselves."

"I told you," said Enderly, turning to Hollister.

"Yes, and I told you too. That bill of Constable's is impossible from our angle, and he ought to know it."

"He doesn't seem to," continued Turnbull. "He says his plan is most popular with the people and that it will do a lot of good."

"That depends on his definition of good," said Enderly. "The trouble with that bill, from the viewpoint of our party necessities, is that it is entirely too proletarian in its benefactions. It may bring some joy to the people or purport to, but what it will do to the corporations and the incorporators thereof, as they tell it to me, will be horrible to contemplate, from two angles—the angle of the men who have their money invested in these enterprises, and the angle of our organization when we come to ask them for the usual campaign support if we pass the bill. It rains the riches of corporation regulation into the laps of the people, no doubt, but it won't rain any riches into our laps when we want contributions—none at all."

"I have no objection to the bill," said Cornwall, "but it comes at the wrong time. We've got a presidential campaign coming on, and we shall need our friends. Why can't he wait and stick it in at the beginning of an administration instead of at the end? Then those it hits would have time to recover from their soreness before we need them again. That's the politics of it."

"That is our politics of it, you mean, Cornwall," returned Turnbull. "Unfortunately, our politics and Constable's don't seem to jibe in this matter. He says the bill will strengthen us with the people."

"That's true too," commented Westacott, "and I can't see why there isn't a chance to work it that way. Why not propitiate Constable by giving his bill a good calendar place and having all hands talk about it; make a gesture with it for public effect, toll it along until the last days of the session, and then to our extreme regret be forced unwillingly to let it die in the smother of unfinished business, despite our efforts to save it? That would appease the people if we make our efforts seem like the real thing, which we can; keep our hands clean, gratify our friends, and ought to satisfy Constable. He'll get his out of it."

"It depends on what Constable thinks his is," observed Enderly.

"Oh, he's no different from any of the rest of these friends of the people," sneered Hollister. "All he wants is public mention as a fearless champion of the masses."

"I am not so sure about that," Enderly said. "Nor am I so sure we can impose on Constable with those old, even if sometimes effective, methods Westacott advocates. Those tricks might not work."

"He's due now," cautioned Turnbull. "I think ——"

"Senator Constable is here," interrupted a messenger who came from the outer room.

"Ask him to come in," said Turnbull.

"Don't be rough, Henry," Enderly whispered to Hollister. "Let me handle him."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said Constable, a big, broad-shouldered, clear-eyed, ruddy-faced man of forty-two or three. He sat down at the long table across from Enderly, and looked around, smiling and affable. "All here but Senator Pondevero, I observe. I regret his absence, for it had been my hope to present my case to the influential trinity that controls our legislative destinies." He bowed to Enderly and then to Hollister.

Enderly returned the bow. "You flatter us," he said, "but even if we admit your assumption, which, of course, modesty forbids, a two-thirds representation is pretty good in these busy days."

"I fancy you are busy," returned Constable, smiling, "and I shall not detain you long. I suppose, Senator Turnbull, you have told the senators why I asked for this opportunity to come before them?"

"I have."

"In that case, and with your permission, I shall proceed to say what I have to say."

"We shall be glad to hear you."

Constable took two or three papers from his pocket and laid them on the table before him, lighted a cigar and settled back in his chair. He began his argument in a conversational tone, and continued calmly and evenly until he had finished, without gesture or declamation, but with an earnestness that did not escape his hearers. He went briefly into the development of the great trusts and combinations of capital that had marked the previous ten

years of American business, disclaimed any hostility to the corporations as such, and admitted that they were not only a natural and necessary outgrowth of American business conditions but a tremendous factor in American prosperity and financial supremacy. He said his bill was not aimed at the combination or corporation idea, but at the methods that had been developed after the combination idea had been applied. He cited many instances to show that these combinations had been used to increase prices of necessities to the people, not because there was an increase in the cost of production, for the primary reason for the combination was to decrease production cost, but in order that the men controlling the combinations might augment their profits thereby—make the people pay.

Constable said there were various state restrictions and regulations, and these were good so far as they went, but what was needed was a law by Congress that would bring about Federal regulation, especially as the most pernicious of the corporations were engaged in interstate commerce and thereby subject to Federal supervision. He sketched the provisions of his bill and said its effect would be to protect the consumers, the people, and insure them reasonable prices. Otherwise it would bring to the courts the offenders who persisted in mulcting the consumers, and provided explicit and drastic penalties for nonobservance of its stipulations.

"Therefore, senators," he concluded, "and particularly you, Senator Enderly, and you, Senator Hollister, I ask that my bill be given a workable place on the calendar and that the organization get behind and assist. The economic justice of the measure must appeal to you. What do you think about it, Senator Enderly?"

"I have no doubt that there is considerable economic basis for what the senator asserts," Enderly replied; "but unfortunately at the present time we are compelled to treat some of the ills of the people with politics rather than with economics."

"Politics is a quack remedy," said Constable.

"Possibly, but it is our only practical remedy in this case. It would be a mistake to press the bill to passage just on the eve of a presidential election."

"It would be a mistake not to," urged Constable, who was leaning forward now, with his eyes fixed intently on Enderly, "a fatal mistake, in my opinion; and you have been in politics too long, senator, not to know that the mistakes of your opponent are the foundation for your own good repute in the minds of the people. The people would not consider this a mistake. On the contrary, it will be our mistake if we do not take up the matter, because we have no monopoly on it. There is no reason why the opposition cannot urge such a measure, and if they do and we oppose it or do not press this bill, the reaction will be against us."

"That may be true, also, but you overlook the fact that the opposition has not presented such a measure, and that part of your argument is hypothetical—a bridge we need not cross until we come to it, and I do not think it is before us. Even assuming that we are faced with the two-sided contingency—that it will be a mistake to press it, which I maintain, and a mistake not to, which you assert—it is our party and political duty to decide which mistake will have the lesser consequences, and make that one."

"Why would it be a mistake to press it?" asked Constable.

"Because it isn't necessary," Enderly replied. "Now, Constable, let me tell you something, in which my friends here will bear me out. There is no man in politics who has a keener appreciation of the unrest among the people, nor of the fact that that unrest is due, in some measure, to dissatisfaction with the operations of party politics. I believe thoroughly in making a careful assay of that unrest, of finding the causes for it and of removing those causes if that can be done, and I think it can. I am taking steps in that direction now, as my friends will testify, but to bring those reforms about our party must remain in power. To remain in power we must win the coming presidential election. To win that election we must have funds, and a lot of them.

"The matter of electing a president is no longer the simple one of presenting a candidate to the people and asking them to hurrah and vote for him. It is a great business enterprise that requires large and legitimate financing. The only place we can get money is where money is. If we do not get money we cannot win, for tremendous drafts are made on us for publicity, organization and other necessary expense. These men at whom this bill strikes have been our friends for many years. It is our duty to consider their interests somewhat. After we have elected our president and have four years to work in, we can study this corporation matter and, I have no doubt, provide for a supervision and regulation that shall be equitable to both the corporations and the people. Nobody will be hurt by the delay, and snapshot consideration of this question will bring us to disaster."

They Called Him Old Geronimo in Wall Street

"I do not concede disaster," said Constable. "The people are thinking of these matters. They demand relief. If we take this step in the direction of that relief they will support us. If they think we are fooling them, all the campaign funds in the universe won't save us."

"There is some truth in that," Enderly replied; "but I think you will admit that if we are in a position wherein we can assure the people, and prove to them that we are regardful of their necessities, and where, also, we can get our campaign funds, we shall be invincible."

"But this corporation abuse is the greatest they suffer."

"There's room for debate there."

"Not with me," Constable asserted. "I have spent a long time on this subject, investigating it without prejudice, and I think my bill is imperative if we are to do anything real for the public. Really, senator, I do not think you appreciate the situation."

"Yes, I do appreciate it."

"But you won't allow my bill to pass?"

"It isn't wise at this session. Of course we shall support it, and indorse it, and speak in favor of it, and——"

"Do everything but vote for it?"

"At this time. Later——"

"Later will be too late, I fear," said Constable quietly. Then he turned to the others and asked: "Do you agree to this ruling, Senator Hollister? And you, Turnbull, and Westacott, and Cornwall?"

"It seems to be orders," Turnbull answered, "and you know us."

"Yes," said Constable, "I do." He rose from his chair. "I'll be going now, but before I leave I desire to say one thing further: Orders are indubitably orders, but only to those who will take them. My conception of a senatorship is that orders to any senator should be accepted by that senator from only one source—himself; and based on his conception of the needs of the people he represents. Otherwise a senator isn't really a senator, you know, any more than every male is a man."

"What are you going to do?" asked Hollister, who had sat silent and scowling throughout the talk.

"Oh, that depends on circumstances," Constable replied, smiling genially at the lowering boss. "I have the high authority of Senator Enderly for the unwisdom of trying to cross a bridge before one comes to it. When you gentlemen build your bridge I'll have a look at it. Good afternoon, senators. Thank you for your attention."

After Constable had gone Hollister said: "Well, we've got to discipline that fresh young statesman."

"Let's be careful how we go about it," urged Enderly. "The velvet glove, you know."

"I favor a hickory club," growled Hollister.

VII

AS ENDERLY sat at his desk in the Senate Chamber on Friday afternoon, watching with mild interest a small filibuster that was in progress, a page brought him a card on which was the name Mr. Richard Carthew. He went out to the Marble Room and was met by a man whose fastidiously combed and barbered white hair gave an impression of sixty-year maturity that was combated by a smooth-shaven, unwrinkled, youthful face. He might have been sixty. He might have been forty, but he was about halfway between. He was fastidiously garbed to the point of sleekness, alert in manner, and gave an impression of suavity and self-command.

"Hello, Dick," said Enderly as Carthew came forward. "Glad to see you. Something important, I take it."

"They think so downtown," Carthew replied. "Want to talk now?"

"I can't now; have an engagement in fifteen minutes. Come up to the house to-night."

"At what time?"

"Oh, let's see. I'm going out to dinner at seven, but I can get away by nine. Make it 9:30."

"All right," said Carthew. "Good-by until then."

Some people collect coins; others spend them. Some gather books; others read them. Some assemble tables; others write on them. Some paint pictures; others buy them. Nearly everybody hives up something, which leads to the conclusion that in addition to the ape and amœba strains there is a jackdaw strain in us all, a fact the anthropogenists have thus far overlooked in their analyses of that curious mixture, man.

Richard Carthew collected millionaires, but was not yet a millionaire collector. There is a difference. However, all he needed was time, and he would rightfully deserve both designations. As a collector of millionaires he had the largest flock of them possessed by any similar segregator of them—and there were others—and was rated highest professionally in his business.

If Mr. Carthew should discuss his business—which is quite beside the mark, because if he did discuss his business he soon would have no business to discuss—but if, in a moment of expansion, he should discuss it or explain it his discussion and explanation would be set forth about as follows:

Fundamentally a man who has money sense of a keen enough nature and of an expert enough development to secure for him a million dollars or more thinks that the securing of a million dollars or more is the greatest of achievements, the criterion of success. This thought increases in conviction as the millions increase in number. So do most of the rest of us think, also, largely because our public prints make a multimillionaire more important as a news asset than any other citizen, and the popular standard of importance for a man is the space he gets in the newspapers. That is the public measuring stick.

Besides, the process of becoming a millionaire makes it quite plain to the becomer that in reality the achievement is of merit, for the reason that he learns not only what money will do, the world over, but what it will not do. Sooner or later there seeps into the money-making mind of every millionaire the knowledge that, admirable as the amassing of millions may be, there are certain phases of achievement and recognition that simple possession of millions does not compass, and this knowledge stirs him to other activities. Then, too, when he looks about, the millionaire finds that the country is all cluttered up with men who have made a few or many millions, and that he is but one among a herd of Cræsuses that is distributed from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Thus if the millionaire is not merely a money grubber he thinks the thing out like this: "I am a millionaire. That shows I am a smart man. But so are Jones and Smith and Brown millionaires; and that shows them to be as smart as I am in money ways. Therefore, in order that my real smartness may be known I must demonstrate my ability, power and intellectual attainments and force in other directions. I must get recognition as something else, perhaps more, than a mere millionaire."

There you have it—recognition, public acknowledgment, public standing as a man of parts rather than as a man of one part and that part a money-making part. That explains why so many rich men endeavor so earnestly and often so absurdly to identify themselves before the people with this and that reform, movement, current topic or political manifestation. It explains all these stuffy rich men who get up at dinners and meetings and emit resounding speeches prepared for them by adroit speech writers. It explains their ceaseless campaigning to be asked for their stodgy views; their ardent mixing in national and international affairs; their putting their names to books, pamphlets and articles written for them and discussing this or the other grave topic of popular concern; their advocacy of men and measures; their craving for publicity; their desire to be held as wise exponents of tremendous topics.

It is insatiate appetite for recognition. They have their money. They want more than that, hunger for it, thirst for it, scheme, plan, contrive and pay for it. No man is so pathetically eager as the millionaire for some other badge than the dollar mark to pin on his coat where all may see.

Having worked out this thesis to his own satisfaction, Richard Carthew had capitalized it. His business was aiding aspiring millionaires to achieve distinction and do other things they had in mind. In fine, he was a press agent. He did not call himself that; nor did he expand on it as a director of publicity or engineer of the same, or adopt any of the various higher-sounding titles that press

agents often apply to themselves. His business had no name. His own part was hidden as much as possible, but he maintained a large staff of capable assistants, and he was the most intelligent, the most resourceful, the most successful of the numerous fraternity. Gradually, as his abilities and successes brought him to the attention of the great, the greater and the greatest, he eliminated as clients all but those of the most ambitious aspiration, the widest ramification and enterprise, and the most satisfactory ability and willingness to pay. He was a connoisseur as well as a collector of millionaires. He worked only for the liberal.

Carthew had been in Enderly's employ for years. Whenever Enderly and his associates had a publicity problem that needed not only ability of the highest type but discretion and successfully hidden inspiration, they used Carthew. This long association had brought Carthew into such intimate relation with Enderly that he in reality was almost a part of the Enderly-Hollister-Pondevero combination, and it extended not only to political affairs but to Enderly's business affairs as well, and to the business affairs of many of Enderly's chief contributors, supporters and sources of political revenue.

If there was a big financial combination to be made it was Carthew who prepared the public mind for it. If there was an underwritten enterprise that needed stock absorption by the public Carthew made it alluring to the people, not in the ordinary advertising manner but with subtler spread of enticements. If there was a need of high foreign emprise—a Mexican adventure, a Cuban foray, a Chinese consortium, anything that the financial powers had in mind for their own profit—Carthew began long before the event to get into the public mind the fact that this was a purely patriotic and impersonal enterprise, and for the best interests of the peoples to be aided. He knew more about the inner workings of high finance and high politics, as practiced by his group of retainers, who were the leaders in both lines, than any but the principals, and, often, more than they did.

Carthew went to Enderly's house at half past nine and was shown to the big room on the second floor.

"Well, Dick," said Enderly, "Thane has broken loose again, has he?"

"It looks so."

"What's he doing?"

Carthew explained in detail that Thane, having learned of the plan of a certain group of New York financiers to corral and control a large oil territory in Mexico by means of an arrangement with what was passing for the moment as the Mexican Government, had forestalled these financiers by the simple expedient of outbidding them with the Mexicans, and his mission with Enderly was to make sure that Enderly, as the man who had the Washington power to do such things, would see to it that the essential and requisite governmental cooperation was not forthcoming at Washington. Thane had won for the moment in Mexico, but Stoddard and his associates wanted to make sure that Thane would not beat them in Washington. That fixed, they had methods of their own for eliminating Thane in Mexico.

Thane's foray had been a sudden one, and the results of it left the New York financiers gasping. Naturally they hurried to Enderly, who was often their partner and always their staunch ally in affairs of this sort, and sought to close Washington to the schemes of Thane until they had time to rearrange their own plans.

"Tell them not to worry," said Enderly, after Carthew had finished his story. "Thane will get nothing here."

"They didn't think he would, but they wanted you to know about it."

"That is gratifying, inasmuch as I have a 20 per cent interest in the pool."

"Well, they couldn't get the news to you much quicker. They found out about it a few days ago. It's a curious development."

"Why?" asked Enderly.

"Thane has never been interested in oil before."

"Richard," said Enderly, "dismiss that thought from your mind. Thane isn't interested in oil now."

"You mean he is after you?"

"Certainly."

"But he can't put anything over in Washington against you."

"Maybe not, but he never admits that. He's always ready to try, and there are plenty of folks around here who are eager and willing to help in an enterprise of that sort."

"But you can stop him?"

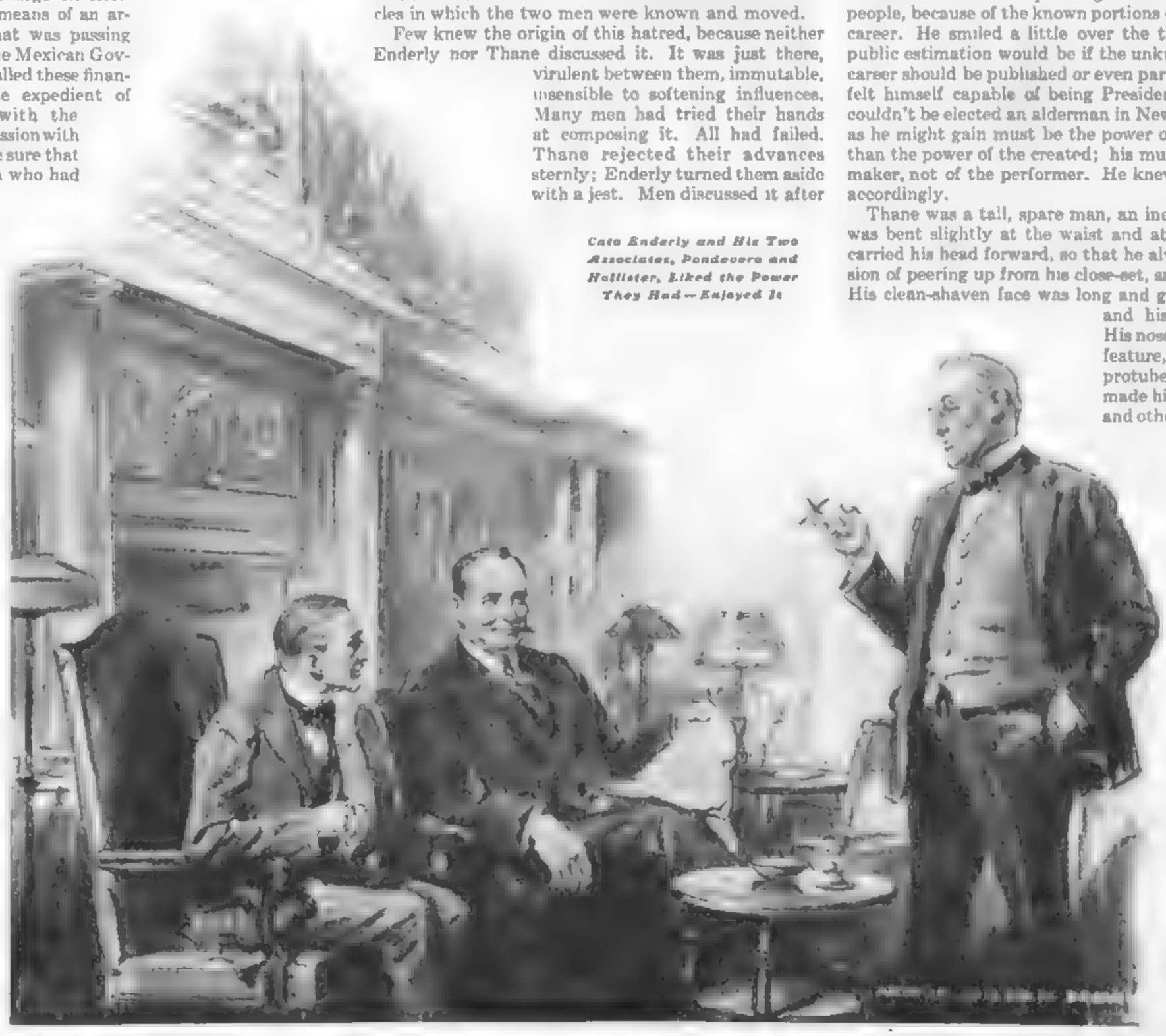
"If I can't, Dick, you will read a piece in the papers about the retirement of Cato Enderly to a home for superannuated and senile politicians."

VIII

THE hatred between Cato Enderly and Alonzo Thane was epic in the financial center of New York and in the political center of Washington, two centers that are not so far removed from being one. It was known on La Salle Street, in Chicago, on California Street, in San Francisco, on Milk Street, in Boston, and, as an interesting feature of financial politics in the case of Thane and political finance in the case of Enderly, in Threadneedle Street, in London, on the Bourse, in Paris, and in other and further places where such activities concentrate.

It had persisted for years. It had developed from forays by the one against the other in the market and in business to wide and momentous plottings, terrific reprisals, long-drawn fights with money, intrigue, lavishly paid brains and political power used as weapons. As the wealth of these men expanded their animosity grew in intensity and malignance. Hating as Enderly hates Thane, or Thane hates Enderly, according to the sympathies of the user, had come to be the criterion for abomination in the circles in which the two men were known and moved.

Few knew the origin of this hatred, because neither Enderly nor Thane discussed it. It was just there, virulent between them, immutable, insensible to softening influences. Many men had tried their hands at composing it. All had failed. Thane rejected their advances sternly; Enderly turned them aside with a jest. Men discussed it after each malevolent demonstration, speculating on its beginnings, and came invariably to the conclusion "It's something that happened way back yonder when they were young; probably a girl," and were forced to abide by that, as there were no available facts on which to base any other verdict. All there was to go on was the fact that both men came from the West and that they had hated each other from their earliest observed days.



Cato Enderly and His Two Associates, Pondevero and Hollister, Liked the Power They Had—Enjoyed It

Thane's character and characteristics made the persistence of the feud on his part more easily accountable than in the case of Enderly. Thane was a gloomy, silent, saturnine man; cruel, relentless, avaricious. Enderly was a man of a certain tolerance in his outlook on life, of a humorous cynicism, who took what came, either for better or for worse, with a mellowing philosophy that accepted what was better as the best possible and laid what was worse on the shoulders of circumstance. It seemed strange to his intimates that he had not written this enmity off long ago, forgotten it, pushed it into the background as a fruitless waste of time and effort and force. He never did. He was as implacable at sixty-four as he undoubtedly had been at twenty-four. He hated Thane, and that hatred knew neither metes nor bounds.

Alonzo Thane's life was ordered by a single persistent belief and the practical application of it. His doctrine was that more power can be obtained through and by the possession of money than in any other way, and his rule of practice was that every man has his price. Twenty-five years before the time when Carthew discovered his agent, Hugh Sylvester, in Mexico, Thane had come to New York from Chicago, where he had been a successful operator in the provision markets. He was silent, secretive and played a lone hand. After a time he became known as the planner and director of sudden savage forays on the market. He squeezed remorselessly every short seller who came into his grasp, and when he was with a rising market he bought like a Monte Cristo but sold with the canniness of an Armenian rug merchant. He had his reverses, but not many, and in a few years he was firmly established as one of the powerful men of the Street, and when he was fifty-five years old he was worth forty million dollars.

All these years his single aim for himself was wealth, and all these years his controlling thought was that with great wealth he could dominate not only the market but the public as well. He was no self-deceiver. He knew it was impossible, even if he had desired it, to attain any personal, official or other than press-agented recognition from the people, because of the known portions of his money-getting career. He smiled a little over the thought of what his public estimation would be if the unknown portions of his career should be published or even partially disclosed. He felt himself capable of being President, but he knew he couldn't be elected an alderman in New York. Such power as he might gain must be the power of the creator rather than the power of the created; his must be the part of the maker, not of the performer. He knew that, and planned accordingly.

Thane was a tall, spare man, an inch over six feet. He was bent slightly at the waist and at the shoulders, and carried his head forward, so that he always had an expression of peering up from his close-set, small, cold gray eyes. His clean-shaven face was long and gaunt, like his body, and his cheek bones high. His nose was his dominating feature, a great, hawk-billed protuberance that some said made him look like an eagle, and others said depicted him as a vulture, but that Thane thought brought him into resemblance of a Roman emperor. His lips were thin and closely pressed, his arms long and his hands white, cruel hands with heavily knuckled fingers. They called him Old Geronimo in Wall Street.

Cato Enderly had fought Thane all these years with varying success but with invariable ferocity. He fought him in New York and he fought him in Chicago.

(Continued on Page 58)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.00 the Year. Remittances from outside the U. S. proper and Canada to be by U. S. Money Order, or Draft payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

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Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 30, 1921

Funds for Housing

NUMEROUS elements enter into the housing shortage, but chiefly the lack of funds seems to have attracted public interest and indignation. Credit, however, is like a horse: it can be led to water but it cannot be made to drink. Individual cases of extortion, of legal evasion and of dubious practice may be prevented by new laws or by investigations which run all the way from just exposure of corruption to one-sided, unfair, notoriety-hunting, muck-raking expeditions. But the real object is to build houses, and a large volume of credit or capital will not flow into building merely because someone beats the tom-tom.

Capital has hung back from building for many reasons. For one thing, a vast proportion of all the capital and credit of the country, both short and long term, was absorbed, and still is absorbed, into the Liberty Bond and Government-certificate issues. Through the exigencies of war the Federal Reserve system had to turn its energies into the distribution of these obligations, a task for which it was not primarily designed.

Coincident with these vast, all-devouring bond issues came the supertaxes, imposing a burden upon the larger individual investors in real-estate mortgages, which shut off a large supply of funds when the need was greatest. And as if these diversions of credit from building were not enough, the flow was still further blocked by the swallowing up during the war and immediate postwar periods of other tremendous sums in mere trading, speculation, hoarding and the production of consumable goods rather than in housing, transportation and the development of national resources.

Obviously, then, no permanent, fundamental improvement will come until the causes of obstruction are removed or are in fair way of being removed. Ample capital for building and transportation waits upon the time when the public debt and taxes are reduced or at least are kept from increasing. Also relief must depend upon the clearing away of frozen credits, just as traffic on a street waits until the slush and débris of a great storm are removed. Until the losses of deflation have been taken care of and fresh accumulations of capital have had a fair chance to pile up, there can be no ample supply of funds for building or any other purpose.

No petty meddling, legislative or otherwise, will accomplish much. Certainly those who advocate a sharp interference with the law of supply and demand in this field have a heavy burden of proof upon them. As a recent report of the United States Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production said:

> Our experiences with our shipping, railways and public utilities in fixing rates by the Government on one hand, and in absorbing losses through funds raised from general taxation on the other hand, do not form promising precedents for fixing rentals on housing and for paying housing subsidies from funds raised through general taxation.
>
> An interesting recent development in New York furnishes a striking illustration of the fact that interference with the law of supply and demand, while perhaps permissible as a stop-gap, is wholly undesirable as a remedy. A year ago office space in New York was almost unobtainable, six, seven, and even eight dollars a square foot being quoted for choice locations on long leases. Demand was made for legislation to restrict rents on business buildings as had been done in dwelling houses. No restriction, however, was placed because, perhaps, of the doubtful constitutionality of such action. Capital immediately flowed into office buildings, hotels were converted into suites of offices under the stimulus of the high prices offered, with the result to-day that office space in New York exists in quantity much greater than the visible demand, and new leases for office space are being made at figures much below those quoted a year ago.

But it appears that the life-insurance companies, or at least some of them, do not lend as large a proportion of their assets upon real-estate mortgages as certain critics think they should, and that certain savings banks and other moneyed institutions exact onerous terms on second and third mortgages. Large losses have been sustained by some of these institutions in their stocks and, to some extent, in their bond holdings, and in a recent public investigation insinuations were made that interlocking directorates and community interests accounted for the failure, in certain cases at least, to sell out these securities at a time when the losses would have been smaller than now. But in the main it cannot be denied that these funds have been administered with integrity, conservatism and a very large measure of success from the standpoint of policyholders and depositors.

Even insurance-company presidents are not prophets, and if they invested the trust funds in their care ten or twenty years ago in railroad bonds and stocks, which have since declined in value, they did no otherwise than the investing community in general. Their judgment then was the best that could be had. Nor is it clear that the duty of an insurance company or savings bank to invest in real-estate mortgages is greater than it is to direct capital into transportation or into improved highways, streets, parks, water and sewer systems, which it does when it buys the securities of railroads, states and cities.

Perhaps these moneyed institutions might shift somewhat to their own advantage the proportion of their investments, but no such slight change in percentages will solve the building problem, and any substantial or radical change would make the railroad problem many times more hopeless than it is to-day, and put off still further an adequate highway system. For the merest tyro in finance knows that these institutions form the best part of the market for railroad, state and municipal securities.

The repeal of the usury law on the larger real-estate transactions, and the establishment of an adequate system of long-term banking, or home-loan banks, which will supplement and complement the Federal Reserve system without competing with it, are suggested by competent authorities as remedial measures. Certainly it is absurd to forbid by law the payment of more than 6 per cent interest on highly risky and speculative real-estate loans when the greatest corporations in the country are paying 7 to 9 per cent for money. If the usury law on large real-estate mortgages were repealed capital would move into this field more freely, and more open methods would prevail.

It has been suggested that, with the existing building-and-loan association as a basis, a national system of long-term banking somewhat similar to that in various European countries might be devised and developed. Though thousands of these associations in all parts of the country now enable many citizens to buy or build small homes they are not knit together as a national system, and the securities which they offer for sale, though a safe place for the people's money, have only a comparatively small and narrow local appeal and a local market.

Frankly, there will be no solution of the housing problem from the financial standpoint until the people save more capital for that purpose. If the people want more houses they must put more money into the channels which build houses. We have been spending our money for other purposes, and the building shortage is one result. It will be remedied as capital again flows in that direction.

Making the Best of Luxury

EXPLAIN and analyze it away as you will, the persistence of luxury spending in what are supposed to be hard times is a provocative, interesting and curious feature of present-day American civilization. The copper and rubber industries may be flat on their respective backs along with other fellow invalids, but the demand for seats at world-championship prize fights and major-league baseball games indicates a strong, rising market for amusement and recreation. It has been estimated that more than twenty-two billion dollars was spent for luxuries in this country in 1920, or more than has been devoted to education in the entire three hundred years since the continent was settled by Europeans.

It is safe to say that this estimate is grossly exaggerated. Indeed various trade authorities have already pointed out serious flaws in the figures. Only the amateurish statistician or economist will undertake to draw a hard and fast line between necessities and luxuries. Products which are known in their earlier days as luxuries often find an essential place for themselves and add hugely to the public store of utilities and wealth. Making every allowance for exaggeration in the estimates it is evident that the nation enjoys a backlog of wealth which no deflation or depression can dispel.

Then, too, it is a great comfort to the taxgatherer and the lawmakers who must devise taxes. Let the home-run sluggers, the heavyweight champions and the movie queens draw down their awe-inspiring stakes, contracts and salaries. If the Bureau of Internal Revenue is on the job the public treasury will not suffer.

It is all very irritating of course to the producer or distributer of essential commodities. The druggist who sells a seven-dollar bottle of perfume without hearing a murmur of protest from his customer, and finds ugly looks only on the faces of those whom he charges five cents for a liberal portion of powdered pumice stone or absorbent cotton, may find it difficult to retain his faith in human nature. But it is a deeply ingrained and natural if seemingly inconsistent and certainly very nasty trait of human nature to growl at the price of necessities and pay cheerfully through the nose for any extortion in respect to luxuries.

We take our necessities and even our comforts for granted. Modern invention and machine production have habituated us to them, have made them commonplace. There is no excitement in being healthy, well fed, comfortably housed, comfortably clothed, and warm in the wintertime. But there is much pleasurable excitement in being amused, in having our palates tickled, in seeing a championship game, in decorating ourselves for display a little more than the other fellow. These tastes are more or less foolish, illogical and disagreeable, but people are made that way, and to change them to any great extent by merely preaching against extravagance and in favor of thrift accomplishes little.

There is only one sure correction against this trait, and it is not a pleasant medicine. If too large a proportion of the capital and income of the nation becomes absorbed in the production of mere amusements, appetizers, thrillers, decorations, the supply of essentials will gradually fall off until we actually suffer, and these essentials in turn become luxuries and command a premium. The basic equipment of civilization—coal, houses, railroads, electricity, to name but a part—if allowed to run down too far will be revived when scarcity really strikes home to the people. The corrective process is sure to set in. The pity of it all is that the tendencies of human tastes, appetites and fashions must go uncontrolled until suffering results. But apparently the forces must work themselves out to bring equilibrium. We are not yet wise enough as a people or race to know how to have enough luxury and not too much of it.

Loosening the Grip of Government on Industry

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

GOVERNMENTAL control of industries may be aptly compared to the driving of an aëroplane. It is relatively easy to leave the ground and get under way. Apart from abnormal conditions of the atmosphere, it is simple to continue the flight to the limit of the fuel tanks so long as the speed lies within the rating of the machine. But the landing is always hazardous except upon prepared ground. It is easy for a government to take over an industry. It is not difficult to keep it going on government money, unless the speed of operations is forced too much. But it is difficult and hazardous to decontrol, because no landing grounds of economic practice are available. Government decontrol always lands on new ground. Government control of industry may also be compared to driving an aëroplane as a sport. It is a great sport, and the drivers are tempted to do stunts. But the stunt of the aeroplane driver only endangers himself; the stunts of government control endanger society.

By common consent, control has come to mean something very different from regulation. The Interstate Commerce Commission regulated the railways, the Federal Reserve Act regulated the national banks, new legislation is designed to regulate packing houses. Under control is understood the taking over of industries by the state, or such prescription of the carrying on of the business of an industry as to be equivalent to operation by the owners for the state, initiative being subordinated to instructions.

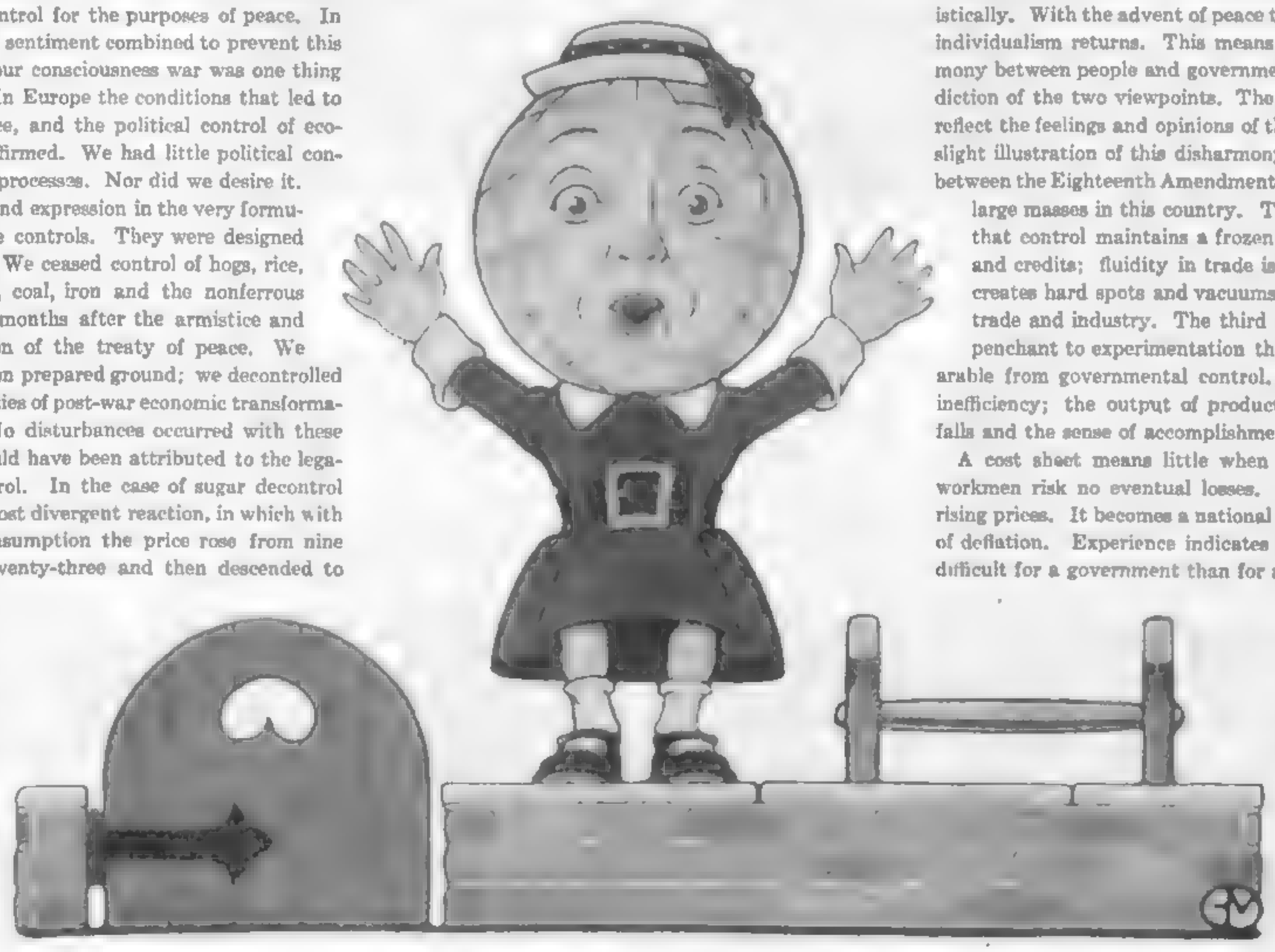
Landings on Rough Ground

DECONTROL of industries, commodities and services has proceeded rapidly in this country. Our late entrance into the war, and the fact that hostilities ceased before we had become very deeply enmeshed, made it relatively easy for us to extricate ourselves. The psychology of our people, furthermore, was a factor not to be underestimated. In Europe control for purposes of war slipped unconsciously into control for the purposes of peace. In this country fact and sentiment combined to prevent this transformation. To our consciousness war was one thing and peace another. In Europe the conditions that led to war continue in peace, and the political control of economics has been reaffirmed. We had little political control of our economic processes. Nor did we desire it.

Our psychology found expression in the very formulation of our wartime controls. They were designed for easy dissolution. We ceased control of hogs, rice, vegetable oils, fibers, coal, iron and the nonferrous metals within a few months after the armistice and before the completion of the treaty of peace. We landed, so to speak, on prepared ground; we decontrolled before the abnormalities of post-war economic transformations had set in. No disturbances occurred with these commodities that could have been attributed to the legacies of wartime control. In the case of sugar decontrol was followed by a most divergent reaction, in which with a normal annual consumption the price rose from nine cents a pound to twenty-three and then descended to seven cents. Our sugar troubles cannot be attributed to the policies or acts of the Sugar Equalization Board, but to conditions in Cuba and to inflation in this country. Wheat was not decontrolled until June 1, 1920. This decontrol was accomplished with such forethought, the procedures were so firmly grounded on sound principles and correct economics, that the return to free trade did not provoke any disturbances. The price of wheat has fallen greatly, to be sure; but the descent has been less than with the uncontrolled coarse grains, and the curve of falling price was entirely in accord with the influences of known factors.

Only in our railways and in ocean shipping, in services instead of in commodities, have we inherited legacies of wartime control. The national railway agreements represent a continuing external factor in our transportation directly derived from government control. The employment of the Shipping Board fleet as a common ocean carrier—or noncarrier—is also the direct result of wartime control as expressed in the policies of the United States Shipping Board. One is tempted to inquire whether wartime controls of railways and shipping were designed for easy release, as was the case with the other wartime controls. In the case of our railways data seem to exist indicating where and how the losses are encountered. But in the affairs of our Shipping Board such clarity in accounting seems not to exist.

One of the difficulties in the return to economic normalcy in this country lies in the fact that our free trade does not meet free trade in the world, but to a large extent still meets controlled trade. It is clear, apart from any discussion of the practicability of government control, that no system can be satisfactory unless all countries follow more or less the same system. If the individual American farmer markets his wheat while the wheats of the competitive exporting countries are handled by pools, the situation is certain to be abnormal and probably difficult.



Before the war a large body of intelligent public opinion leaned to the conviction that under the augmenting complexities of modern life collectivism had acquired an increasing importance. Certain commodities and services had become so vitally important to social life—railway, telephone, telegraph, fuel, street car, electricity, gas and water—that it no longer seemed safe to have the interests of the general public at the mercy of conflicts of labor and capital over these industries. This belief in the collectivistic operation of these prime public functions leaned less on socialism in theory than upon expediency, though it was shared by the socialists of evolutionary type. The postwar experiences with collectivistic operations of industries and services have chilled our ardor for this type of procedure and have served to reawaken a trust in individualism. During the next few years the state industrialism of Bismarck and the state socialism of New Zealand will encounter an atmosphere less favorable than was the case ten years ago. And this is particularly the case in Europe, whose experiences have been deeper, more varied and more painful than ours. The labor of Europe has been effectively disillusioned of communism. Even in Russia the discarding of the substance with the retention of the form of communism has become obvious enough. But more significant even than this is the reawakening of the faith in individualism. Stinnes is not an accident in Germany; he is the product of public faith in the service of the individual to society.

Governmental Inefficiency

BROADLY considered, the difficulties in governmental control of industrial operations fall under four headings. The government works on the principle of collectivism; the people have the psychology of individualism. During the course of war the people think and act collectivistically. With the advent of peace the habit of thought of individualism returns. This means a continuous disharmony between people and government, due to the contradiction of the two viewpoints. The government does not reflect the feelings and opinions of the people. We have a slight illustration of this disharmony in the contradiction between the Eighteenth Amendment and the psychology of large masses in this country. The second difficulty is that control maintains a frozen state of commodities and credits; fluidity in trade is suspended. Control creates hard spots and vacuums in the atmosphere of trade and industry. The third misfortune lies in the penchant to experimentation that seems to be inseparable from governmental control. The final defect is inefficiency; the output of product or services per unit falls and the sense of accomplishment is blunted.

A cost sheet means little when the *entrepreneur* and workmen risk no eventual losses. Control is easy with rising prices. It becomes a national nightmare in a period of deflation. Experience indicates that it is much more difficult for a government than for an individual to write off an inventory. In a period of deflation control is like tying down the safety valve. Under conditions of control the reaction time from the head to the hand is greatly prolonged, so that rapid shifts

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The Girl With the Golden Heels

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XI

WHEN you have startled yourself by telling yourself and another man that you intend to marry a girl if you can, and when you have had no intention of marrying and have arrogantly stated in public on more than one occasion that you were not going to be robbed of your freedom, you will inevitably be in mental turmoil; and if there has flashed to your unsuspecting consciousness the overpowering conviction that you love Angela; and if something seems to prove that Angela is Odette; and if this appears to be grotesquely impossible and you have not had a minute's time to think it over; and if you are in swift revolt against your astonishing, unprotesting surrender to Angela and are going to fight it out with yourself; and if she is Odette you have already won the fight, because Angela by another name is not Angela and has practiced a cruel, merciless deceit on you—but even this twisted sentence gives faint idea of the whirling brain which tried to absorb Jack Saumarez's first story. He told two, quite distinct, while I hid the clenched fists which twitched to grab him and fling him out of the window or the door. His tale of the diamond, told in jerky sentences, each ending in a staccato "what!" could not be retold now, had I not subsequently heard it repeated more than once.

It seemed that his jolly old grandfather, Lord Cherriburton, staffed the town house with French servants, engaged through a Paris agency, and that sometimes, as Jack put it, weird fly-by-nights were shipped across the Channel. One of these, Alphonsine Legarde—"a housemaid with that name, what!"—had unlocked a drawer in his room, taken the stone from the morocco case, put it in a match box and placed the box in the pocket of a coat seldom worn by Jack. She had then given a month's notice. If the diamond should be missed in the meantime and she should be suspected, she could triumphantly produce it and collect the reward of innocence unjustly accused; but if luck was with her she would be able in due time to go quietly away with the stone.

Saumarez had put on the coat by mistake on the evening of the gambling incident, but had immediately changed. He did not remember shifting the match box, but this must have been done, and obviously he had left it on my table. On Friday he had grabbed the empty case from its drawer and hurried to a train. There he had flashed it open—"an empty case dazzles no girl, what!"

He had promptly wired to Bentacute, who had set watchers on the servants. On Jack's return this morning he had had reports.

"Alphonsine and you, joy ridin', old man, what!"

They had not been able to find me, of course, as I was at Oxford; but they had put the screws on Alphonsine. She had owned up. She kept careful watch of the diamond, of course, and had missed the match box. She had learned from Saumarez's valet of the mistake of the coat, had traced Saumarez's movements through his chauffeur and, going first to the gambling house, had picked up enough facts to found an ingenious story for me.

"Bentacute's got her record by telephone from Paris," Jack explained. "She's in the gallery—Bertilloned, all but branded, and wanted over there. That's why she came over here. Nice housemaid, what! But Cherry'll go on engagin' 'em on their dials just the same."

I think that I told him again how sorry I was that I had played the fool about the stone, and I know that I rose abruptly and looked toward the door. Jack never dreamed that I was asking him to go. He lighted another cigarette, settled back in his chair and drawled out a sentence which explained that mysterious look of his shortly after I had come in.

"It's all right, old man," he said. "If it makes Odette happy, let its light shine on her."

This unexpected speech so rasped on my nerves that I blurted out words which astonished Jack.

Halfway up the Beautiful Cliveden Reach I Saw in the Distance a Boat Which Held a Girl, Alone. "Turn," I Said, "and Go Slow"

"I'm sick of Odette," I cried. "I've had too much Odette. I've never seen Odette. I don't know Odette. I don't want to know Odette. I refuse to meet Odette. I ——"

I stopped short in sudden recollection that according to my latest information Angela was Odette.

Jack turned well round and fixed me sorrowfully with his good eye.

His expression of bewilderment was replaced by one of solemn regret.

"Sorry, old chap. I'm afraid Benty's been makin' mischief. Why should the guileless girl in the Zouave breeches pitch him a tale, what?"

I shrugged impatiently, disgusted that Jack knew about that visit of Bentacute to the Bournes. I was silent for a long instant. I was thinking that the Bournes were the two people I knew who had seen both Angela and Odette. The romantic Zouave and her dreaming father had been acting all the time in collusion with Angela—or else Angela was not Odette. Now it seemed absurd to suppose that two such ingenuous people could have acted a lie so perfectly and for so long a time. I became more nearly normal as I rushed to the conclusion that LeCroix's eyes had deceived him.

"All right, Jack," I said. "I'm better now."

"What a life you must be leadin'," Jack commented, obviously relieved by my altered manner. "Goin' strong, Roke, what! Benty on your track twice in one week."

And then he told me how he came to know about it. It seemed that my absurd partner, alarmed by my appearing so much at home in a gambling house—"my knowin' so much about haunts of vice, what!"—and eager to confirm my discharged servant's lying reports, had gone to Bentacute.

The latter had declined to look into so small a matter, and dismissed LeCroix. Just then Jack had gone to Bentacute's office.

"A mad Frenchman wants me to look up the man I saw you with last night," Bentacute had said. "Is Charteris gambling heavily, and is he engaged to the Frenchman's ward?"

Jack had persuaded Bentacute to take up the matter to prevent LeCroix from sending somebody else. Jack himself had driven Bentacute to Folkestone, where they had quickly learned at the hotel that I had gone to Charing.

"I waited at the inn, what!" Jack said. "Benty amused himself buyin' cherries and lunchin' with a girl in red breeches. She told him all about your beautiful character and of the lovely Odette—a stunner, what! Benty came back and sent word to LeCroix that you never played anything stronger than dominoes and were engaged to his ward. There you are, what! And now you say you don't know Odette. Sorry, Roke; I meant well."

It was a relief to see Jack so humble. It made me feel easier about the diamond. I forgave him as handsomely as he had forgiven me. He wanted, I am sure, to tell me about the girl in the train on whom he had flashed an empty case, but I yawned in his face, and so he went away.

I think that the wind was from the east, for I could hear the Horse Guards' clock strike eleven o'clock, and solemn Big Ben, and others which I laboriously traced on a mental street map and believed to be—no doubt wrongly—St. Martin's in the Fields and St. Paul's, Covent Garden. A sonorous stranger I preposterously credited to St. Paul's Cathedral, and a lighter sound to St. Margaret's, Westminster. To the notes of those bells I seemed to hear the tripping of golden heels along the wooden border of a carpeted hall, and I perceived that ordered reason controlled my jumbled thoughts; for a question came sharply to my brain with a hint that the answer was near. I had often asked myself where golden-heeled slippers were carrying elaborately dressed Odette when mother came knocking at the door.

I asked other questions now as I walked up and down my room. Why should Odette, brought up in the United States, independent, self-reliant, as I now knew her to be, have been so mortally afraid of meeting her mother? Why should she not have fought it out then and there, and left the house at her leisure if routed in the battle? Why should she have been so agitated as to tear her dress off her back and kick her slippers all over the room?

Why should Marie have been more frightened than if a ghost had clutched her bony arm? Marie had rapped my elbow with her brush, and otherwise shown a fearless nature.

The answer to all these questions flashed on my brain as though gleaming in fire on the wall: There was no Odette!

This answer did not mean that Odette did not exist, for I had the mother's belief and the vicomte's word for that; but she did not exist for LeCroix. She had never been in his home. Angela had come in her place.

I tested this working theory. Angela had friends in London. She would have social affiliations which justified that dress. She could safely go to a dinner party, be announced as Miss Egerton and creep back to LeCroix's house as Miss Seravin. She could do lots of things that Odette could not do, but she could not rush into Madame Seravin's arms and say, "Maman, I am Odette." No wonder slippers flew, gowns came peeling off and a girl went bolting down an alleyway! No wonder Marie was scared

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(Continued from Page 22)

till her false teeth chattered! LeCroix's description of Odette would exactly suit Angela; and why not, since he had been describing Angela, even down to her odd curlicues, traced with finger on lap? No incident failed to fit into this theory, which was triumphantly confirmed by LeCroix's conduct after seeing Angela in the punt.

Forgetful of my wrinkled, muddied clothes, I snatched up my hat and rushed out into the street, headed for Marie, who must know all about this thing and why it was done. Perhaps Jacques would still be up. If so, he should bring Marie to me if he had to drag her from her bed. This archtraitress, faithless to her older mistress, so loyal to the younger, should be put through the third degree.

LeCroix's back door was locked; but no policeman or loiterer was near, so I climbed the wall by the aid of the patent sanitary ash can, which conveniently awaited removal in the dawn and in the meantime served as an aid to burglars. I ran across the garden to the lighted empty kitchen. On the table rested a half-consumed little glass of LeCroix's brandy and a half-smoked cigarette; but I did not wait for the return of Jacques. Up the back stairs to the den of LeCroix I slipped noiselessly, and felt my way across to the door into the hall, which opened as my hand touched the knob. Jacques was talking to somebody, so I slipped backward in my rubber-soled shoes to the deep curtains of the window. The light flashed, and somebody followed Jacques, sniffing audibly with each hesitant step.

"No, monsieur," Jacques said, "infection is impossible. I catch the odors of the hospital."

I checked a start as I recognized the voice of the old vicomte.

"The carbolic acid on the isolating sheets which hang before the door upstairs, monsieur."

"Yes, yes! And mademoiselle?"

"She improves, monsieur—but—but ——"

The utterance shivered into silence.

"This 'but—but,'" the vicomte said irritably as Jacques paused. "I have heard 'but—but' all the evening. What ——" He stopped suddenly.

"Ah, madame," he uttered, after an instant's pause, in a voice of profoundest anxiety.

"Monsieur"

I peeped. The vicomte was bending low, kissing the hand of the troubled Madame Seravin. Jacques slipped out, softly closing the door. I knew what was coming; the hour had struck; the vicomte was about to be dismissed; Nature was about to take its course; LeCroix had told me that the genius of a mother would effect this result. If I was ashamed at being an eavesdropper, I cannot remember it. Thus low I had sunk amid these mysteries and conspiracies and counter-conspiracies.

"Be seated, monsieur."

They looked two noble statues as they sat erect facing each other—the vicomte's head in marble, so pallid was his skin; madame's in bronze, sternly chiseled.

"I do not expose you to risk," she said. "I have not been in the sick room to-day."

"So you said on the telephone, madame. The assurance was unnecessary. I should have obeyed your summons just the same."

Madame Seravin accepted this courtly lie with a stately inclination of her head.

"I have been stabbed by a thousand daggers," the vicomte said. "I am consumed with anxiety."

"*Hélas!*"

The word trailed to a mournful whisper. She gazed upward, her sad thoughts flying far away in company with sorrow. The vicomte waited in ever-deepening anxiety. It was he who broke the pregnant silence:

"Monsieur LeCroix has to-night been care-burdened, distrait; an unprecedented condition in the presence of a dinner suited to the taste of a *gourmet* of his discriminating palate."

"He feels it deeply," the mother answered with a sob in her voice.

She shut her lips firmly. How well she understood the intensive effect of suspense!

The vicomte no longer maintained his aristocratic serenity. His long, slender fingers were interlocking and untwining and his feet were fidgety.

"I heard him murmur '*la pauvre petite*,'" he said, "and a tear trickled from the eye of that large-hearted man. Is it that she is worse?"

"*Hélas, non, monsieur*," the mother sighed; "*mais—mais* ——"

"*Mais—mais!*" the vicomte echoed sharply. "I weary of these words. I beg madame to tell me what heavy cloud has chilled the joyous spirit of Monsieur LeCroix and why a mother's heart is racked."

"Monsieur," madame breathed, "you cherished a love for a girl beautiful to look upon."

"Ah!" The old nobleman was evidently expecting something like this. "She will regain with health the bloom of youth." He spoke confidently, but craned forward. His words evidently meant a question.

"Her intellect," the mother answered in a shaken voice, "will not be impaired."

He dropped back and his head sank. A long silence followed this devastating admission. When madame again spoke the utterance was firm, decisive:

"Highly as I value the honor of an alliance of matrimony between you and my dear girl ——"

A gesture, a turn of the head snipped the frail thread of that proposed alliance. "Oh, madame!" He could not banish relief from his voice.

"No," the mother asserted with Spartan strength. "Odette decides. She has a profound and tender regard for you, monsieur—but also she cherishes an inexorable pride."

"*Hélas!*" the vicomte murmured.

"She would hide the motive, but it is your right to know. I am about to repose in you a sacred confidence. The poor child must never know."

"Trust me, dear madame."

The vicomte's voice was clear and firm. I could read his admiration for this high-souled woman who so tactfully arranged that he should escape a refusal to pluck a damaged flower from its parent stem.

"Alopecia!" Madame shot this dreadful word across the room in an accent of despair.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the listener exclaimed, horror-stricken. "And will she die?"

"She wishes that," madame answered. "But alas! There is no such mercy for her. It is one of the many possible sequelæ of her illness."

"Sequelæ? Alopecia? Madame, of your goodness, enlighten me. I have no professional knowledge."

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"They are the Correct Things to Ask," She Murmured, "But Also I am Keen on the Answers. When Did You First Love Me?"

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NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

THE CATFISH KID

(Continued from Page 11)

lines in three other tiny towns which the cowmen's ranges embraced.

The whole country knocked off for the trial. Nothing in the history of Buzzard Flats could approach it for excitement. Twenty-four hours before court opened the Fisher cowboys and gunmen rode into town, King Fisher's two lusty nephews at their head. Later in the day the Kincaid outfit made its appearance, even stronger in numbers, with the dreaded Red Fox leading them. As a matter of form, the sheriff solemnly warned both factions against any attempt at violence or interference with justice, threatening them with the full force of the law if they disobeyed. Everybody understood that the law was impotent if they elected to defy it, but they promised to be good, grinning at the sheriff.

In the preliminary clashes of the trial honors were even. So far as the public could estimate, each faction got six good men and true on the jury. Any hope of putting on a few citizens without factional affiliations, who might be expected to render an impartial verdict, vanished at the outset, for every such venireman was peremptorily challenged by one side or the other. Ackers was excused because it was held that he might cherish a grudge against the accused.

The trial proceeded. The opposing counsel shook their manes and thundered and cracked the table. One of them wept as he painted the Kid's sorrowing gray-haired mother waiting vainly in her Eastern home for her wandering boy, who would never run to her arms again. It was the first time anybody knew the Catfish had a mother, and no proof was offered; but the accused's counsel was an artist, and by pulling out all the stops soon had half the jury shedding scalding tears and the other half wavering. It was only a momentary weakness, however. The instant the gifted orator sat down, and while he was still mopping his face as he received the enthusiastic congratulations of his friends, the faltering six recalled their duty and sternly resolved to convict the Kid if it took them a year.

Probably they would have succeeded by wearing down the opposition had it not been for Cas Morgan. Cas was the leader of the Fisher crowd on the jury, and the other five looked to him for orders. During sixteen hours he held out steadfastly for a verdict of guilty, and despite the fact that sentiment in the Southwest is always inclined to favor the technical legal rights of the living as against the wrong done to the dead—despite the equally deep-rooted dislike of hanging a white man—it looked as though Cas might tire out the opposition. It was evident to him they were sick of the whole business, and he had only to hang on to triumph; and his orders had been, "Tire 'em out. The best stayer always wins."

But just when he had them faltering from long argument and exhaustion Cas suddenly perceived the head of one of his intimates at the open window of the jury room. This man, who was standing on a ladder, beckoned to Morgan, and he sauntered over for speech with him.

"Say, Cas," he whispered, "there's a big game on at the Palace. A couple of cattle buyers just drifted in, and I seen one pot with eleven hundred dollars in it."

"Keep her goin' until I get there," said Cas earnestly, and hurried back to his fellow jurors.

"Gentlemen," he began with manly sincerity, "everybody's li'ble to make mistakes. The best of us go wrong sometimes, and I admit I've maybe been wrong. I been holdin' out that the accused was guilty of murder; but thinkin' it all over, it looks to me like a reasonable doubt exists here, and the accused ought to be given the benefit of it. So I'm in favor of turnin' him loose, because it seems like he done shot in self-defense."

They were surprised; but concluding that Cas had received a tip direct from headquarters, the other Fisher adherents acquiesced in the verdict and the Catfish Kid went free. Kincaid immediately gave him a job. The acquittal was a feather in his cap and the worst setback King Fisher's influence had encountered in thirty years of domination.

The Old Man took it hard. In all likelihood the two factions would have joined battle in the streets of Buzzard Flats the day of the trial had not the Kincaid following been numerically superior owing to a reënforcement to Red Fox's force which arrived during the critical hours of the trial. And King Fisher was as cautious as he was farseeing. He would bide his time. He peremptorily ordered his nephews to withdraw, and the discomfited Fisher contingent rode back to their own domain burning for revenge.

The citizens of the Flats saw them go with relief, but also with misgivings. They knew the trouble would not end there, so they waited to see what he would do to Kincaid.

They had not long to wait, for the older man smarted with a peculiar bitterness. Kincaid had started life as an employe of Fisher, wrangling horses for him at the age of fourteen for a wage of ten dollars a month. And now he was risen, through shrewd hard trading, tireless energy and exceptional opportunities, to strength to dispute his dictatorship. Consequently, mingled with his fears was scorn of Lafe as a presumptuous upstart.

He was forever pumping into his nephews distrust of his rival, lest Kincaid should some day beguile them away from his leading strings, for as the boys developed their independent fortunes they displayed proportionate impatience of the semiparental control Fisher exercised. Their ranges adjoined the Cross K lands, and except when a conflict of interests between the Old Man and Kincaid enlisted their prejudices and passions, relations with their neighbor were cordial. As this amicable footing was generally to Fisher's interest, he encouraged it, at the same time guarding against its possibilities by implanting in the boys the idea that Kincaid's friendly attitude was inspired by the hope of a partnership through which he might eventually absorb their lands, and they should be on their guard against him. It was sound advice and the nephews followed it.

However, his disquiet as to what they might do when they grew too big for junior partnership was remote compared with the uneasiness his stepson caused him. Young Harrahan was generally in open rebellion against Fisher's authority, and nothing his stepfather did appeared to satisfy him. Because his mother had possessed a small property when Fisher married her, the boy persuaded himself that most of the cattle baron's prosperity was due to it, and kept clamoring for a domain of his own. He wanted one similar to those owned by the nephews, and he wanted absolute control of it; and Fisher dared not set him up. For one thing, he doubted Harrahan's ability to manage his own affairs. For another, the youngster was irreconcilably hostile, and it would be suicidal to establish him as an ally of his foes.

As I said before, Buzzard Flats had not long to wait to see what Fisher would do. The Catfish Kid worked about a month for Kincaid, riding range, scaring off nesters and running down thefts of calves; then he asked for his time and departed. And the next thing Lafe heard was that the Kid had been set up by his rival over on Clear Water.

"Huh-huh!" said Kincaid grimly. "Same old game! We'll have to keep our eyes peeled now, Red Fox. But don't waste all your time keepin' up with the Catfish. Fisher's the one we'll have to watch."

The nephews did not take kindly to this new ally. They demanded of their uncle to know what it meant, for they did not like the Kid's methods, and they suspected his intentions. They told the Old Man flatly that the Catfish had best steer wide of their lands; but Fisher succeeded in placating them, and continued his backing. Assured of this powerful support, the Catfish set out boldly to build up a herd.

It cannot be claimed that he was particularly scrupulous as to how he accomplished it. The orderly processes of development and trading were too slow for the Kid. He proceeded to steal from his lesser neighbors, secure in the knowledge that if his operations landed him in trouble Fisher would come to his relief. In an amazingly short time he had acquired several thousand head and was reaching out to appropriate new territory. What Fisher had done a quarter century earlier the Kid now proceeded to do, and with more ruthless hand.

The Old Man watched his rise with some uneasiness. If his ally kept on at this rate he would become a stronger competitor than Kincaid. Already he threatened to crowd over on his nephews' ranges, and the Kid had collected as fine a body of professional gunmen and cutthroats as ever flourished on trouble. Fisher decided that the time was ripe for a show-down. He would set the Catfish against Kincaid and let them destroy each other.

For many months the Kid had been quietly stealing from Kincaid—and from everybody else, for that matter. He even put his brand on scores of his ally's calves. But no open depredations had occurred, because the Kid feared a trial of strength. With Fisher behind him, he now felt strong enough to come out in the open.

It was Red Fox who informed Lafe of the first open raid against his herds.

"There was eleven of 'em, and they've drove off about eighty head into the cañon," he reported. "They shot Al, and his horse drug him to death."

Kincaid's face turned purple, but he kept control.

"All right. We'll attend to the Catfish Kid. But"—and he nodded slowly at Red Fox—"watch your step, Red. He ain't our biggest job."

"You're damn whistlin'!" agreed Red. "I've knowed it all along. What are you fixing to do?"

"Leave that to me." And Lafe sat down and laboriously composed a note to Fisher. It was not especially skillful, for he lacked subtlety; but it was frank.

> The Catfish Kid has gone on the warpath. He has stole some of my cattle and killed one of my boys, and he is hunting trouble.
>
> You know him as well as I do. If he'll steal from me he'll steal from you, and he will make trouble for your nephews.
>
> Where do you stand in this ruckus? I crave to know. If you say the word and line up with me this maverick dassent make a move. He wouldn't have the nerve unless he felt you would throw in with him. I can attend to him alone, but I want to know the size of the job.
>
> How about it? Let's put all the cards on the table.

To this King Fisher returned an evasive reply, courteously explaining that the quarrel was none of his and he could not interfere. The communication amounted to a declaration of neutrality, but Kincaid saw something more than that in it.

"He's backin' this dirty freckled pup," was his comment. "But he don't aim to do any fightin' until he has to. What'd I tell you, Red? He's playin' the same old game over again."

Confirmation of his surmise came that same day with the arrival of young Harrahan at the Cross K headquarters alone. He came to reveal what he called a plot. Boiled down, it was an understanding between Fisher and the Catfish Kid. The latter was to receive Fisher's help in his trouble with Kincaid, said help to take the form of open alliance in the event the Kid required additional fighting men in a pinch. The Old Man's stepson professed intense indignation against this perfidy and proffered his help to Kincaid.

"All right," said the latter, and undismayed by the prospect proceeded to make ready for the struggle.

Meanwhile the Catfish was employing his opportunities to frequent the Fisher headquarters. A year previously he would have hesitated to lift his eyes to Nan, but his improved status emboldened him now. At first Nan met his advances with amazement, unable to credit her senses. Then amazement changed swiftly to anger, and she told the Catfish Kid some things that lashed like a whip, and still in a white heat sought her father.

"What've I got to do with it?" he demanded patiently. "Send him about his business, of course. But you can't expect me to go gunning for everybody who warms up to you."

"I'll attend to that part of it," was her retort. "But that isn't what I'm worrying about. What I want to know is, why do you make a friend out of this man, dad? He's mean. He isn't like us—he isn't one of our sort at all. And he's fixing to start a big cattle war in this country just as sure as you're alive. What do you tie up with him for?"

"I'll trouble you not to interfere in what is none of your business," answered Fisher with perfect composure.

At that she flashed out: "You'll find out if it's none of my business! Dad, listen to me! You can't go on like you used to, stirring up fights and taking things away from people just because they're helpless and can't defend themselves. Mother put up with it, and saw three of her sons killed—murdered, I ought to say, for it was all so useless and unnecessary. But I tell you frankly, I won't. And I'll never marry a man who thinks like you do. Charlie and Jack agree with me."

"Oh, Charlie and Jack agree with you, do they?" inquired her father, undisturbed by mention of his nephews. "That's very interesting. Where did you pick up these ideas and all this patter, anyhow, child? You've been listening to that storekeeper in the Flats—what's his name?—the fellow the Kid made eat dirt. I hear he's a pacifist."

Nan surveyed him steadily.

"I suppose a pacifist is something despicable, isn't he, dad?"

"I never saw one that was worth hangin'," was the stern reply. "And you keep away from that kind of riffraff, Nan. I won't have it. You hear me? They put dangerous notions in people's heads. You let me run my own affairs too."

She laughed in a half-amused, half pitying tone that touched Fisher on the raw. It was precisely as though she looked on him as a child, or as an old man with outworn notions.

"Well, you stay home," he burst out. "You've been running into the Flats twice as often as you needed to. Oh, I've got my eyes open! And I tell you straight, I won't have you chasing after a fellow like Ackers."

"I'll go to town as often as I want to," replied his daughter, flushing, and there the matter rested.

Next night the Catfish Kid sent a bunch of cowboys to raid the extreme western pasture of the Cross K range, expecting to find it unguarded; but hardly had they rounded up a few head to drive off when some of Kincaid's men swooped down on them and a running fight took place. The raiders got the worst of this encounter and lost two of their number. Furious over the reverse, and convinced that a nester who held a section near a spring in the vicinity had betrayed them, the Kid sent a force against the place twenty-four hours later. They killed the luckless settler and burned his shack and lean-to. Then they drove off his span of horses and his milch cow, leaving the frenzied mother and three small children to shift for themselves. Things like that must be, in war.

The crime shook the cow country—not the ranks of the factionists so much as the small neutrals who had no part in the strife. Kincaid swore vengeance, but his feeling was more of anger against his enemies for cowardly tactics than horror over the wanton murder.

Ackers acted instantly. He went among the citizens of Buzzard Flats who had no strong clan affiliations and whom he deemed of honest intent, and summoned them to a conference. And they came, wondering, inclined to trepidation.

"I just wanted to talk to you men about this business," he announced. "A new cattle war has broken out. You all know what that means. They killed a poor helpless farmer the other night who had never harmed a soul in his life. His wife and children are right in this town now, dependent on charity. We've got to help them.

"If these gunmen could fight it out without harm to anybody but themselves I'd say let them fly at it. It would be a good riddance. But you know as well as I do who will be the chief sufferers—people like us. They'll run off all the nesters from their lands. First thing you know, nobody will be able to keep out of the mess. He'll have to take one side or the other or get shot up by both. There's no such thing as a neutral.

"Now, what're we going to do? Are we going to sit still and let them turn things upside down? There'll be no business, no farming, no security for life or property in a single corner of these three counties. And all because some big cattlemen have fallen out; all because each wants to ruin the other and grab what is his."

They listened attentively, stirring uneasily in their chairs.

"These men number several hundred, all told," continued Ackers. "People like you

and me number several thousand, if you take the tally of the three counties. But they're organized and trained to fight—and we aren't. So they shed blood and burn and steal and put such fear into all of us that a man's afraid to open his mouth. Away out in the *bosque* no settler knows what night his turn'll come.

"How long are we going to stand this state of things? If we aim to do anything we've got to move pretty quick. Have any of you men a suggestion to make?"

They fidgeted, eying one another expectantly. And then, "There's the law," piped up a little man who clerked in the saddlery.

"Yes, there's the law," Ackers agreed. "But it doesn't reach these men. They're too powerful for it. Besides, they control it—you all know that as well as I do. The court officials, the judges, the sheriffs—yes, the governor and the legislature too—they're in the pocket of one side or the other. An election is nothing but a test to see whether Fisher or Kincaid is strongest at the moment. And the law and the courts, in their present hands, will do nothing. No, men, we've got to find some other instrument. We've got to build a machine of our own to keep these war-makers quiet and bring peace to this country."

A silence ensued, which was finally broken by the express agent:

"What's your own idea?"

"This: We've got to get up an organization or league of some kind that'll make 'em be good."

At that somebody laughed, and the laugh rippled over the room; but the storekeeper showed no discomfiture—merely held up his hand for their attention.

"I reckon it sounds foolish to you," he remarked without resentment. "But most new ideas strike us that way. It's only after they get going that we see the possibilities."

"How would this here league go about makin' them good?" queried the livery-stable keeper, biting off a chunk of plug. "Ol' King Fisher is right stubborn, and I never knowed Lafe to lay down. Do you figure on shootin' it out with 'em?"

The very idea of offering successful opposition to the cattle kings started them laughing again.

"Well, no," admitted Ackers, but he said it slowly, as though not quite certain it might not be advisable. "My plan doesn't aim at fighting. Remember, there are several thousand just like us in these counties. I propose we organize and then serve notice on these men that they've got to quit their fighting, for the good of the country."

"But suppose they don't quit. Suppose they tell us to go plumb to hell. Shucks ——"

"Then we'll tell them we won't have anything further to do with them; we won't trade with them or have any other dealings. But we won't do that until we've seen whether they'll yield to moral pressure."

"Moral pressure?" echoed the blacksmith. "Moral pressure and the Catfish Kid! Why, man, you're locoed! He wouldn't know what it meant. He just don't talk that language."

"And we got to trade with 'em, Ackers," spoke up the bootmaker. "We got to trade with 'em. If we didn't it'd be cutting our own throats. It would ruin me—and you too."

But the storekeeper was stubborn.

"I'm positive that if we got enough members in our organization—a few thousand, say—it would make such an impression on these men that they would think twice before starting trouble."

"Well, all I can say is, you ain't lived in this world near as long as I have, son," replied the livery-stable keeper as he rose to leave.

His departure broke up the meeting. Nearly all the others were plainly of his way of thinking and one by one followed him out. Only an ex-school-teacher from Tennessee, a carpenter who was also something of a revivalist in his leisure hours, and two or three unimportant residents of the place remained. They were earnest souls, but singularly incompetent in practical affairs, and Ackers was not so blinded by fervor as to be unable to estimate their probable value

However, a start meant something, so then and there they organized a Law and Order League. Each man bound himself to do everything in his power to promote peace throughout the three counties and secure recruits to the cause. Just how they were to promote peace, beyond wishing for it and urging combatants to be good, was not incorporated in the covenant. No hint of force was dropped.

Buzzard Flats enjoyed a good wheeze at the league when the news got round, and not even the unfortunate nesters, who suffered most acutely from the cowmen's war, took the movement at all seriously. Some said "Hell!" Others smiled sadly. All agreed that Ackers had a vacant loft. A few of the women acclaimed the project, and Nan Fisher grew vehement in its defense against her father's banter; but when the net results were summed up the league seemed a pitiably puny baby.

Shortly after it was organized a fight occurred in Espuela between some of the Catfish Kid's rascals and three of Kincaid's line riders. Although hopelessly outnumbered, the line riders gave an excellent account of themselves by taking refuge in a Mexican's adobe hut and firing from the window. They were finally killed, however, and to avenge the toll of dead they had taken, the victors dragged the bodies through the street at the end of their ropes. Then they hanged the Mexican to a cottonwood as an ally of the Cross K, filled up on liquor and went whooping back to headquarters.

Word flew over the country that Kincaid was preparing a terrible vengeance; that he had sworn to wipe out the Kid to the last man and the last hoof. He was sending for gun fighters from his Montana range and importing bad men from the border as fast as he could secure them.

Feeling reasonably sure he would take some such measures, Ackers drove out to the Cross K headquarters to interview the cowman.

"Keep the peace?" exclaimed Kincaid scornfully. "Why don't you go and ask them to do it? Do you want me to take this lying down?"

The storekeeper instantly perceived that his mission was hopeless, but sought to gain some concessions.

"Anyhow, Kincaid," he urged, "will you try to confine the fighting to the two factions?"

"I don't get you. What do you mean by that?"

"Well, half a dozen perfectly innocent neutrals, if you can call them that, have been shot up or burned out during these ruckuses. Won't you give me your word that nobody shall suffer except the men who do the fighting?"

"Sure I will!" assented the rancher readily. "But can you get the Kid to promise the same?"

"I don't know. But I'll try."

Kincaid regarded him thoughtfully a while.

"Ackers," he inquired curiously, "just what is this league I've been hearin' so much about?"

But when his visitor endeavored to explain the cattle baron shook his head dolefully.

"It won't do, son," he said. "I admit it's a right pretty idea, but it won't work. Of course it's all damn foolishness, us fellers shootin' up each other this way. We can't gain nothing—we all lose by it—and you people in town and on these li'l' farms suffer as much as we do, or worse. But—do you know how much I have to spend just to keep up my gunmen and line riders every year? No, I reckon you don't. It's enough to pay all my legit'mate expenses and double my profits—that's what I spend."

"Then why the Sam Hill don't you quit it?"

"Because I dassent. Quit it? If I let down they'd both jump on me—this freckled maverick and ol' King Fisher. First thing you know they'd run me off my own land and take every dog-gone thing I had. That's what a man who ain't heeled would get in this country, the way things are now."

The storekeeper laughed grimly, but was compelled to admit that Kincaid's fears might be well grounded.

"Couldn't you come to some arrangement? Fisher seems a reasonable man, and a square man too"

"He is. Ol' King is as honest as they make 'em in business, but along these lines he figures different. And he's scared. When I outbid him for those Scott sections he got the notion right then that if he didn't put a crimp in me I'd soon be able to run it over him in these parts. So he tied up with the Catfish and keeps sickin' him on."

There was a long silence, and then Ackers remarked, "It just goes around and around in a circle. But there's got to be an end to it some day, Kincaid."

"Son," said the cattleman, "I'm considerable older than you are, and let me tell you something—it's human nature to fight. And as long as there's men on earth they'll be fightin'."

To Kincaid's surprise the storekeeper readily agreed with him.

"It's their nature to fight, I grant you. It's their nature to attack obstacles, to overcome and vanquish. I hope they'll never lose that. It's one of man's best qualities. I hope they'll always fight—but not one another."

"I don't get you," Lafe reluctantly confessed.

"Why, there're so many other things worth while to fight: The handicaps Nature has imposed, disease, the conquest of the air, of space, the winning of idle and now useless lands, the harnessing of the sun's energy. Kincaid, if mankind could get together and work with the one idea of increasing the earth's and the sea's and the air's productivity, instead of trying to build up sectional prosperity at the expense of other sections, there would be no poverty anywhere, enough for all, and content. Wouldn't that be a more useful outlet for our restless energy than the crazy futile waste of fighting?"

"It would that," assented the other, beginning to show interest. "Way back in my mind I've always had some such notions, and I've tried 'em out to some extent, too, Ackers. Look at my irrigated farm lands. King Fisher ain't developed his property half as good as I have mine."

"Yet you spend more on fighting than you do to develop your lands."

"Yes, because I have to."

"Why not join our league?"

"I'd like to. It's just what I want to do. But the others've got to come in first."

"They want you in first."

The cowman's eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"They do, hey? Yes, and they'll get me in there and we'll agree to drop all our gunmen, and then those two'll double-cross me and sneak up on my blind side. No, sir-ree! I'm willing to go in just to see how it will work out, but I'll go in on my own terms. The league ain't going to run my business for me or tell me what I've got to do."

As this ultimatum was about what Ackers had expected, he took it good-humoredly.

"Sure!" he assented. "Heads I win and tails you lose, hey, Kincaid? It's all right for the league to put hobbles on the others, but you've got to have entire liberty of action."

"That ain't what I meant a-tall," retorted the cattleman sulkily; but after waiting vainly for him to explain what he did mean, Ackers gave over the attempt and departed.

King Fisher was the next to display interest in the league, and he was fully as unselfish as his rival. However, he was more adroit. Fisher made no demands. He simply maneuvered to use the league as a tool. He joined without imposing any conditions. So did his nephews. So did all his henchmen. First thing Ackers knew, the Fisher faction absolutely dominated. They held a meeting, put in one of King's storekeepers as president and decided on steps to force Kincaid to relinquish the Scott sections.

"No, you don't!" Ackers announced. "We can't be used that way," and with his original following he withdrew from the organization, leaving it an entirely factional affair.

After that he abandoned his personal business for several weeks, spending the time driving through the three counties, interviewing the sheepmen, the settlers, the storekeepers and other small fry. And out of these activities sprang another union of neutrals. Profiting from the lessons of his first effort, Ackers did not advertise its purposes.

"Do you really think you can accomplish anything?" asked Nan Fisher doubtfully, when she encountered him in the Flats on his return from a lengthy trip.

"That remains to be seen."

"But what can you do? They're too strong for you. I don't think they'll stop fighting for anybody who can't make them. The right and wrong of a thing don't seem to matter. And all you've got on your side is—well, I guess you'd call it moral strength."

Ackers met her anxious gaze smilingly.

"No," he answered, "that isn't all we've got, Miss Nan—not by a jugful. That's all we started out with in the old league, but I've learned since then that some people will only respect force. If you leave it up to them—if you let them do what they want, with no limits except what their consciences place—greed runs away with them."

"Then it's true! It's true what I've been hearing! You've got a new league and you're hiring gunmen!"

He denied this.

"But if they aren't gunmen they're the same thing. You're paying a lot of cowboys who can shoot to line up with you. Isn't that so?"

"Well, the next time they start any trouble maybe they'll find us taking a hand," he replied guardedly.

"But who's paying for all this?"

He was surprised at the question, as he had a right to be, and tried to evade it.

"Oh, we'll find a way to pay for it!" he told her lightly.

"Yes, and they'll skin you, Mr. Ackers. They'll let you put up the money and leave you to hold the bag." The indignant earnestness with which she spoke startled the storekeeper, and Nan turned away her head from his suddenly keen gaze. She began to stir a clump of dirt with the toe of her riding boot. "I know these people out here better than you do, and they're always looking for a chance to pick up a tenderfoot's money."

"Well," he said, "if that's all, you can quit worrying, Miss Nan. If you want to know the truth, I am paying for most of the men we've hired. But I'm quite willing to do it. I arrived in this country with a few hundred dollars; now I've got twenty thousand, and I'm willing to spend it. I hope it'll bring results. If it doesn't I can make some more."

"Yes, but that isn't all."

"What else is there?"

She hesitated.

"They'll kill you."

"Everyone has to take that chance out here."

"Well, it's a fine thing you're doing, Mr. Ackers. But I think you'll fail. Good-by."

"Good-by. And we won't fail. This time we aim to use common sense—and the only sort of argument those people understand."

Several raids and thefts of cattle occurred shortly after this meeting. The town of Reese was wantonly shot up, and following a dispute over a trifling bill with the blacksmith at Espuela, the Catfish Kid killed him in cold blood.

It so happened that the sheriff was a Kincaid henchman, so he summoned help from the Cross K forces and effected arrest of the Kid in an unguarded moment.

The Catfish was terribly surprised; more than that, he was pained. His position had grown so strong he never dreamed anybody would dare arrest him for an insignificant killing. But there he was in a calaboose, stoutly guarded by three peace officers, and behind them all the Kincaid strength.

He appealed to Fisher for aid, and King instantly demanded his release. It was refused, and three counties started oiling their artillery for a finish fight. Then the Kid momentarily dispelled the danger by escaping from his captors. The country rang with the exploit. The Espuela officers had handcuffed the Catfish and chained him to a heavy table. From the time of his arrest he refused to touch food. A hunger strike was a novelty in those days, so they attributed the move to natural meanness.

"Leave him starve then," said the sheriff. "That suits us fine."

And the Catfish starved for three days. In the afternoon of the third he was able to slip the handcuffs from his wrists, after which he called across the street to one of his jailers for a cup of water. The three who guarded him were seated in the saloon playing cards. Doc Turner brought the water. As he carelessly handed the cup to the Kid the latter leaned forward, and with a lightninglike movement jerked Turner's gun. Then he shot him dead, took possession of the keys and unlocked the padlock on the chain by which he was anchored to the table. By this time the other guards were on the run toward the calaboose. The Catfish met the leader at the head of the stairs.

(Continued on Page 30)

What England's Experts Say About Essex

"Absolutely the brightest, liveliest little engine I have ever found in an American car."—*S. F. Edge in "The Autocar," London, Eng.*

"Another of the five cars I used during the last few weeks was one I cannot help mentioning, the four-cylindered Essex, with an R. A. C. rating of 18.4 h. p. It is an American production, with absolutely the brightest, liveliest little engine that I have ever found in an American car; in fact, this motor might really have had a Coatalen or a Pomeroy as its sponsor. Quite outside the engine's merits, however, the whole car is good, pleasant to use, and striking. The steering is light and easy; the springing is good; the brakes are good; in fact, everything to do with its driving is most satisfactory. *The price charged too, is very reasonable for what is given, by comparison with the prices of other cars.*

"The ability of the Essex to climb hills on top-speed, and yet give one a comfortable 45 miles per hour with four people up, is unequalled in my experience of four-cylindered cars of the same engine-dimensions. It is really surprising that one can still fall across such good cars, quite unexpectedly. I heard of the Essex through a friend who often tells me of swans which turn to be geese; but I ignore his exaggerations, because there is generally at least one swan-like attribute about anything he commends, and I like enthusiasm, even when it is not altogether disinterested. But in this case my friend had certainly not overstated the facts, and I was most intrigued to find an American 'four' of such flexibility, liveliness and substance, notwithstanding its quite moderate all-on-weight."

"A colossal revelation of the value Americans can offer at its price."—*E. N. D. in "The Auto," of London, Eng.*

"I have seldom felt wildly enthusiastic about American cars, because those I have tested have so often been very nice cars which might have been much nicer cars if another £10 or £50 had been spent upon their production. But during a short holiday taken recently, I chanced upon the 18.4 h. p. four-cylindered Essex, and to warn off at once those who do not like enthusiasm I may say that, judged by the sample I borrowed for a day during August last, this Essex is a magnificent four-cylindered car, would be that at any price, and is a colossal revelation of the value Americans can offer at its price.

"With the pound sterling at, roughly, 3 dollars 50 cents, as I believe it is, this is a remarkable figure. Look around the British market, seeing what (except for the Austin) one can buy for less than £740, of equal power (as distinct from mere engine-size) and 'turn-out' (by which I mean workmanship), and the marvel becomes the more profound. I am not going to say that the Essex is the best value existent, because there are many comparatively new cars most of us have yet to try. But I don't know anything like it. . . .

"During the trip I was kept so busy agreeing with one of my passengers (a very experienced test-rider, with the exactingness born of experience) that it really was a most unusual car, and that there must be a crab somewhere, if only we could find it. We searched high and low; in, out and round about. But to no avail. . . .

"Engine, suspension, steering, body-comfort, position of control-devices were alike faultless. In fact, it was impossible to believe that all this satisfaction of performance was purchasable at £740.

"It looks to be so really and truly built, right through, that I am sure the stuff will be worthy of the design and the workmanship. Given that, it is today one of the most remarkable examples of value for money the whole world of car-producing countries can offer, in the London market."

"Its transcontinental record is not merely a record—it's a miracle."—*From "The Car," London, Eng.*

"I refer to the remarkable achievement of a stock model Essex touring car in crossing the American continent from San Francisco to New York in 4 days, 14 hours and 43 minutes.

"Not—I think—even the rigorous tests of Africa could inflict more punishment on an automobile than this non-stop run. There are runs through arid desert country with long stretches of sandy waste and sagebrush; mountain climbs where the roads are just notches that God might have whittled, and drops of thousands of feet to stony valleys; dirt roads that a sudden shower converts into three feet of mud. I know these roads. I've broken springs and tires and commandments on them, and I know whereof I speak when I say that it's not merely a record—it's a miracle."

Find Out How Any Car You Favor Has Served Other Owners Before You Buy

ESSEX MOTORS E S S E X ESSEX MOTORS

(Continued from Page 28)

"Hello, Bob!" he cried cheerily.

"I'm a goner now!" Bob had time to say as he threw down on the Kid, and he was. The first shot caught him full in the face, and as he dropped, the third guard turned and went bounding down the stairs to gain cover.

When the Catfish Kid cautiously emerged into the street there was not a head in sight. Nobody cracked down on him, so he climbed upon a horse that stood tied to a hitching post in front of the store and rode out of town. On the outskirts he stopped long enough to yell "Hurrah for the Kid!" and then the hero loped back to his own stamping ground.

It was war now—war to a finish. Kincaid knew it; Fisher knew it. They began to move their forces in from outlying portions of their ranges. Each side hesitated to strike the first blow. Perhaps each realized that the Kid would save them that responsibility.

And then suddenly the neutrals took a hand in the affair. Formal notice was served on the two cowmen and the Catfish Kid by the new Law and Order League that a fight between the two factions would not be tolerated.

"We cannot stand this sort of thing any longer," said the ultimatum. "The Law and Order League wants only peace in these counties, and security for life and property. It has no axes to grind. It will play no favorites. But it has four hundred men to back up its just demands. And we hereby warn you that the full strength of the league will be thrown against the first one who tries to start anything. That strength will be lined up with the side attacked, and it will be decisive. We mean business!"

Not yet realizing that they could back up the threat with action, a great many persons ha-haed at the notice. Fisher himself did not take it seriously. To all appearances, it carried no weight with Kincaid; and as for the Catfish Kid, he sneered, spat violently and then pinned the paper up on the wall of the bunk house as a fine joke for his gunmen.

After a day's deliberation, however, Fisher descried a chance to turn the situation to account. He drove into town to tell Ackers that he had positive information Kincaid planned to attack him and his nephews, and consequently he wanted the league to rally to his assistance.

"Wait until he does," replied Ackers.

"Then it may be too late."

"We'll wait and see, just the same. We don't intend to pull anybody's chestnuts out of the fire, Fisher."

"But, I tell you, I know this."

"Possibly, but we don't. Nobody can stampede us into taking sides; but we'll be right there when trouble begins, and you can gamble on that, Fisher."

The old cowman had brought along a couple of witnesses to back up his statement, but their story sounded so much like manufactured evidence that Ackers and his lieutenants would not accept their corroboration. So King Fisher rode back in a huff.

The same afternoon young Harrahan called on Ackers. Had Kincaid brought him, his information might not have carried much weight; but he came of his own accord, and he had a written pact to substantiate his tale. To be sure, Harrahan had stolen the document; but that did not concern the league. The fact in which they were interested was that Fisher and the Catfish Kid had an understanding. The latter was to go after Kincaid, and at an opportune moment the Fisher forces would take part on his side. In return for bearing the brunt of the struggle the Kid was to receive all the Scott sections and the West Pasture of the Fisher range.

It must not be supposed the Old Man had committed himself quite that baldly to writing. The rewards were plainly specified, but what the Kid had to do to earn them was set down as "in consideration of the services mutually agreed upon this day." What the nature of those services might be, the league had to rely on the word of Fisher's stepson to determine, and consequently they were skeptical.

"All right," said Ackers. "I'm inclined to believe this. But we won't move until we're sure. In fact, we won't move until one side or the other starts something. Then we'll line up with the side attacked. Meanwhile, where do you stand?"

"I'm going to throw in with Kincaid," declared Harrahan hotly. "The Ol' Man done kept me out of my rights for years, and now I aim to get even."

It is probable the Catfish Kid would have precipitated the trouble at once had he exercised his own judgment, for he scoffed at the league and counted his own and Fisher's forces as superior to their enemy's. But his ally insisted on moving with circumspection. He did not take the league very seriously either; but its backing might be of some moral value, so he told the Kid to sit tight until a favorable pretext offered.

"Let them start it," he urged. "And then Ackers and his crowd of windjammers will have to line up with us."

However, Kincaid seemed very loath to assume the offensive. Nothing happened, and the Catfish Kid began to lose patience. His gunmen were itching for action. He bluntly informed the Old Man they must come to a show-down soon, before their enemy grew any stronger.

"All right," assented Fisher. "But we've got to manage this thing carefully. To be the injured party helps a heap in any fight."

Acting on this theory, half a dozen Fisher cowboys, specially employed for the occasion, raided a division camp on the Catfish Kid's range the next night, burned the shack and ran off a few horses. The man in charge of the camp was not at home, which the Kid's friends advanced as the explanation for his escape from injury. The horses were discovered by a Fisher cow hand in a box cañon on the Cross K range. On its face the episode provided air-tight circumstantial evidence against Kincaid. Yet Ackers and the league officials obstinately refused to move.

"It's too thin, Fisher," declared the storekeeper when King rode in to lay the facts before him. "The identity of the raiders has not been established. We've only got your word and the Kid's for that. And I have too great respect for Kincaid's shrewdness to suppose he would steal your stock and then leave them round where a Fisher cowboy could find them."

"Do you mean to say we fixed this thing up then?" blustered Fisher.

"We're not saying anything, and we're not doing anything—yet," was the reply.

His manner was so serene and confident that the rancher grew uneasy. No man could have such poise unless absolutely sure of his power, Fisher concluded, and he hurried away to warn his ally to go slow. But he was too late. The Catfish Kid had already acted, and by the time Fisher arrived at headquarters his forces were engaged in driving off several hundred head of Cross K cattle. They followed this by attacking a party of Kincaid's cowboys as they were returning from Espuela.

Ackers sent a rider to the Cross K ranch with a message:

"I guess this fight is dog eat dog—most fights are. But your enemies have broken the peace first, so we throw in with you. The league has four hundred and fifty men. They are ready. Bring all the men you can raise and we will settle this business for keeps. Regards."

Kincaid's eyes fairly bulged as he read.

"Holy maverick!" he exclaimed to Red Fox. "They got four hundred and fifty men! It's a cinch now, Red! We can rustle around three hundred, and that'll give our side about two to one."

"Let's go!" cried his foreman jubilantly.

The storekeeper had not overstated the league's strength, and Buzzard Flats witnessed a gathering of men that day such as it had never seen in its history. From every part of three counties they came, and every last man of them was equipped with rifle and six-shooter.

A rider went storming across country to Fisher's headquarters, carrying the news. He arrived with his mount in a lather, and within five minutes Fisher almost matched the state of the horse.

For the first time in his life he was face to face with superior force, and stout though his heart was, his judgment was much too good to relish a contest he must inevitably lose. Therefore he did not move to the support of his ally, preferring to await developments, and the Catfish Kid learned that more than seven hundred men were coming against him. To oppose them he could not raise more than a hundred, and Fisher had deserted him.

In less than an hour after the news spread the hundred had dwindled to a mere handful. The professional gunman seldom seeks trouble unless the odds are in his favor, and the Kid had drawn into his employ as fine an aggregation of killers, horse thieves, broken gamblers and saloon heroes as could be found anywhere north of the Rio Grande. Now they simply disappeared. The Catfish cursed them for what they were and vowed to those who stuck with him that he would show them a fight which would be the fight of history.

It did not quite measure up to that, for when a scout brought word that the enemy had arrived at Mesquite Bottom, and in numbers exceeding the very highest early estimates, the Kid's followers looked at one another. You have seen a hostess at a dinner party pick up the eyes of her women guests? The gunmen did just that, and then they did what the guests usually do—they got up and moved. In no time at all the Catfish Kid had only three resolute men at his back. To do them justice, they were game to the core and ready to shoot it out with the seven hundred to the last gasp if the Kid gave the word, but the Catfish had other plans.

The four took a few shots at the leaders of the army which advanced across the mesa and then fled, streaking for the Fisher ranch. Nobody pursued. Ackers and his following purposed going there, too, but they were in no hurry.

"You went back on me, you ——" cried the Catfish Kid to Fisher, his pale eyes baleful with fury. "For two pins I'd ——"

"Wait just a minute," urged his ally conciliatingly. "You saw that mob, didn't you? What show would we stand? It would be the same as putting the noose around our necks. No, sir-ree! The thing to do now is not to fight them, but strike a bargain. Maybe we can come out O. K."

Two tiny white spots showed at the corners of the Kid's nose. The lust to kill beat strong in him, but a greater purpose submerged his rage and he overcame the impulse to shoot.

"All right," he said, regaining a measure of self-control and pulling up a chair; "let's hear what you've got on your mind. Fire away."

Fisher's proposal was that the Kid flee the country, for which purpose he would provide horses and money, leaving Fisher to negotiate with Kincaid and the league. Once the business was settled, Catfish could return and then they might confidently await a new deal.

"Yes, and lose everything I've got, hey?" flared the Kid. "I've been throwed once, and I don't aim to be throwed again. Besides, I got to stick round here. I got some important private business."

Fisher scrutinized him attentively.

"Is that so?" he asked gently, looking away as though satisfied with what he read in the other's eyes. "Well, of course, that's none of my affair. If you're determined to stay, all right. I reckon I can hide you out."

This plan was followed, and when Ackers and Kincaid rode up to the Fisher headquarters with their men the Kid was beyond fear of immediate capture. Not a gunman could be seen. Headquarters appeared deserted, and Old Man Fisher stood on the porch to receive them. His manner was nicely compounded of surprise and dignity and heartiness.

Men talked of that meeting for years afterwards, telling over and over again how Kincaid acted when he and Fisher faced each other, and what the Old Man did and said. But the only developments in which we are interested came out of the terms of settlement.

At first Fisher denied alliance with the Catfish and any intention whatsoever of abetting him. He was a neutral, he calmly declared. But when the proof was laid before him he changed tactics and charged conspiracy. That being received in scornful silence, he finally demanded to know what they proposed doing.

"Nothing," said Ackers. "Not a thing. All you've got to do is to fire your gunmen and agree not to hire any more or stir up trouble. Any time you have a dispute lay it before the league and it will be arbitrated."

It was now Kincaid's turn to buck. What? Fisher was not to be forced to pay damages for what he had done and the mischief he had worked to Kincaid's property and business? Lafe could scarcely believe his ears, and broke into a passionate protest; but the storekeeper silenced him at last with upraised hand.

"That's all very well, Kincaid," he said quietly. "We can all understand how you feel. But both sides have been to blame here, and we don't intend to lay up future trouble by soaking one for the benefit of the other, no matter how good the excuse may be. No, it's going to be a new deal all round."

"Then I won't stick. I'm through with the league here and now! We'll bust it wide open!"

"Oh, no, you won't! Try it! You can suit yourself about joining, but if you do join you'll join on the same terms as anybody else. We're not playing anybody's game. If you come in you'll come in the same way Fisher does. And Fisher will have to come in the same way the rest of us have."

"That suits me," spoke up the Old Man, relieved to get off so lightly.

Kincaid was reluctant and showed fight, but when he perceived the odds were against him and standing out might hold a menace he, too, signed on the dotted line. And thus peace came to Buzzard Flats and all the cow country.

Three days later, as Nan Fisher was gathering some watercress near the Willows, she descried a horseman moving across a stretch of bare alkali-whitened flats. Something in the way he sat in the saddle riveted her gaze. She stared and stared. Then her heart leaped in her bosom, for she recognized him. It was the Catfish Kid.

What was he doing there? Had not her father assured her he had fled to Mexico? If he had done so, what did his return mean? If he had not but had remained in hiding, what purpose could bring him out now?

Intuition provided the answer. With a lump in her throat and her hands trembling, she mounted her pony and ambled back to headquarters, going slowly and carelessly, so as not to arouse the Kid's suspicions should he espy her. Arrived at the corrals, she saddled Streak and, without a word to anybody at the house, set out for Buzzard Flats at the easy tireless lope for which Streak was famous and which he could maintain long after other horses had dropped in their tracks.

Ackers was not in the store when she arrived there, and Nan was half frantic lest the Kid reach town before she had opportunity to give warning. But the storekeeper came in half an hour later and she lost no time.

"Mr. Ackers, I came to tell you the Catfish Kid did not go to Mexico at all. He hid out somewhere, and he's coming here now—yes, I saw him. He's coming here to kill you."

Ackers was beautifully unperturbed.

"What makes you think that? Did you hear him say so? How do you know?"

Confronted with a demand for proof, Nan grew confused.

"Because," she said.

"Anything else?"

"Well, I just know what he's up to—that's all. I can't tell you how I know, but I do."

With the customary masculine density, Ackers started to laugh. But the laugh was abruptly cut short, and he suddenly grew taut, staring past her towards the back door, with all the mirth faded from his eyes and a fixed half smile twisting his mouth.

She whirled to see what it was.

The Catfish Kid crouched in the doorway, sighting along a .30–30 rifle. Nan let out a scream and threw herself directly in the line of fire, and as she did so the Kid's gun flashed.

A crash of glass above their heads, a shower of kerosene from the broken lamp, and brilliant sunlight flooded through the vacant doorway.

Both ducked behind the counter, and Ackers started to crawl toward a drawer where he kept his gun. Nan kept close to his heels, and she was at his elbow when he cautiously approached the spot where his enemy had stood.

Just outside the door, face downward in the red dust, was the Catfish Kid, still clutching his weapon. A bloody hatchet lay near him, and they could see far down the road the figure of Hop Lee, the Chinaman, legging it in the general direction of Mexico.

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The blizzard rode into New York on a fifty-mile gale at midnight, February 19, last, burying the sleeping city under banks of drifted snow. Had New York been unprepared, as it was the year before, traffic would have been paralyzed, and the lives of thousands threatened by fire. *But New York was ready.* Against just such emergency, city officials had authorized the purchase of 50 "Caterpillars."* At 5 A. M. the fire department sounded "14-14," the snow signal, and the "Caterpillars,"* pushing ten-foot snow plows, battered their way through the drifts which choked lower Broadway and Fifth Avenue and the approaches to bridges and ferries. They cleared and kept clear wide avenues of traffic in the market and shipping sections where travel is heaviest and where the welfare and prosperity of the city depend upon keeping the streets wide open. Then they attacked the residential districts uptown. By 7 o'clock that night their Herculean task was done. The cost of the "Caterpillars"* was saved many times over by the loss to business they prevented. What the "Caterpillar"* did for New York it will do for any other city. In similar emergencies as well, it can be relied upon to keep state roads open and vital inter-city traffic moving over them. Let us arrange to show our moving pictures of the "Caterpillars"* bucking New York's snow. Write, wire or telephone for information.

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LOOSENING THE GRIP OF GOVERNMENT ON INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 21)

in policy to meet changing conditions are impossible; the government is always behind the procession. This immobility is clearly seen in innumerable incidents to be observed in controlled functions in Europe, especially in the Central States. Whenever agriculture and industries are controlled, that means specifically or indirectly control of wages. This checks the normal interchange of workers between city and country, lessens the mobility of labor and tends to freeze production.

While we were building down our wartime control Continental Europe indulged in enlargements. This was in part due to the fact that many new states were formed, whose governments, more or less socialistic and inexperienced, sought to advance their nationalistic individualities by control of economic and industrial processes. Only the American representatives on the Supreme Economic Council were outspoken in opposition to continuation of international economics. In truth, many of the countries were in worse plight after than during the war, and controls were primarily defensive measures. The war left Europe with the habit of government control. The lure of governmental control has had the effect of transforming defense into offense, expediencies into programs. If state control has been inefficient in Europe, where so much prewar experience in state control was available, what is to be expected in this country? Four lines of controls stand clearly revealed—agriculture, fuel, transport and foreign trade.

In practically every country in Europe agriculture has had to bear extreme measures of control. Since most countries there were compelled to import a portion of their foodstuffs, the governments tried to control the agrarians in order to stimulate production, and they fixed prices and enforced requisitions in order to carry out rationing. This was tolerated during the war, but the situation became more and more onerous with each month of peace.

Results of Food Control

The farmers in Great Britain and in the neutral countries were the first to force the withdrawal of impositions and restrictions. But fixed prices for wheat and oats are still in force in Great Britain, and minimal wages to farm workers, though total decontrol has been set for the near future. The peasants of France and Italy submitted to requisition of grain as long as the governments fixed high prices, and they were able to force the governments to make the prices very high. The wheat price to growers in France last year was $5.40 a bushel par, about $2 50 gold. Bread grains are just being decontrolled in France and Italy, except that the milling extraction remains high. The import of wheat must have official approval; but once in, the grain is free. For the remnant of the crop of 1920 the fixed high prices are to be maintained, and the corresponding bread subsidy with it. For the present crop the prices are to be free, and sale of imported grain also. Pastry was set free in France in May, and pastes in Italy in the same month. The practical results of control in these countries made the raising of bread grains highly remunerative in the two Latin countries, and this is probably the cause of the large acreage of wheat now approaching harvest there. It has imposed upon the budget a very large sum to pay the huge bread subsidies. It has had the effect of restricting importations. But despite these apparent benefits the agrarians have been insistent on decontrol.

In Germany and in the succession states of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy conditions have been more difficult. Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes had grain to export last year. But controlled transportation made this almost impossible. Then when drought threatened to injure the growing crops the governments went through the motions of erecting embargoes on the export of the grain that had been long marooned in their countries by inefficiency of transport. Austria, which last year expended some 90 per cent of her imports on food and fuel, cannot decontrol until trade around her is free. If Poland and Czecho-Slovakia harvest their forecast crops both should be able to decontrol all foodstuffs. There is enough governmental sagacity in Prague to undertake this; but one should not be surprised if the Polish Government does not know how to let go. The government at Prague has marketed two crops of sugar with disastrous inefficiency. They sold it for junk, worn-out military equipment, luxuries, political promises and for little else. In particular, they secured little raw materials in return. Private trade would not have encountered such a failure.

Everywhere in Central Europe the problem of distribution of foods is complicated by subsidies and by the system of food wage. This makes bookkeeping by the food controller impossible. When a worker strikes not merely for wage but also for allocation of necessaries not connected with the product of the industry in which he works widespread confusion is introduced into economic life. If food wage were upon the basis of output, as it would have been under free trade, the results would have been different.

Faulty Selling Methods

Budapest was the location of an illuminating experiment in flour control last year. The controller had just enough bread grain for the city for the year. To make the control pay its way the products of a kilo of flour should have been sold for a little over twelve crowns a kilo. The grain was milled as follows: Fifteen per cent of very fine patent flour was extracted, then 40 per cent of baking flour, then 25 per cent of a lower-grade cooking flour, and finally 20 per cent of mill feed. The prices of the baking and cooking flours were set at 4.5 and 2.5 crowns a kilo respectively, and strictly rationed. The mill feed was allocated to dairies at a fixed price in milk. Then the fine flour was set free in trade, and the price fixed at forty-two crowns a kilo.

With all flour relatively short, it was believed that the people would buy the fine flour at the exorbitant rate and that the profits would cover the losses on the baking and cooking flours. Nothing of the sort occurred. The fine flour was practically boycotted by the hungry Budapesters, and near the close of the year the government had to import wheat, with fine flour unsold in hand, because it did not have the courage to offer the fine flour for sale at a low price after having tried to sell it at an extortionate price.

The Germans have also found out that the consuming public will not pay to a government the extortionate price that it will pay to a smuggler. Germany had a lot of condensed milk at high prices. Import licenses were withheld, so that cheaper milk could not be brought in until the stocks of high-priced milk had been closed out. But the public that would buy contraband milk at a high price would not pay the price for the milk of the government.

Everywhere animal products have been the bane of the food controller, because control is ludicrously ineffective. Butter, cheese, lard, cured and fresh meats lend themselves to the ways of illicit trade. The food smuggler afforded the first sign of revival in the Central Powers after the armistice. Anyone could buy a good Christmas dinner in 1918 if he had the price. There are two kinds of contraband food traffic, that of the proletariat and that of the aristocracy. The proletarian food smuggling consists in searching out the countryside for foods. This forms the knapsack brigade, the procession that, since two years, winds daily out of the cities at daybreak and returns at night.

The aristocratic food smuggling is done by suitcase peddlers, who bring to the back door, at a price, practically any foodstuffs of domestic or foreign origin. The food smugglers are the opprobrium of all classes, except in the moment of dealing with them. The peasants reviled them because they took too large a part of the price, but used them incessantly. With each month the authorities have exercised weaker control over domestic animal products, and less and less of these foods relatively were available for issue on ration.

Events in the course of control of an agricultural product follow everywhere one course. The producer balks at the program. Some consumers want more than the allocated ration. Illicit distribution springs up to meet the demand. The clandestine traffic flows side by side with the controlled traffic. Gradually more and more produce goes by the illicit stream and less by the legal stream. Finally the volume of illicit trade becomes so large that the government turns it all into one stream by decontrol. If the control be effective production may be so scanty as to dethrone control.

The food smuggler, reviled of all, is in truth, though unknown to himself, the fairy princess in disguise. Sooner or later, in each Continental country, contraband trade, supported by export from countries of production in excess of needs, opens the door to free trade by making governmental control of animal products so ineffective that it is abandoned. On the Continent to-day, in fact if not in form, animal products have been decontrolled. Purchase is merely a question of price. On account of her large population this is less true in Germany than in the countries to the east of her. Free trade has been made more difficult for her by occupation of the Rhine and the decimation of her merchant marine. Nevertheless, the Danes, Dutch and Swiss do a lively trade with imported as well as with domestic animal products. And the ripe cheeses of France are to be found in the uttermost corners of Germany, passing through "the hole in the west."

A survey made in the spring of this year indicated that in all the capitals of Continental Europe cured pork products, in terms of the gold price, were selling at figures based on the Chicago price, plus transportation and overhead. In the spring of this year the peasants in Croatia and in the Banat compelled the government to relax the export embargo on animals, and within a few days the prices of animals in Hungary fell a fourth. The peasants of Czecho-Slovakia bred back their swine despite the food controller, so that to-day, with free trade reëstablished in meats, pork is almost as plentiful there as before the war.

The peasant wants free trade because he believes that even with lower consumers' prices he will receive more for his produce. The consumer wants free trade because, even with higher producers' prices, he believes he will pay less and may receive more. Free trade relieves the producer and consumer of the extortionate toll of the clandestine trader. The food controller, the legal enemy of contraband, is at once the basis of its existence.

Food control of animal products has led to unexpected and disastrous results in the United Kingdom. Since so little food was there produced and so much imported, food control was always effective in Great Britain. It was also honest and equitable. Smuggling scarcely existed. The islands owed this to their splendid isolation. Substituting margarines for butter, the authorities during the war erected large plants for the manufacture of margarine and made heavy purchases of raw materials.

The Liquidation of Food Stocks

Faced with the financial difficulties of the dominions, the central government took over their meats and animal products. Large reserves of jams were also accumulated. Huge stocks of Australasian lamb and mutton were in warehouses when the war closed. The following year witnessed a procession of cargoes of frozen carcasses. Scores of vessels lay at anchor for weeks, employed as cold storage plants. Then came the deflation of prices. The government sat with huge stocks in hand at prices far above the world prices of new goods. If trade were to be set free the state must take immense losses. In the condition of the national budget these losses seemed utterly unacceptable. For months the food ministry compelled the people of Great Britain to consume at high prices animal products in order to unload them. Some of the accumulated stocks were sold to different countries in Europe, often on credit—thus to Austria and Poland.

Finally the sturdy British sense of fair play compelled the government to decontrol and take some losses. Following the announcement of return to free trade, prices began to fall. Dealers were able to negotiate where ministers failed. Butter is now pouring into London as in the days before the war. The British home orders the meats, dairy products and fats that it desires, at the prices within its reach, and the cost of living is lower than under liquidation agonies of the Ministry of Food. Traders on a free market would not have become so deeply involved as did the government. The Ministry of Food was the more immobile because it was honest and conscientious. But for over a year it saddled on the public a heavy bill in payment of its operations. And in the final analysis it will be found that the losses of liquidation will not have been passed to the public to the extent at first believed, but will turn up in the national budget at a later date. Rapid liquidation, with sharp reversal of policy, would have reduced the losses greatly. This free traders would have been able to do, but a rigid system of control could not be adapted to rapidly changing conditions.

Broadly considered, state control of agriculture—including as it must planting, rotation, wages of workers, requisition, prices and profits—amounts to compulsory tenantry. Under these circumstances we must expect to witness under state control that reduction in production that is characteristic of tenant farming; and this is in fact to be observed in most countries with controlled agriculture. In those countries in which coöperation in agriculture was highly developed—as in Russia and Germany—state control has had the effect of disrupting the coöperative operations.

Natural Price Levels

Food controllers labor under the fear that following decontrol prices will skyrocket and that overconsumption will set in. With free trade prices cannot skyrocket for long. It is true a sharp rise in price has often been observed when a controlled commodity has been set free. But after a short period, during which time unsuspected amounts of the particular commodity appear on the market, the price descends and rapidly finds its level; and the level is below, often much below, the controlled price.

When hogs were set free here in the spring of 1919 the price rose from $17.50 to $22 a hundredweight. After a short time the descent began and the price went much below the $17 50 Rice and vegetable oils afford additional illustrations. A government must expect a rise in price when a foodstuff is decontrolled. It must be strong enough to stand out against the public clamor for a few weeks. The fall in prices will not be long deferred, and that will bring content, even in a country with a *bloc* form of politics.

It is an error to assume that when a controlled commodity has been set free the public will proceed to gorge and stocks will be exhausted. We are learning that just the opposite is likely to take place. We have a good illustration in flour in our country. During the two years of the war our people were exhorted to reduce consumption of wheat. According to the best statistical data, the response was immediate and the conservation gratifying, especially for a voluntary movement. When the conservation of wheat was no longer called for, in the spring of 1919, many Americans cut down on wheat substitutes, but there was little gorging of wheat.

On June 1, 1920, the Grain Corporation closed and wheat became free. During the succeeding year, according to reliable milling statistics, the manufacture of flour fell to a new per-capita low level.

It is difficult to believe that large stocks of flour were hidden in the country. Certainly we have not gone back to consumption of wheat substitutes. We have had a large crop of potatoes, and there has been some increased consumption that would tend to result in lowered consumption of wheat flour. But when one recalls that it takes five parts of potato to equal one part of wheat it seems certain that no large substitution of wheat with potato has occurred. The bare fact is that in the year following decontrol of wheat, following our voluntary conservation of wheat, we witness a low statistical consumption of wheat.

The subject of slack in the domain of distribution has not been adequately investigated. In several instances in Europe decontrol of a foodstuff has not been followed by restoration of the prewar volume of consumption. Witness meat in England. Many of the lessons of the war have not been forgotten. We do not revert to the

(Continued on Page 35)

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 33)

prewar psychology at once, nor do we return to prewar habits at once. Consumption is not an open book where he who runs may read. People do not increase consumption of a foodstuff merely because it is free in trade. The situation is not so simple as that. Only when a people has been on starvation rations is markedly increased consumption to be expected when the commodity is freed. Even this may not eventuate to a marked degree.

The current idea among European physiologists that the reduced peoples of Europe would bend their efforts to feeding themselves back to normal as rapidly as possible is now realized to be a misapprehension. In any event restoration will proceed with less economic waste and with greater satisfaction under free trade than under control of foodstuffs. There could be no greater misfortune for Europe than to be dieted back on the forced building-up ration of a governmental food controller.

Control of coal proceeded during the war to as great length as with any commodity. Decontrol has been too long postponed. In coal the advantages and the defects of governmental control are to be judged with less difficulty than in the case of foodstuffs. In the United Kingdom during the war the coal industry was as strictly militarized as the making of munitions. The miners were withdrawn from military service, received high wages and the evils of congested and insanitary housing were corrected. The owners were permitted to retain huge profits. Mines of high-cost production were operated with those of low-cost production, the products pooled and marketed by the state as a unit. Coal for internal use was under mild control. But coal for export was strictly controlled. Most of it was sold for extortionate prices, especially to France and Italy, the proceeds going to the government. The distant bunker trade was in part lost to the United States, largely for reasons of transport.

Coal in Politics

After the armistice the control of British coal was maintained and specialized in conformity with her foreign-trade policy. Foreign buyers were rationed, as a matter of fact, not on the basis of their needs but according to their importance to the trade and industry of the British Empire. But production could not be maintained. Last year the export of British coal was in the neighborhood of only 25,000,000 tons, a third of the normal. With the collapse of coal prices last autumn the collieries entered into the struggle that has culminated in the strike that for so long paralyzed industry in the United Kingdom.

From the standpoint of both miners and operators the strike is to be regarded as a legacy of state control. At the time of the onset of the strike it was costing about forty shillings to raise a mean ton of coal. The wage cost was about thirty-one shillings. The world price of coal had fallen to such a plane as to correspond to about twenty shillings a ton. The cost of living had fallen but little. The miners resisted a heavy cut in wages. The operators insisted that the cost of coal must be determined by the world price, and that it was fundamental for the United Kingdom to have coal to export at the world price and to use in manufacture of commodities which could be sold at the world price.

The position of the miners was that wages were to be defined as a unit; the coal wages were to be placed in a national pool; and the low-cost fields were to carry the high-cost fields, all fields to be kept in operation. If operations could not be thus sustained the state was to make such subsidy as to enable the denominated scale of wages to be maintained. The position of the operators was that each field should be operated independently, in competition with the others. The position of the miners obviously led to nationalization of the coal fields. The position of the operators led to the proposition that the high-cost fields would be abandoned if they could not stand the competition of world prices and the low-cost fields would have to furnish the coal.

The situation has been complicated by the fact that under the rigid rules of unionism in the United Kingdom it is practically impossible for a miner to leave one field and go to another or turn to another occupation, except by emigration. And if the low-cost fields were to be more intensively exploited housing for additional miners would need to be provided at once, a difficult requirement. The war experiences had demonstrated that machine-mining methods could be adapted to conditions in the seams of the British coal fields, and this would make for increased per-capita production of miners. But the miners' union has felt itself compelled to care for the entire organization and opposes the use of coal-cutting machinery. The state, whose subsidies to miners and operators at home and exploitation abroad had got miners and operators into what may be called bad economic habits, has declined further subsidy except for a limited term. Hence the strike, from which all suffer.

On the Continent coal has been strictly rationed until a few months ago. The neutral nations about Germany combed the world for coal, and relieved their deficiencies in large part from the United States. Even Switzerland has drawn considerable coal from here. Belgium, France and Italy receive reparation coal from Germany; France has had the yield of the Saar. All imported coal from Great Britain and the final requirements were filled from the United States. During the past six months France, Belgium and Italy have been obtaining more coal than required by the needs of their industries. France has a three months' coal supply stored, and since the time of the coal strike in Great Britain she has been exporting Saar coal. In Italy the stocks have not been so large; but before the British strike began British coal offers were being declined. Coal has been decontrolled in fact in France, Belgium and Italy. This also is true of the small neutral countries.

The defensive position of Germany has been such as to favor the continuation of coal control. Before the war there was an east-to-west line, running from Bremen to Berlin and thence northeast to Königsberg, the line where the import coal from Great Britain met the native coal—a line of price. There was also a north-to-south line, running irregularly somewhere near the fourteenth degree east longitude, where the coal of the Ruhr and Saar met that of Silesia. The bulk of Silesian coal that left the area went east and south to Poland and Austria-Hungary. Since the beginning of the war no British coal has gone into Germany, the east-to-west line has been obliterated and German coal must supply that area. Since the Germans must send out 2,000,000 tons of coal a month in reparation, and have lost the Saar as well, the German Government has shifted to the westward the line where the coal of the Ruhr and Silesia meet. This means that since more Silesian coal goes westward, less is available to flow eastward. The result is that Poland and the succession states of Austria-Hungary receive less than normal and have suffered from severe coal shortage. In effect, the reparation coal of France and Italy has come out of what would have been the coal supply of the countries east of Germany.

Pressure on Austria

In order thus to protect herself against the effects of the abnormal export of coal as fixed by the treaty of peace, Germany has maintained elaborate control of coal. The supplies are distributed geographically and within each zone allocated for municipalities, public service, transport and industries. The allocation has been on the basis of national interest. In effect, Germany subsidizes coal for certain areas and industries. This is one of the elements in the low cost of manufacture of commodities in Germany. The state pays the bill with paper money or internal loans. There is some free coal in Germany. Men like Stinnes use the product of their mines as they choose. Within recent months the coal stringency has been greatly relaxed, partly by increased production of brown coal and partly as the result of stabilization of output and transport.

The little state of Czecho-Slovakia has coal in excess of her needs, and especially she has coking and gas coal in excess of her needs. Coal is practically decontrolled within the borders of the state, in fact if not in form. But the export coal is strictly under governmental control. And this coal, which has carried a heavy export tax that the foreigner paid, has been marketed in accordance with a national policy. This control has been a heavy burden upon Austria. The Czechs have carried the public utilities of Austria, but they have not allocated coal to Austrian industries that would be competitive with their own. The coal of Poland covers about 40 per cent of her needs. Germany, in ways that are both direct and indirect, has opposed Silesian coal going to Poland. Thus the industries of Poland languish for lack of fuel, and raw materials imported on credit have been known to lie unused for lack of power.

The United States and Great Britain must supply Western Europe with coal. If this be not done, then Germany will supply Western Europe. If Germany does this, then Central and Eastern Europe run shor' of coal, and there is no one to whom they can appeal. And in the entire train of supplies the coal of the United States is the only coal that is free, uncontrolled by governmental policy expressed in allocation and price. And these are the conditions in a continent striving for peace! Coal is the international weapon!

The coal production of Europe outside of Russia has not been over 75 per cent of the normal. This is the excuse given for control. But the real objects of control lie in national policies, and control would have been retained or at least attempted if production had been normal. Increase in coal production would be stimulated more by freedom of trade than by control. Whenever the control of coal has relaxed, as has been the case more or less all over Europe during the past six months, fluidity has developed in markets that contain little more coal than was the case when stringency was pronounced. Fluidity in markets is the result of freedom of trade, even with limited supplies. So long as coal is controlled it will be hoarded, built into reserves and tied up in frozen credits. With the same amount of coal, with freedom of trade, these evils are minimized. Had we possessed a coal administration during the months when Europe was drawing coal from us it is not likely that she would have obtained relief.

Railroad Deficits

Europe before the war had many railways under governmental control because state owned. Some of these were as well run as under private management—for example, in Prussia. During the war practically all railways in Europe were taken under official control, in neutral as well as in the warring countries. The neutral countries decontrolled in fact soon after the armistice and returned to prewar conditions. The railways of Great Britain are still under state control. This was retained last year under the menace of a strike of the triple alliance, and prolonged in anticipation of the recent coal strike. Government, public and railway owners are alike weary of government control, but apparently afraid to take the step until assured of less abnormal conditions ahead. The railways of France, Italy and Belgium are in fact now being operated as before the war, though the financial connections have not been readjusted.

In Germany state control of railways has made its greatest failure. Before the war state railways were well managed in Germany, though the cost sheets were not definite because of intermingling of other civic and military functions. The official who was the efficient director of German railways during the war is to-day the inefficient director. When the republic took over the railways of the several German states it paid a price of some 32,000,000,000 marks. The deficits of operation of the first two years almost equal the purchase price and, continuing at the present pace, will soon surpass it.

In the states that have sprung from the old Austria-Hungarian monarchy and the surrounding countries we find naturally most glaring illustrations of inefficient government control of railways. The conditions were very abnormal when the armistice closed the war. The equipment remained in the states where it happened to lie, except for raids on equipment conducted during the first few months. The reparation commission under the Treaty of St.-Germain is supposed to make an allocation of equipment among the six succession states. This has not been done. Pending definite allocation, each state has been afraid to allow equipment to leave its borders. Only interallied guaranties of inviolability of equipment enabled interstate passenger travel to be resumed. To this day freight is largely unloaded at borders.

Until allocation of equipment is done no state will proceed to a thoroughgoing

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campaign of repair of equipment. The running of railways in this section is best done in Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Austria, worst in Rumania. The railway lines are being redesigned to serve the national interests of the new states and adapted to the new boundaries. But this does not mean that service is being planned for the greatest efficiency of the total transportation of the entire area of Central Europe, with natural coöperation with the waterways.

Everywhere the results are the same, differing only in degree. The railways are overmanned, undertariffed and inefficient when judged by ton miles per axle or by any unit of service or equipment. The overmanning is crass. This has been done to keep peace with the workers and to reduce the unemployment doles of the states. Before the war the railways of the old German Empire were manned by some 750,000 men. Now those of the reduced republic are manned by over 1,100,000 men, twice the necessary number. Each man not only does less work per day—he does less work per hour of the shortened day.

Someone Must Pay

The low efficiency is partly the product of low rates, overmanning and high wages. It is, however, also to be attributed to sloth, lack of discipline, disregard of obligations and indifference to the interests of the state. Bribery to secure service is rampant on the Continent. Even the leasing of equipment to shippers is tolerated in some states, as in Rumania. The lack of discipline is shown in the disregard of classification of passenger service. Passengers holding third-class tickets ride in first-class carriages, unmolested by the guards or successfully resisting them.

Every defect experienced in railway service in this country under governmental operation or since relinquishment of state control with persistence of state methods can be duplicated in every state in Europe. They have all the difficulties, only in more intense degree than here. There is one difference. We have high rates and moderate deficits; they have lower rates and higher deficits. The burden is there passed to the state budgets; here it is passed to the owners of the roads and to the investing public. Our system is preferable. The bill of inefficiency must be footed by someone. It is better to have the bill presented to citizens than to the state, because relief will come the more quickly under these circumstances.

Control of imports and exports is the final rubric of governmental control that looms large in Europe. Originally this control rested on solid ground. It was necessary after the armistice to prevent a flood of nonessential imports and to stimulate exports of domestic commodities in order that essential imports should be encouraged. The writer saw imported silk stockings and perfumes exposed for sale in Bukharest in the spring of 1919 at a time when buttons and thread could not be procured. With the buying power limited, it was essential that this be not dissipated on articles that were meaningless to the general public. It was the duty of governments so to guide interstate trade as to develop the buying of imports with exports. Even at the present time there is still need of control of imports in order to protect exchange; need of stimulation of exports in order to protect invisible resources.

Gradually, however, the purposes and procedures of control of interstate trade have grown beyond defensive measures in many European states and taken on the complexion of offensive trade policies. Restriction of imports has become exclusion; stimulation of export has become dumping. The policies behind trade control now extend far beyond the emergencies of the postwar period. War control has shifted to trade control. We observe the first steps in the trade war of the future.

A good comparison of the two kinds of control may be drawn from France and Germany. For the past few months the balance in the visible trade of France has been in favor of the republic. When the imports and exports are analyzed and compared with those of the prewar period, and the relative prices noted, it is clear that against the practices of France few objections can be raised The French are exporting more because they are using less—they are saving. They are importing less because they are using less—they are saving. The positive balance of trade represents savings, restriction of the standard of living. The result is an appreciable scarcity of commodities in France and restriction of consumption in consequence. State subsidy does not appear to be involved.

Trade associations in France, as is quite generally the case in Europe, are endeavoring to exclude American merchandizing of American goods.

In Germany, on the other hand, we observe state subsidy of foodstuffs, coal, freight and taxes—all operating to reduce production costs of exportable commodities. In order that the prices of articles designed for export shall be lower than current prices in the foreign countries the state pays indirectly a part of the costs of production. The coal-tar industry gives a typical illustration. The several companies have been combined into a supertrust, and the industry integrated vertically and horizontally. The capital has been greatly augmented; the trust enjoys increased credit at the banks. The German Government holds an option on the foreign bills of exchange of her exporters; she can implement these as a unit and compensate the exporters in domestic currency.

The government and the industry conceal their trade figures so that the quantitative estimation of these factors is impossible. The ultimate purpose of such dumping is not the disposal of the current excess of goods, but the closing of plants in foreign countries. Owing to credit conditions it is easier now than ever before to close a plant, because the banks cannot stand behind manufacturers as they once could. If the coal-tar industries in foreign countries can be kept closed down for a couple of years the Germans have hope that they will never reopen.

Economists and business men in Germany are not united in opinion. Many distrust such trade control and fear that it may be a boomerang. In Great Britain legislation to protect that country against dumping has long been under debate before the House of Commons. Many British economists, bankers and manufacturers are of opinion that control must be fought with control. But a large body of public opinion believes that control is best fought by free trade, convinced that governmental control carries within itself the seeds of disruption. At the same time, in other directions the government of Great Britain is doing quite the same thing, for example, in cotton. On the other hand, the British Government has declined to participate in any scheme looking to the control of rubber by limitation of output of crude rubber.

Retaliation Bad Policy

More or less of such control of industry, applied through imports and exports, is being done over most of Europe. The trading of the Russian soviet with Western capitalists is crude and raw. In Western Europe the methods of the governments are more refined. But the general purport is much the same. And finally, in the disposition and handling of mandates, we observe the signs of the same control, the handling of resources for the purposes of development of nationalistic policies.

The Government of this country has so far kept clear of such motivated control of our resources and industries. It is sincerely to be hoped that fancied necessity of retaliation will not drive us into the same error. It ought to be possible to protect our commerce and markets by defensive measures alone. We remain the custodians of the concept of individualistic development of trade relations.

The work of the world is being done inefficiently by both state and individual at present. Individualism and collectivism have both suffered from the effects of war. But the deterioration of collectivism is surely the more crass and costly. Marx once warned against the application of collectivism until individualism had been developed to high efficiency. Apparently the day has not yet arrived. Since the immediate reconstruction of society rests upon individual initiative, the greater the freedom in economic processes accorded by the state the more rapid the restoration. Contemplating society or an industry, it seems clear that the volume of total production and the volume of savings are more important than the distribution of the income. The experiences with state control, from the best of it in the United Kingdom to the worst of it in Russia, illustrate that under state control production falls and savings fade.

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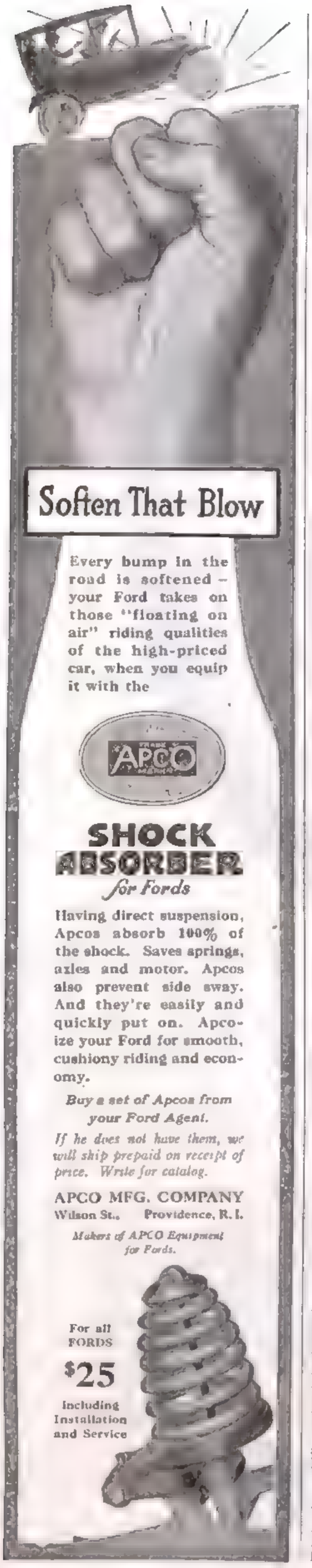

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THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN HEELS

(Continued from Page 24)

The vicomte's agitation was so great that he could hardly articulate.

"What should you know of alopecia?" Madame fixed an intent, admiring glance at his white hair. "Monsieur, my daughter—my poor dear child—must always wear a wig."

The vicomte flung up his hands. Through my chink I could see the side of his stricken face. He had imagined no such horror as this. A long, tense silence followed, broken at last by him.

"She has the soul of a pure white flower," he said in a quavering voice. "She will find consolation and she will learn fortitude."

The old nobleman inclined his head.

"Madame," he said in a high, clear voice, "I have the honor again to solicit the hand of your daughter."

He gestured superbly with his two arms, which he held outstretched. I saw them tremble violently as madame told him that an offer so nobly chivalrous was what she had expected from one so chivalrously noble. I am sure that for an instant he feared that his offer would be accepted. But the sad, determined shake of madame's head convinced him that he might safely proceed.

"Such ravages are unsuspected. You have hinted at the means."

Madame's retort was blunt.

"She will be completely bald," she muttered in a blood-curdling *sotto voce*, "and one may not wear a wig in the intimacies of the boudoir."

She rose as she fired this victory shot, and the vicomte jumped up with alacrity.

"Madame," he said as again he bent over her hand, "convey to mademoiselle the assurances of my profound respect and lasting devotion."

"I thank you. She will cherish your words."

"Madame, in this heart-rending situation, so trying to a mother's heart, how may I convey my sympathy—how tell you of my appreciation of a delicacy and consideration so exquisite?"

"Let us shift back the hand of Time, monsieur. Let us forget these days of misery when we meet in the future."

"Dear madame, you have anticipated my thought. In our sunny Provence we shall be, as we have always been, neighbors, friends. It is *au revoir*, madame. I return to France to-morrow."

"We shall follow when time has softened a little the grief of a young and overburdened heart."

"*Hélas, madame!*"

"*Hélas, monsieur!*"

And then Jacques, in response to madame's ring, opened the door. The vicomte, crushed by the thought of a bald-headed Odette, doddered out of the room.

I saw madame stand motionless until she heard the closing of the front door; then, without a change of countenance, she moved majestically away.

When Jacques returned he found me sitting at LeCroix's table, finger on lips. His eyes achieved gymnastics which could only have been learned by lifelong study of the chameleon.

"You should keep the kitchen door locked, Jacques," I said. "When madame has retired, bring Marie to me."

"But, Monsieur Roke, Marie left yesterday."

"She went to mademoiselle?" I asked.

"It may be. We do not know. There was a difference with madame."

"Any news, Jacques?"

"No, monsieur. Excuse me while I remove the carbolic from the landing."

"Let me out quietly, Jacques."

I went to my rooms, reflecting on the art with which this farce had been staged. LeCroix had been detailed to undermine the morale of the foe, who had then been routed by madame; yet so routed that friendship need not be impaired, and by a means which could not be discovered. For how was the vicomte to know, when he met Odette again—as meet her he must—that her hair was firmly rooted in her scalp?

My last act that night before getting into bed was to consult the railway time-table for the Sunday train to Folkestone.

XII

I WAS so far from my genial self in the Folkestone train the next morning that I rebuffed the kindly advances of a powerful young man who looked like a halfback but was dressed as a clergyman. I had tossed all night, trying to think which girl was who, and why; and whether there was only one after all; and, if there were two, the reason for that substitution against which all patent-medicine advertisements warn us. "Beware of substitutes," they say; and in my anger I called Angela a bitter pill.

If she was Angela, she had been from the first in collusion with Odette, and the two had laid the trails along which I had been led. If she was Odette, she had herself dragged the red herring whose scent an imbecile hound—myself—had so eagerly and unsuspectingly followed. In either case, I had been nothing so dignified as a hound. I had been a little wooden monkey on a stick, obsequiously climbing, and ludicrously falling back at the touch of a derisive woman's finger. I had been hurried away to Charing to get me out of Folkestone. I had been taken to Oxford to keep me from going to Folkestone. So much was clear.

I was now heading straight for the secret. What was happening at Folkestone to explain that gay, audacious exchange of identities, if such exchange there had been; to justify a fear of my presence so intense that I must be lured to sentimental nooks on the river and led into a furious flirtation? I thought of that long, lingering glance that girl had given me beneath the arching willow boughs; of the soft and yielding tone in which she had murmured my first name; of the unrebuked hand which had rested for at least a minute on hers, on the edge of the punt. I ground my teeth and muttered a word which I am glad the clergyman did not hear.

I got out at Folkestone in such a passion of hurt vanity and unbridled anger that I walked straight toward Angela's lodgings to find Odette and end the miserable deception then and there. I knew that I should not find her if she was Angela, for Angela had told me that she was staying over Sunday with friends in Berkshire; but if she was herself, she was in for a hot ten minutes with a total stranger.

I checked when I saw Marie in the distance. She was trotting along with a surprising spring in her gait, a lot of flowers in her new hat and a prayer book in her hand. She turned into a church door, and I went in after her, taking a seat in the north aisle by the side of a pillar. Marie was some dozen pews in front of me, and far enough to my right that I could see the tip of her nose. Once she turned to glance at a flood of rose color from a window, and I was surprised to see how much younger she looked, and that her dry, wizened face was flushed. I should tear the heart of the mystery from her after church, I now resolved, and then take the train straight for LeCroix.

The service began, and I saw that the curate who had come down with me was conducting it; and then ——

Angela came walking up the middle aisle! Angela!

She was not alone. The young man seated himself so close to her as to leave room for three and a half other persons in the pew, being thus nearer to her than necessary by the width of one child. Instead of resenting this, Angela leaned toward him. He had seen service, for he was well set up and his short-haired head well set on. He had a brown skin, and I saw his profile as he turned and whispered something in her ear. His features had no touch of Angela's. Still this did not prove that he was not her brother. I did not believe that he was, for she had yesterday told me that her brother was in France; but I could not believe anything she said now. Amid all the deceptions, why should one or two more count? But this fib about staying over Sunday in Berkshire seemed so unnecessary. I had prided myself on letting her come away alone, without protest. Why should she have wasted a lie?

I looked at Marie. Her leather cheeks were flushed and her eyes were rapt. She was the old maid, excited by the contemplation of love in someone she loved. Why should she stare across the nave like that unless Angela was Odette?

These late comers sat with shoulders touching; they used the same prayer book; they looked at each other at intervals; and during the reading of the second lesson I thought that Angela's hand lay clasped in his, resting in his lap. Later on I saw the two straighten and exchange glances, and I heard Odette's name pronounced by the clergyman.

"Odette Seravin of this parish. If any of you know just cause, or just impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the second time of asking."

The great secret! I had stumbled on it. The bridegroom-to-be publicly proved his title by getting as red as the stripes in a new flag. Angela proved she was Odette by snuggling—that is the only word—closer to him. Marie's face was a happy prayer, and the direction of her wide, fixed eyes disclosed the objects of her petition.

I had, indeed, plucked the heart from the mystery. I looked at the top of that girl's hat—all that I could see of her head since she had nestled so close—in absurd astonishment at the simplicity of the explanation, the completeness of it, and the ingenuity of the scheme. I mentally handed to Angela, for so I continued to call Odette, a bouquet as wide as her hat brim. What nerve, what readiness, what swift decision were hidden in the brain beneath that hat with its circlet of blue cornflowers! What a ridiculous figure I should cut if introduced to this blushing youth! The girl might be in panic fear lest I upset her plans, but humor must nevertheless flicker in her eyes and twist her lip. How this couple must have laughed when she told him of the scene in the punt!

The congregation rose for the psalm. I slipped out with bowed head and bolted for the station. I paced the platform for two deadly hours, forgetful of lunch. At train time the young clergyman appeared. I made up to him with honeyed words about the weather, and he was pleasantly responsive, as he had seen me in church. We traveled up together. I turned the subject to marriage laws.

"The special license of the Archbishop of Canterbury costs twenty-nine pounds, ten shillings," he told me, "and it is not easy to obtain. Unless you have that, you must live in a parish for three weeks before you can be married."

I had guessed at something like this. Odette, secretly engaged, threatened with a vicomte, had fled to England to carry out the marriage impossible in France. She must have taken rooms in Folkestone in passing through, and meant to be seen there often enough to establish legal residence. The LeCroixs would be writing to her mother that she was safe with them, so all would go smoothly.

"Isn't there a sentence in the marriage service about objecting?" I asked.

The clergyman quoted verbatim, with pulpit cadence.

"'Therefore, if any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.'"

"If any man speak?" I asked.

The curate injected a warning note into his voice:

"'The solemnization must be deferred until such time as the truth be tried.' I quote the exact words of the rubric."

"If the bride," I asked, "happened to be not quite of age?"

"The written consent of parent or guardian would be necessary."

"But if she were nearly twenty-one, and went and got married anyhow?"

"She must commit perjury to do that," he answered, looking furtively at me. "She must swear that she is of age. And, sir, the bridegroom would be an accessory. It is within the bounds of possibility that the unhappy couple would spend the wedding night in jail." He gazed with earnest appeal into my eyes. "I think from your accent you're American. I have heard that your marriage laws and prison administration are different over there; more lax; milder, if you prefer the word. In our jails we rigidly separate the sexes."

"I thank you," I said. "My inquiries are not personal. I have no intention of trying to evade your laws."

He showed his relief.

"Foreigners," he said, "though I will not call an American a foreigner, sometimes abuse our Anglican Church. I have known a divorced Frenchman by deception to secure the sanction of our church for his second matrimonial union."

(Continued on Page 41)

Why "Compression Tread"?

Experiment No. 1

Take a block of rubber—a rubber eraser will do. Stretch it by bending it outward. Draw a knife across the stretched surface. See how easily it cuts. And see how the cut continues to stretch wider open.

Experiment No. 2

Now bend the eraser inward, and try to cut the concave surface where the rubber is compressed. See how it resists the cutting. Note how the cut is closed by the *compression*, preventing further tearing apart.

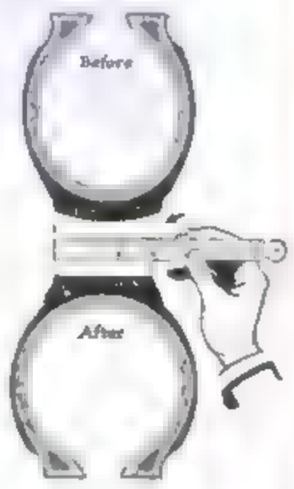
Compressed rubber is hard to cut—fights wear. The rubber in the rounded tread of the ordinary tire is always taut and stretched when in action, but the Converse Cord is so constructed that its flat tread is *compressed in toward the tread-center* by inflation pressure plus the weight of the car. The tread, thus compressed, is saturated with wear-and-cut-resisting elasticity.

Compression of the fine rubber in the tread of Converse Tires when in action largely accounts for their amazing mileage.

SKID-PROOF—The sturdy, unfailing suction grips in the compression tread hold fast to the slipperiest road surface long after ordinary "non-skids" are worn smooth.

APPEARANCE—These super-wear tires, made of fadeless, ebony-black rubber, add to the good looks of any car

The diagram below illustrates the action of Converse Compression Tread *after* air pressure is introduced: side walls expand slightly—forcing tread downward in *entire flat contact with the road* and tread is thus compressed inward from the sides ¼ inch or about 8%. With the addition of the weight of the car—*maximum compression results.*



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Motorists will be pleasantly surprised at the prices now effective for these master-built tires. Our sweeping reduction of May 2d puts them easily within reach of every car owner.

To know more about Converse Cords, ask your dealer or write for our free booklet, "Ten Profitable Minutes." Converse Tire Division, 801 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Converse Tires

Cool, lukewarm or hot water — Which?

Use water of *any* temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot. The point is, you can use hot water but there is no *need* to with Fels-Naptha. Therefore, so many choose the washing method of greatest comfort—cool or lukewarm water and Fels-Naptha; and the method of greatest ease—soap the clothes well, soak (with light rubbing on extremely soiled places), and rinse.

Fels-Naptha is the perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha. The naptha works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes all the dirt away, leaving the clothes sweet, fresh and bright! And with that delightful clean-clothes smell!

Get the real naptha soap—the good golden bar in the red-and-green wrapper. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

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Thousands have for years found Fels-Naptha indispensable in camping and outdoors where hot water is hard to get. It works so remarkably, even in cold water.

Smell the real naptha in Fels Naptha!

And its uses are so varied! Fels Naptha easily, quickly, thoroughly cleans dishes, pans, clothes—everything. And astonishingly so in cold water.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

(Continued from Page 38)

I shook my head in profound disapproval of the Frenchman, and then lost myself in thought of Odette's position. There was even more coming to her than an interrupted wedding and imprisonment. Her mother could easily procure from the French consulate general the cancellation of her passport. Odette, in fact, could almost literally be dragged from the altar to prison or to the Boulogne boat. Here the plot touched high comedy, for nothing was coming to Odette. In the eyes of LeCroix and Madame Seravin, she was all but compromised. Any husband, even I, was a savior. Guardian and mother would be the happiest guests at the wedding, yet Odette was straining every nerve to keep them from knowledge of it.

She should keep on straining. She was going to work overtime. She was going to dance to my tune, and the ballroom floor was to be all England. She was to be made to rush helter-skelter, laying trails which she and I should follow. She should be ruthlessly dragged from the side of that raw bumpkin who so asininely blushed and cuddled her in church. She should be forced to amuse, cajole, wheedle, even flirt with me. Again and again I thought of that long exchange of glances under the willow tree in dreamy Sutton Courtney backwater, and I remembered how her slow lids had drooped under my burning gaze. Had my gaze burned? I laughed cynically. I reflected that Odette had a rudimentary conscience, for I recalled an odd remark of hers. When I had exclaimed with passionate ardor—I sneered as I considered whether the ardor in my utterance was passionate—that everybody and everything trusted her, she had answered that she had never betrayed a kingfisher.

"She never had a chance!" I said to myself as I lighted a cigarette without saying by your leave to the curate.

What a glorious, gorgeous lark at my expense she had made of all this, and with what abandon she had enjoyed it! At twists and turns in the false trail along which she had dragged me she had paused for a little incidental amusement at my expense. At one twist she kindly lets me prove to a lodging-house keeper that I am off my head. At another turn she gently leads me into a mad and romantic engagement with herself. Still again, when no third person is present before whom she can make a fool of me, she wheedles a diamond away to show to her lover. I now perceived the shocking taste displayed in borrowing it. That this perception came belated was some measure of the allurement that this girl had had for me.

I tried to look pleasant, and again led the curate to talk about banns. I said I thought that the custom was unknown in the United States, and that I had never heard them called until that morning.

"Sounded rather quaint," I said. "Do couples come to hear their names announced?"

The curate smiled and nodded.

"Of course. This morning's turtle doves were there. A fine-looking couple. I wished them joy as I came out."

"French names, I thought."

"Yes, I dare say. I can't recall them."

"Not his?"

He shook his head.

"One reads out so many. I am a stranger there, and was sent for to undertake morning duty. The vicar is ill. If he is not better I must go down to-morrow week and take the marriage."

I had seven days for vengeance!

On Saturday I should take the *maman* down there. She would say: "Bless you, my children." Odette would be wildly grateful to me. But in the meantime —

Arrived in London I went straight to Jim Shaw, but was told that he was away motoring. I had intended to find out if he had learned anything from Carol Bourne. She, too, with her sentimental eyes and her red breeches, was in the conspiracy. I saw now how she had overplayed her treacly part, and that her father's rigmarole about queens of beauty and my rushing about with a guitar after Odette was clever burlesque at my expense.

I called on Madame LeCroix to promise a meeting with her daughter within the week, but Jacques told me that the touching home-coming of LeCroix had been celebrated by an excursion to Brighton.

"Monsieur le Vicomte left for Dover by an early train," Jacques said. "Exhausted Monsieur LeCroix seeks the seaside as a tonic. Madame, happy in his return to the simple life of home, goes with him; also, Madame Seravin."

"Coffee and sandwiches, Jacques. I have had no lunch."

I went into LeCroix's den and fell into thought of the singular scenes which those silent walls had witnessed. Here LeCroix, on the edge of apoplexy, had charged me with decoying Odette from his virtuous home; on that table and that other table, and on the chimney piece, and on the chairs, had rested the floral tributes sent by a despairing lover to a sick sweetheart who was not his sweetheart, not sick and not at home; sitting in the chair in which I now sat, this grand *seigneur* of France had heard with horror that the young and beautiful queen of his heart must henceforth be hairless! What next?

The answer came in the piercing nasal falsetto of Henri, the chauffeur:

"*Hé, hé!* My little pullets, are you all ready? The auto is at the back entrance, and she is in it."

I heard giggling and murmurs from below, and then Jacques came with my sandwiches.

"So! Henri is at it again! And who is she?"

"His fiancée, monsieur. To celebrate, they take our two maids for a joy ride. I hope, monsieur ——"

"Send Henri here."

The one-time Apache from the slums of Paris entered with a villainous contortion of face muscles meant for a friendly grin. I felt relieved, for I had shamelessly left hysterical Alphonsine in his hands.

"What did you do with her, Henri?"

I despair of translating his argot, but it ran something like this:

"I told her," he said with a ghastly chuckle, "I would cut her heart in four pieces if she let out a peep. She and I speak the same tongue, monsieur; and she knew that I meant it and would do it, so she quieted down and behaved like a perfect lady. I took her to the Café Royal and gave her an absinth frappé. She told me all about it. A fool scheme, monsieur." Henri's contempt was vitriolic. "She had lost her head—she admitted it."

"In prison now, I suppose?"

"Not likely, with me in charge."

"Oh, you've hidden her?"

Henri sneered at my simple suggestion.

"That girl can't be hidden," he said with pride. "Her picture is in every capital of Europe. No, monsieur, I sent her straight to Captain Saumarez to make a clean breast of it."

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"No, monsieur." Henri leered contemptuously. "But I know the sort he is. There's a dead certain winner for his kind. I ordered her to say that Monsieur Louquet would call on him. I am Louquet. I saw him an hour ago. I pulled it off—snap!—just like that. He won't prosecute. I knew he wouldn't."

Henri grinned as he cracked his yellowed, double-jointed finger.

"But Henri," I exclaimed, surprised at Jack's leniency, "I was told she was wanted in Paris."

"Bah! The law wants her, but the *sous-préfets* and the *gendarmes* don't. I know all about their little games." He paused, then added with impressive pride: "Paris is safer without her. Yes, monsieur, she is big enough for that; she is important enough to be let alone so long as she stays away. I told Captain Saumarez that. Then I sprung the great words on him. English cops won't fall for it; but magistrates do always, and English gentlemen." He paused dramatically while I waited tensely for the mystic incantation which was guaranteed to save criminals from just penalties. Henri uttered it in English "I said" he put his hand on his heart and looked up at the ceiling—"'I will make an honest woman of her.'"

"What? You will marry her?"

He nodded proudly.

"If Paris wasn't barred to her I couldn't take her on," he explained. "I couldn't hold her there. I should have to fight all the time. But here!" He clenched a bony, bloodless fist, but not as an American would. It seemed to clasp the handle of a knife. "You see, monsieur, I've always got her where I want her. If she ever kicks too hard I put the police on her, and pop she goes across Channel to ten years in prison! We shall be very happy, monsieur."

"I congratulate you, Henri."

"Thanks, monsieur. The Paris outlaw is the only man in the world who understands women and love. Women must fear, monsieur. They must wade in it when they walk and float in it when they sleep. Will monsieur come to the wedding? Monsieur Saumarez will give the bride away."

"Since the introduction came through me, Henri," I said, "I will come."

"Thank you, monsieur. I am giving Monsieur LeCroix notice."

"That is best, Henri, I think. I shall not expose your joy ride."

He disappeared in a noiseless, rangy glide which suggested a tiger slipping through the jungle. I forgot him immediately. I was thinking always of Angela. When I went away I left a reassuring note for Madame Seravin.

Monday, gloomy and rainy, suiting my mood, was a lost day; for I could do nothing until I met Angela at the railway station. I went there early, with my waterproof high above my ears, and skulked about; and Angela did just about what I had thought she would do. She came, muffled, scudded down the platform and hid among large tin milk pails at its outer end. When the train arrived she, who had come from the East Coast and crossed London in a taxi, mixed with the passengers from the West.

I pulled myself together and marched with apparent gay abandon to the battle. I held all the enemy maps, knew all the enemy plans; the dissembling smile on my lips hid stern purpose, and the glad look in my eyes overlay a glint which meant no quarter! Angela came toward me, camouflaged as I, pretending pleasure, carrying her waterproof and so disarming in her charm that I had hastily to swallow hot indignation.

A woman said: "How beautifully her skirt hangs!"

The other answered: "That girl would look all right in any old thing."

People turned and glanced and smiled. She was sunshine in that grimy, dark, dull station—for everybody but me.

"You've had a wet journey," I said solicitously.

"Saturday was sunny. Be content, Roke."

As she thus picked up the threads precisely where we had laid down the ends, she looked with apparent candor straight into my eyes, and her frank, jolly smile shot me through with bitterness.

"Luggage?"

"All right. Sent straight through."

As I put her into a taxi she said "Victoria." But I muttered another destination to the chauffeur, and he nodded.

"Splendid news, Angela! The ogre's gone to his den in the South of France."

"Oh!"

Little anxious lines came in the corners of her eyes, and her lips straightened.

"Yes, fine, isn't it? Odette can safely come back. I'm in earnest now. I've been—you and I have been—pretending a little, haven't we? I've got to find her, and find her quick. I must play the game with her mother and my partner."

"Of course. I'm so glad for Odette."

She made a gallant effort to say it as though she meant it.

"If you should hear ——"

"Certainly, Roke."

If I could have accepted that "Roke" at its voice value I should have thought that the sun was shining. I had not measured the attraction that this girl had for me. Now I knew. Every false word, every deceiving look, each manufactured smile, was a separate stab that cut deeper than the skin. I could not affect light spirits, but my grave manner helped me, for it further alarmed her. I was ruthless. I thought of that lover waiting for her at Folkestone, and I tightened the chains.

"Odette has won," I said. "Her mother with great tact has dismissed the vicomte but retained his friendship. Madame Seravin wishes to return home immediately. The least Odette can do is to come back and go with her mother, isn't it?"

Angela, silent, looked anxiously out into the rain.

"Isn't it?" I repeated sharply. Angela jumped and shot a swift, hostile glance, instantly veiled.

"If she had other plans, Roke?" she asked with a slow hesitation. "I want to help you, of course, but I owe something to her too. Suppose I should hear from her, and take you to her, and she didn't want that, and she had good reasons—you wouldn't give her away, would you?"

Her voice, exquisitely low, a little tremulous, would yesterday have brought assent to any suggestion.

"Double-crossing, Angela," I retorted briskly. "We had all that out once. She's not of age, and the mother has rights. The old lady's behaved pretty well, after all, and I'm all on her side."

My ultimatum, as I knew it would, strung her nerves taut and forced brilliant acting. She laughed so spontaneously that I echoed the note.

"How differently you men see things!" she cried. "All right; if I find her I'll take you to her and leave her to your generosity."

When the taxi stopped at the Carlton her eyes narrowed and her fine nostrils quivered.

"One train later will make no difference," I said humbly.

"Oh, come along then."

She walked into the palm room as though a willing captive. I had my lady tamed. I thought of the lover at Folkestone turning blankly from a train empty for him, and resolved that he should do it at least twice. Angela seemed to be on the top note of high spirits. Her talk was most amusing. I said no more than yes and no, and smiled and laughed as we sipped tea and munched cakes.

Why should I exert myself? It was her business to amuse the dreaded detective. She never asked the time; she never spoke of trains; she was never serious, except for an instant when she returned the diamond.

"The river," she said, "is an irresponsible place. I should not have asked for it. I am sorry."

At my lazy leisure I asked for a timetable. I looked up apparently startled.

"I have made you miss three trains," I said.

"You have made me forget time," she answered, smiling gayly.

Angela was a good sportsman and a good actress. At the station, as the train was moving, my parting shot was deadly.

"I am coming to Folkestone on Wednesday," I announced.

She nipped the frown, transformed the angry glance.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured, "I shall not be there."

"Hard luck on me," I regretted. "It won't seem Folkestone with you away."

She looked at me, startled, frightened. I waved my hand and raised my hat. I was caught in the crowd of outgoing passengers. I wished that I had a pistol in either hand and could pop right and left. If Angela had meant that last hour I should have wished to embrace every one of them. I was as bad as that.

XIII

ON TUESDAY I clung to my rooms, impatiently awaiting the telegram which should keep me out of Folkestone. It came about lunch time, and in it Angela said that she had heard from Odette and was writing to me. No particulars, you see, lest I should go to the place in advance and discover how trails were laid; but she must mail her letter early to insure its arrival by the morning delivery. Thus it reached me, as the Oxford note had, in the late afternoon. It contained a line in French, supposed to have come from Odette, which translated read thus:

"Such a ripping week on the lovely river. I row from Cookham to Maidenhead on Wednesday, getting there at noon. Can't you come up to lunch with me at the inn? And we'll have an afternoon on the river."

Angela wrote to me:

"Now we have her. I will go up with you on the ten-o'clock train from Paddington. It's a close connection for me, and if I should miss it you go on and I'll follow by the next. If you find her before I'm there, and you choose to introduce yourself, please, please, make her understand why I've told you."

Now wouldn't you have been fooled if you hadn't pierced the conspiracy? I imagined Angela-Odette in tears as she penned these two letters, and her lover looking over her shoulder muttering curses. She must flirt away another long summer's day with me.

"Ah!" I cried, and went and bought two large-size silk handkerchiefs, one brilliant red, the other shining yellow. These I took to Jim Shaw's rooms and spread over the backs of two chairs.

"Jim," I cried, "it is a grand river *fiesta* for you to-morrow! You are to take Monsieur LeCroix and his women-folk to Maidenhead by the eleven-thirty train."

"Nothing doing! I've got a date."

(Continued on Page 44)

Westinghouse

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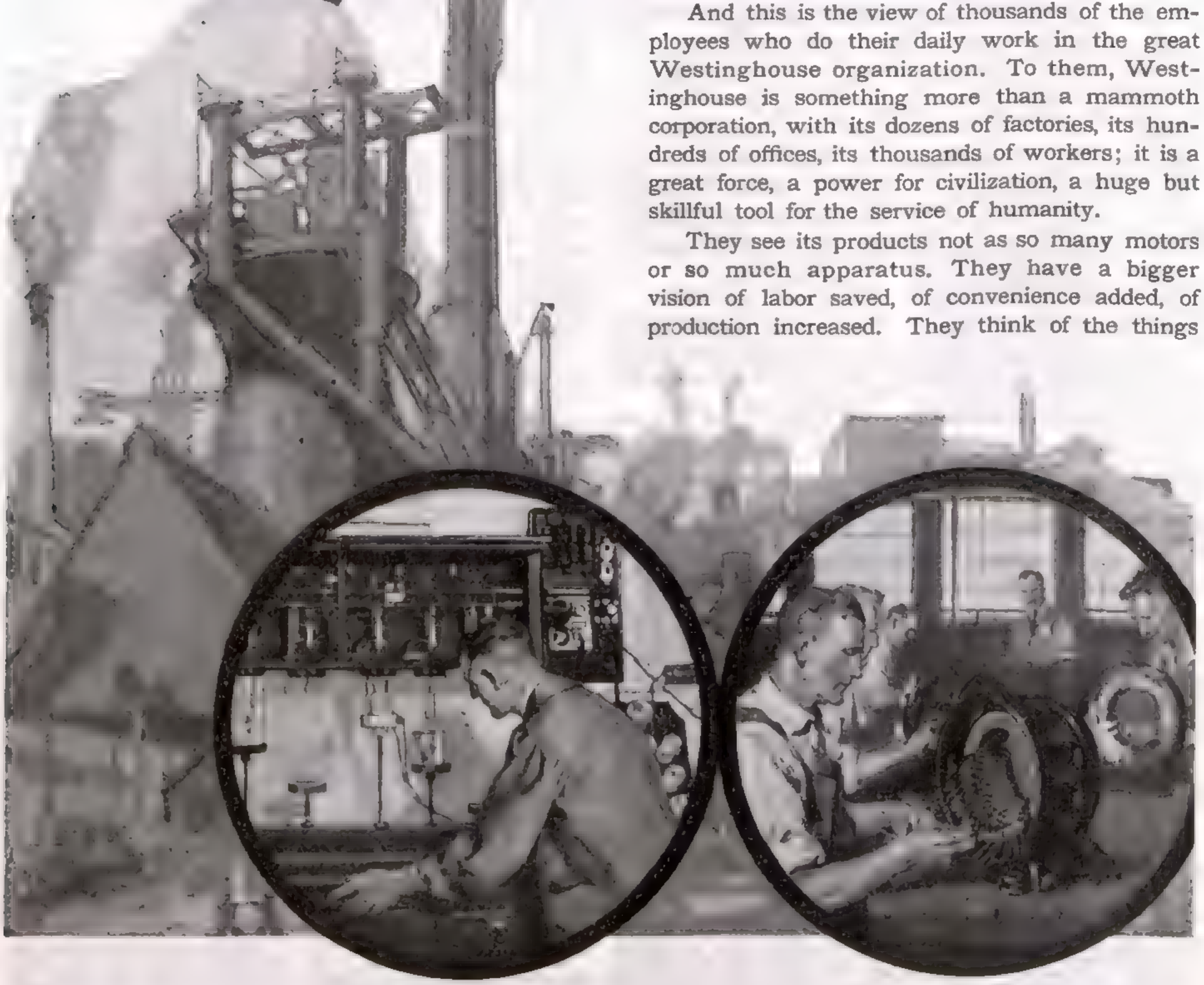
They see its products not as so many motors or so much apparatus. They have a bigger vision of labor saved, of convenience added, of production increased. They think of the things



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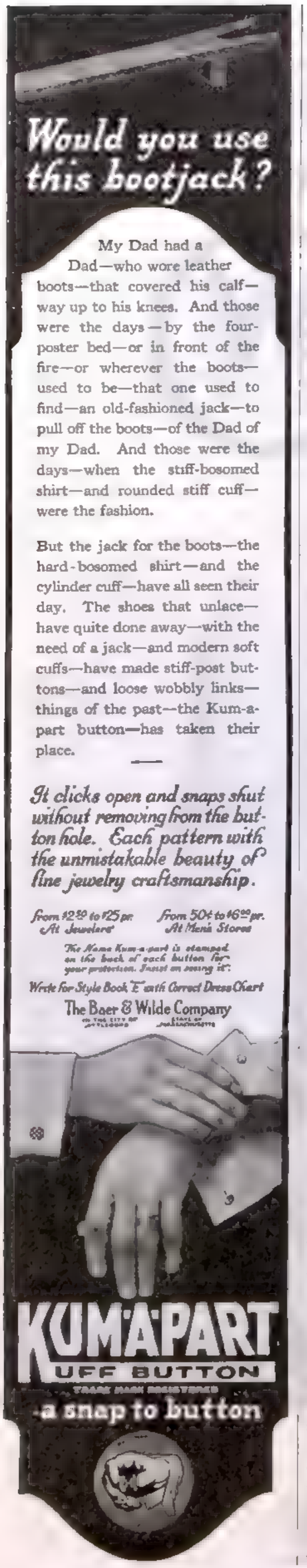
SERVICE

"Westinghouse Service follows the sale." Service engineers see to it that Industry gets the maximum value, and the longest possible service, out of Westinghouse apparatus when it has been put to work.


Would you use this bootjack?
My Dad had a Dad—who wore leather boots—that covered his calf—way up to his knees. And those were the days—by the four-poster bed—or in front of the fire—or wherever the boots—used to be—that one used to find—an old-fashioned jack—to pull off the boots—of the Dad of my Dad. And those were the days—when the stiff-bosomed shirt—and rounded stiff cuff—were the fashion.
But the jack for the boots—the hard-bosomed shirt—and the cylinder cuff—have all seen their day. The shoes that unlace—have quite done away—with the need of a jack—and modern soft cuffs—have made stiff-post buttons—and loose wobbly links—things of the past—the Kum-a-part button—has taken their place.
It clicks open and snaps shut without removing from the button hole. Each pattern with the unmistakable beauty of fine jewelry craftsmanship.
from $2.50 to $25 pr. At Jewelers'
from 50¢ to $6.00 pr. At Men's Stores
The Name Kum-a-part is stamped on the back of each button for your protection. Insist on seeing it.
Write for Style Book 'E' with Correct Dress Chart
The Baer & Wilde Company
KUM'A'PART
UFF BUTTON
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
-a snap to button

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"You must throw over Charing," I said sternly. "This is important."

Jim looked into my cold, hard eyes and sighed. I had never heard him do that before, but it failed to move me. I gave him terse sailing instructions.

"I will engage a motor launch at Maidenhead for you," I said, "one with a little cockpit. You are to tie up on the Bucks bank under the trees of Cliveden Woods and have lunch in the boat. Your party will sit in the cockpit behind the awning so that they can't readily be seen from the river. I shall be pulling downstream. If the girl in the boat with me is Odette, you are to wave the yellow rag; if she is not, flutter the red oriflamme of hope."

"Bah!" Jim sneered. "Take the girl to Charing. Carol will fasten the right tag on her."

"Miss Bourne," I answered icily, "is in this conspiracy. I have every reason to fear that Miss Egerton is Miss Seravin, but I cling to a desperate hope. I will have the evidence of her mother and her guardian, and I will have it my way."

Jim lighted one of his big black cigars and settled back in his chair.

"You are feeling this thing, son," he said.

"If she is Odette, I shall never trust woman again."

"And if she is Angela?"

"There is an opening for explanations."

Jim went to the telephone. In a minute I saw him start violently. Even hardy schooner captains trembled when LeCroix's bellow shook the telephone system to its foundations. I heard the little excursion arranged as I had commanded.

"Tell him to wear a straw hat," I whispered, "and leave his gloves at home." This Jim did with great delicacy. "Venoit will be open," I added. "Telephone for a lunch to be delivered to you at the station in the morning." This command my friend executed.

"Jim," I said when we parted, "you have given up a date for me, and ——"

"Drop it!" he broke in with dignity. "I'm concerned in this. I must prove to you that Miss Bourne is the crystal soul of truth."

That evening I tried in vain to find Jack Saumarez. He had not kept an appointment with me; he was not at his club and not at his house; so I registered the diamond to him. I would not trust it to any servant of his.

I reached Maidenhead by the last train that night, and was afloat the next morning early in a tiny motor boat.

"I have had it here," I said to the man, pointing to the sun and tapping my noddle, "and I am ordered fresh air without sunshine."

And so the rain curtains were let down from the awning, but not ahead or astern. Halfway up the beautiful Cliveden reach I saw in the distance a boat which held a girl, alone.

"Turn," I said, "and go slow. The vibration hurts my head."

We all but drifted, and I lounged at full length and peered between curtains.

Odette went by—a different Odette, the real Odette; or at least a girl obviously foreign, much overdressed for the river, yet beautifully dressed, with a drooping flower-covered hat, and lace half sleeves. She sat very erect and she looked stiff yet exotic; but she feathered beautifully with wrists supple as rubber, and her trained skill redeemed her from ridicule. One felt sorry that she came from a country where river girls dressed like that. I was jubilant. The real Odette was laying the trail. Angela existed after all!

I ducked as she got far enough ahead to see me, but after a minute I clapped my field glasses to my eyes. At first I doubted, but I had to give in. Angela, strangely changed, but still Angela!

I had found precisely what I had expected to find, yet I sank back to the cushions with a groan.

"A little faster," I said, and I lay down, put my handkerchief over my face and pretended to sleep.

We got into the lock at the same time as she did, and presently I heard her voice—Angela's voice. She asked the lock keeper, in very broken English, about trains and Cliveden Woods, and whether Lord Astor allowed people to land on his property. She was marking her course so clearly that those who might follow could not be mistaken. I ventured to peep. I saw that she had no more than brought her hair quaintly down on each side of her face. Severely dressed, she would have looked a charming Quakeress; elaborately clothed, she achieved a definite effect of foreign elegance.

I landed below the lock, jumped into a taxi, waited near the boathouse and presently Angela came out.

"Follow slowly," I ordered.

She went straight to the station. A porter stood by the ticket office.

"Did that French lady take a ticket?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, for London."

"When is the train due out?"

"In five minutes, sir."

When the train came I bolted across the platform and jumped in. Just across the river it stopped at Taplow, and I saw Angela get out. I followed, after she had left the platform, and I looked over into the street below. She was entering a waiting limousine. I smiled grimly. I certainly was making her work. I pictured her changing her clothes and rearranging her hair in that moving dressing room. I caught the train by which Angela was supposed to travel from London, and returned to Maidenhead.

Angela had no doubt been waiting in her automobile, for after a minute I saw her in the crowd, acting just as though she had descended from the train. She was in white now, just as she had been in Oxford, and as she came toward me with her frank, friendly smile, she looked such sweet innocence that I scowled. She seemed a little troubled at this, and when she extended her hand she searched my face with such honest eyes that it seemed to me I was looking straight into her mind and that nothing was hidden from me. I could not face her. I was ashamed for her. Such fathomless duplicity made truth itself a lie and the world unreal. I was ashamed for myself, too, for I had forced her to this. Meanwhile she was talking as we walked out of the station, and smiling and throwing swift side glances and wondering, I am sure, if she had been found out. She was telling me how she had come to miss the London connection, as she had feared she would, and she hinted regret at having missed the journey with me. She had to flatter and wheedle; she had to keep me in a good humor. I struggled in vain to respond.

"We've missed her again," I said abruptly.

She pretended surprise so perfectly that my gloom deepened.

"That can't be, Roke," she denied. "She expects me to lunch."

"She took the London train. I've traced her."

"Oh, you must be mistaken. Come to the inn."

There we found a note which had been brought, they said, by a boy from the boathouse. Odette said in it that she was *désolée;* her suitcase had been missent to London and it contained some jewelry that she valued. She had thought it best to follow in person. How perfectly it had all been arranged! But my counter plans were not without merit. I was bitterly determined to keep this girl from her lover till the last possible moment.

"Oh, Roke, I am so sorry!" Angela's murmur was timidly regretful. "I can't blame her. She had some pretty trinkets."

"Let us follow," I said. "We might catch her still searching at Paddington. If not, I could get to Folkestone after all, and sniff a whiff of the sea."

That was the deep rowel of the cruel spur that set Angela to prancing. She simply had to head me off.

"All right," she cheerfully acquiesced; "but there's time for one look at the river."

We strolled, but I noticed that she kept clear of the boathouse. I remembered that she had not gone to the hotel with me at Oxford, and how she had avoided Culham Lock. She was taking no chances of being recognized. She was all honey and sugar as she looked wistfully out over the lovely stretch of water, now at its very best.

"We stand no chance of finding her at Paddington," she sighed.

In the end I let myself be persuaded, and she thought that it was by her will that we taxied to Cookham. There we had a basket packed, and together we went to the boathouse. She hummed ragtime as I chose a double sculler, and her language was all American slang. The boatman never suspected that he had seen her before that morning, not even when I asked him about the French lady.

"Let me be lazy, Angela," I said as I slipped into the stern and kept the boat steady for her.

"So you shall."

I saw her wince as she pulled away, and I guessed that her hands were blistered—she was a sportsman. In the taxi each of us had worked to similar ends—to make the other friendly. We had—from our differing motives—tried so hard and pretended so well that by the time we entered the boat I, at any rate was actually enjoying myself. As we glided along by those romantic shaded banks I resolved that this should be my last persecution of Angela; and not a day of vengeance either, but of pleasure—to me; perhaps even to her; for it should have a grand finale—the end should be the truth. Angela should go back to her lover and tell him that they had nothing to fear from madame. It should be a day to be remembered. It turned out so to be, but not as I had planned it.

As I lolled back in the stern a gentle breath of air half turned the leaves of an osier bed, and the white undersides made a gleaming island of silver. Angela saw this and laughed for pleasure. Tall stems of loosestrife made one bank a purple mass. She pointed this out to me. She knew the difference between swallows and martins and swifts, and she showed me these mysterious darting swifts, which have never been known to perch nor discovered sleeping at night. Of course I thought of the footless martlets in her coat of arms, and of Angela's pretended pride in her pedigree. I made a gibing comment about John of Egerton, and she laughed.

"Daddy," she said, "paid a thousand dollars for that pedigree. He sent it to another expert. Every ancestor was faked. It was all a fraud."

"You didn't tell me that!" I cried, astonished at this admission, and almost forgetting that she was Odette.

"You were a stranger," she said with a provocative smile. "I couldn't expose skeletons that are not ours, could I? Daddy laughed and adopted the brand as a joke; but mother's note paper is still starred with martlets."

"I thought you were a howling snob," I said penitently.

"I am glad," Angela retorted, "that I improve on acquaintance."

And then she began to talk about the West with an intimate enthusiasm which compelled sympathy and inspired confidence. She actually built up the gay camaraderie of that other excursion, and I delighted in her, in her appearance, in her talk, in her jolly, ringing laugh. I was under her spell. I said to myself that it was simply impossible for Odette to talk that way about the West. No one could who had not been there, and stayed there, and loved it. I told myself that no girl with a lover at Folkestone could talk and act as this girl was doing. She was carefree; she was enjoying herself. Her words were spontaneous; her laughter bubbled as a mountain stream. There is a freemasonry about these things, and there are subtle indications and messages which you feel but cannot so much as put into thought, much less into words. She could not be Odette; I left it at that. I thought of my unbidden, surprising words to Jack Saumarez; but now they did not surprise me. It seemed to me that I had been intending to marry Angela, if I could, from our first moment of meeting.

I was watching her openly all the time; a coxswain's eyes may always rest on stroke. She breathed out vitality and a sweet health as she steadily pulled. Her arm muscles rippled silkily and her flexible wrists wreathed almost in a half circle. Often our glances met, and hers rested in friendly candor, inviting confidence and appearing to give it. It did not matter to me now that she was deceiving me. Her little fraud was honorable and did her credit. She was helping a friend to get married—no more. I thought of all these things, and of how the bright sun could find no flaw in her wholesome, fine skin, and how breeding showed in the ear that I saw every time I pretended to be looking downstream over her shoulder.

I was swaying dreamily backward and forward with her movement as she rowed, when I saw the nose of Jim Shaw's launch projecting from the trees. I was instantly shot through with anxiety. My spirits dropped, my tongue lagged, I answered at random. I had not forced Angela to the oars from cruelty, but that she might face

(Continued on Page 47)

I'm like Velvet Joe-
"When I go fishin'
I want fish that bite,
and tobacco that don't"
—and this is why good old Velvet doesn't bite.
It's mellowed in wooden hogsheads for two long years. You know ageing is the best way to mellow tobacco. Nature's patient method is the slow way, but it takes out the harshness and bite and leaves mild mellowness—just Velvet.
Each season we store millions of pounds of fine Kentucky Burley this way, to be used for Velvet two years later.
That's why Velvet is the fastest growing brand.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
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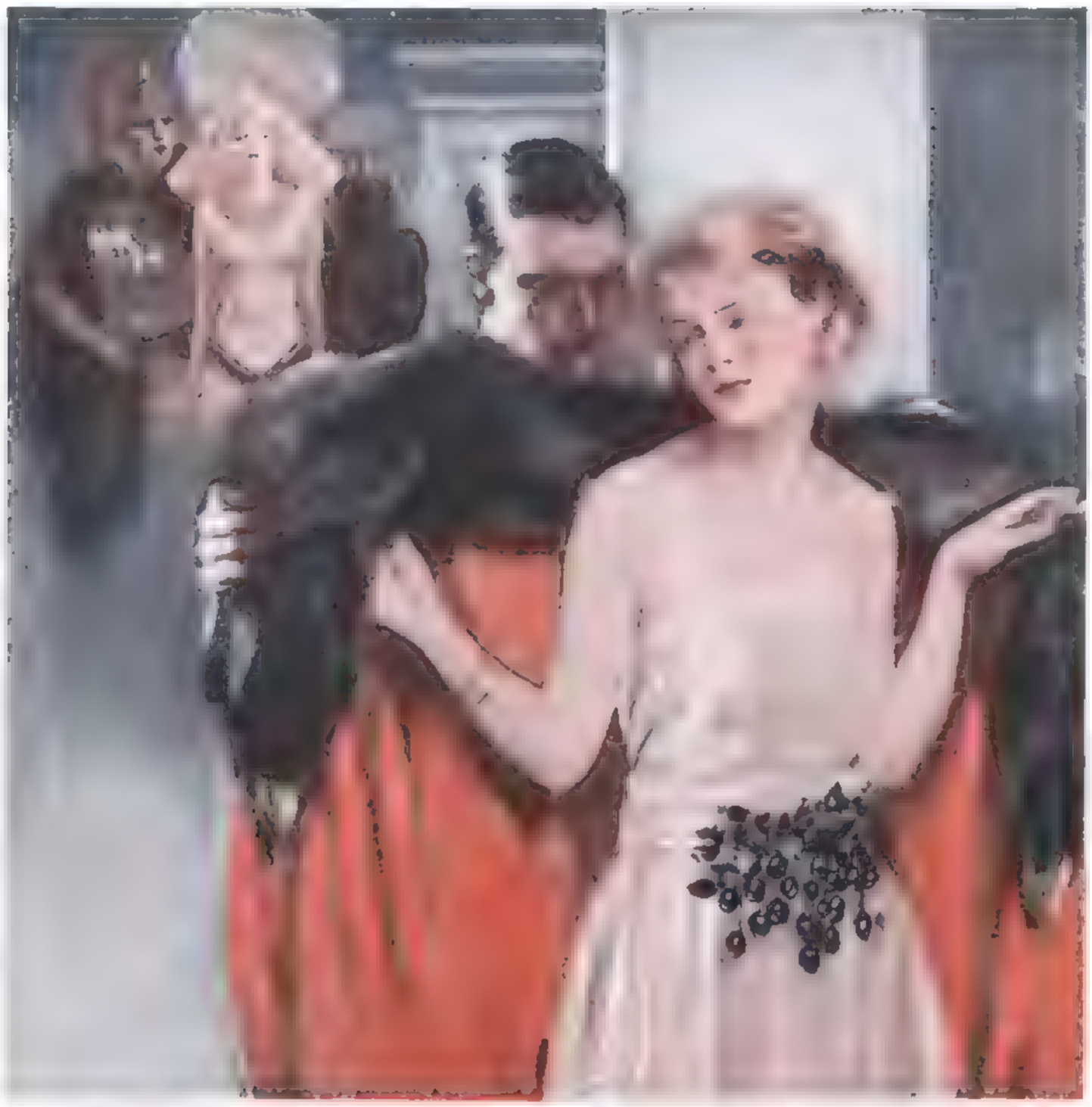
America's Smoothest Smoke



The Secret of Charm Never Changes

Throughout the ages it exerts its power, this charm to which the world bows, changing history and making queens—of nations as well as hearts.

Few can describe it, for charm doesn't depend upon beauty alone. The woman who wields it may be dark or fair, of any race or type. Only this is certain—she has a perfect skin, fresh, youthful, free from blemishes—the irresistible attraction which all understand and admire.

Begin today to give your complexion the care it needs and this charm will also be yours. It's a beauty secret of ancient Egypt and the beautiful Cleopatra.

How to beautify your skin

Bad complexions are largely due to lack of proper cleansing. The pores become clogged, then enlarged, then irritated. Blackheads and blotches follow.

The best preventive is a daily cleansing with Palmolive soap. It makes a balmy, creamy lather, for the base is palm and olive oils. A gentle massage makes it penetrate. A rinsing takes it out, and with it come all accumulations which have clogged the skin. Finish with a dash of cold water and a touch of cold cream. Then your skin will be fresh and rosy, clear, soft, smooth.

A lesson from stage women

All women can learn something from women of the stage, who use much rouge, much powder.

But they remove them before they sleep. And with them the oil, the dirt and perspiration which clog up the pores of the skin.

Their complexions will show you that they do no harm when skins are treated the right way.

Ancient beauties knew the way

Roman beauties, in their famous baths, used palm and olive oils. Egyptian beauties used them in Cleopatra's time.

Now modern science finds no better way to beauty than by scientific blending of these oils.

Only 10c, yet supreme

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The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont
Manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for

10c

The greatest of toilet luxuries at a price all can afford

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(Continued from Page 44)

upstream until we came abreast of the launch. Now I said that I should like to work. She glided aft, and my arm encircled her waist as I handed her the tiller ropes. I pressed—well, just a little—and Angela stiffened. I took her place at the oars and looked over her shoulder for the signal. Angela eyed me curiously. I was hatless, in pitiless sunshine, every muscle in my face under a high light; and I could not control my features. I saw Jim Shaw come to the bow. I began to pull like a madman, in sheer emotional excitement. Shaw looked upstream, drew out a handkerchief, wiped his forehead, let it droop, then waved it casually about. It was yellow!

"Are you ill?" Angela asked anxiously.

"Cramp," I stammered as I continued my hot spurt. "I must work it off."

I watched that yellow message of misery until it ceased to darken the air. When I could no longer see it I glanced at Angela. She was bending forward, peering through eyes narrowed by sunlight and anxiety. What my look told her I do not know, but she jerked her head back as though to avoid a blow.

"Stop!" she commanded. "You are as white as a sheet."

But I went on madly, mechanically calculating that I was doing thirty-six strokes to the minute.

"You'll strain yourself," she warned, but my brain was still whirling and my nerves tense. That broad-beamed double sculler continued to shoot forward in leaps. I went on until I was nearly all in, and my second wind would not come.

"Have you gone mad?" Angela asked, glancing about as though she would call out to some passing boat. She stretched forward and said in a pleading voice: "This is no racing shell. Are you sure your heart is all right?"

"That's for you to say," I gasped, resting on my oars and looking at her.

"Oh!" She sat up very straight and looked at me. "Oh!" she cried again, leaning backward far, refocusing her eyes by fluttering winks.

I think that I must have stared at her like a dazed owl. The boat drifted sidewise in a dead silence, while I tried to figure out how and why my words had so surprised Angela that she had lost control of herself. I had meant no more than a desperate effort to get back to normal. I had meant to be funny; I had tried to smile; but now I saw what Angela thought I meant. My tense white face, my staring eyes, my bended body, my gasping, breathless utterance had transformed my words into a panting, passionate declaration of love. Nothing less would account for Angela's amazement.

I knew that I was emphasizing this reading of my words by my silence, by my projected head, by the troubled glances which I had flung at her; but I could not pull myself together. It seemed to me that if I had said no word she must have read my story in my face, for I felt myself spent and trembling. This dejected lassitude was not the measure of physical fatigue from my spurt at the oars, but of the violence of the emotional storm through which I had passed. I was ashamed of my want of self-control. I had never been mentally knocked over and whirled round and round before. I remember thinking that girls who fainted must return to consciousness feeling as I was feeling. I called myself effeminate. Finally I realized the truth. I had been rushing on to an open declaration of my love for Angela. That unpremeditated, involuntary caress, that light encircling of her yielding waist had lighted the torch. The yellow flag had instantly put it out.

I looked at Angela, and now I really saw her. My brain registered the message of my eyes. She was lolling back and her hands were clasped behind her neck. Her long upper lashes overhung her lower lids, but I could see that her eyes were not closed, and my sharpened senses told me that her lazy posture was a pretense. The footboard was bending slightly under the tense pressure of her stiffened body, and her arms were rigid. Her face was white and her skin tight drawn, pinching her nose. Was it fear? She had reason. To be married on Monday, and I to be kept in a good humor lest I find out and perhaps prevent it. This thought was as a bucket of water flung over me. I was nearly my normal self.

"Cramp," I said, "must be worked off."

Angela was startled by this sudden break of the long silence. She opened her eyes wide and sat up.

"Was it very painful?" she asked solicitously. "You feel so horribly helpless when anybody has cramp. You can't do anything, can you? And it drives me wild when I'm ill or in pain and people pull a long face and talk rot about sympathy, and so I just sat tight. Has it quite gone? Oh, I'm glad of that! I knew an old lady who said she had to walk the floor for hours every night with it ——"

She went on nervously, swimming away from an awkward moment on a flood of words. Her color came back, and presently we were laughing, apparently as freely as though I had never seen a yellow flag. I proposed lunch and pulled to the Bucks bank. We shot beneath the cool shade of an overhanging beech, and I made the painter fast to its nude, fantastically curving root. I studied every word I uttered, every intonation, every gesture I made; for I meant to propose to her beneath the shade of that beech tree. How far would this Odette go—how far would she let me go, to protect her lover at Folkestone and insure her marriage to him. I meant to find out.

I was as cool as the shaded water looked to be, as wily as the eel that I saw gliding beneath the surface, and as hard as the polished mahogany thwarts of the boat. I think that curiosity as much as vindictiveness brought me to this pass, and she need never know that I was not serious. I had paved the way for it only too well, but I bent every energy to making her forget.

I had little need to pretend. We seemed more friendly than ever over that merry meal, yet she must know the inference which I must make. I must suppose that in her heart she liked that mad, passionate outbreak; and this duplicity of hers was asking for the obvious punishment. Though the incident was ignored, it brought a new element into our relations; I was delicately showing always my regret; she was indicating subtly that I was forgiven.

We had a jolly hour, an hour of camaraderie and laughter, without one touch of fingers or one languishing glance such as we had exchanged at Sutton Courtney. I had no sentimental regrets for the loss of her. That quarantine flag—I had chosen yellow with design—had effectively warned me off. I had had my momentary attack, and like recovered yellow-fever patients I was better than ever.

Our last meal was ended, a meal to remember even without its coming dramatic conclusion. Angela was sitting in the stern thwarts looking out toward the river, dreaming—dreaming of the lover at Folkestone, of course. Her elbows rested on her knees, her hands were cupped about her chin. She was a lovely foreshortened statue, and the curve of her back swept in a beautiful line. A breath of wind played with the curling tendrils on her neck and ruffled the tousled brown hair on her bare head. Within five minutes she would be a happy girl, and it was I who would lead her to it, for I was now certain that she would answer my proposal by confession. She would tell me of her engagement, and I would magnanimously promise a mother's forgiveness for her and a mother's welcome to her sweetheart. It was the sure ending; there was no other course open to a good sport; and Angela was that. I rehearsed my generous answer to her confession, to her passionate appeal for secrecy. I reveled in her gratitude, and I saw myself going to the telegraph office with her and sending a message to the anxious Folkestone lover that all was well.

"Angela!" I murmured.

She turned her head quickly, for I had made her name throb. She saw that in my face which brought a half twist in her seat that she might more directly look into my eyes. She boldly took the initiative.

"Don't, Roke, please," she said. She spoke with an intense appeal, but her voice was level and she faced me without confusion.

"You guessed!" I cried. "I am glad!"

I bent forward and would have clasped her hand, but she drew it away.

"Could I help it?" she asked. Her eyes reproached me. "Is it fair, Roke?" she pleaded. "We hardly know each other."

"I've known you all my life."

I said this with fervor, for my acting was improved. I was getting angry as I saw that she was not going to confess. Instead of smiling at this wild exaggeration her lids drooped for an instant.

"Is it fair?" she repeated.

"Fair?" I echoed, as though wondering. "How can it be unfair to tell you that I love you?"

She dropped her head at this, and I heard the sharp catch of her breath.

"I wished to help you," she murmured, "and I trusted you." And her face was hidden from me.

"You can—still." I bent forward and whispered this softly in her ear: "You can trust me in everything, anything."

Instead of accepting this invitation to confession, she turned her back on me, but not in anger or repulsion. It seemed to me that it was no more than an impulsive movement further to conceal her face. I began to wonder in the long silence. The odd thought came to me that I stood a chance of cutting out that Folkestone lover, whose banns had been twice called in church. I had no wish for this. I must not act so brilliantly.

Angela made a sudden dive and seated herself in the stern.

"Roke," she said in an ordinary conversational tone, "you are playing the kid, and you know better."

Understanding that my vanity had for an instant led me to a fatuous fear, I told her hotly that I knew but one thing—that I loved her; and that I wanted to learn one other thing only, whether she loved me. She lifted her expressive, level brows and dared to look pained reproach.

"You force me to plain speaking," she lectured. "I wished to help you. I was willing to do what I could. I don't say it did not amuse me. I don't say it was any hardship. Still, I did it. You are a stranger. I have never met you properly, but I came with you as freely as though we were old friends; more freely—the little spice of adventure perhaps; I came because I trusted you." She leaned forward, and she stressed her last words intensely. "Roke," she appealed, "can't you see that you are on honor?"

Her superb acting was interfused with a deep feeling, but it was that of a lapwing that simulates a broken wing to lead an intruder from the nest. I slipped into the seat which she had vacated, and I leaned over and looked her straight in the eyes.

"If I see a jewel I want I grasp it," I said tensely. "Is there any hope for me?"

"Roke," she exclaimed, dismayed, "what has come over you?"

"You!" I shot out. "My arm was round your waist. You saw the effect of that. Oh, don't be afraid! I worked that off. But I will have an answer. Tell me—is there anybody else?"

Thus I gave her another chance. I waited. She had gone pale again, as white as she had before when I had had my mad fit. I heard the beech leaves rustle together over our heads. I heard a water vole plump softly into the stream.

"I love you—I love you," I whispered, keyed to emotional intensity.

She turned unwilling eyes to mine, and I held them and dreamed that I saw in them what I had seen in the backwater of Sutton Courtney. I forgot everything. I slipped to my knees and flung myself forward, stretching out my arms. She spread them wide with swift parrying of her two hands, and so my head was buried in her lap. I felt a light box on one ear and then on the other.

"Now, sit up!" She spoke as to a disobedient boy. "You shall row another mile and work off the cramp again."

Sullenly, sheepishly, I scrambled backward to my seat. Angela leaped to the bank, unfastened the painter, pushed with her foot and we shot out into sunlight. She was kneeling on the bow, grasping the gunwales, and the boat was rocking dangerously. I dared not move lest she fall into the water or upset the boat.

"Now be good," she admonished cheerfully as she steadied herself on my shoulder on her way aft. A minute later she chaffed me: "You are not working it off."

She laughed, evidently exhilarated by her escape into the open river. I answered no word. I only looked. By losing my head I had nearly lost my game; but my grave manner reminded Angela that she had left two questions without response.

"Roke," she said in her jolly, friendly way, "I'll give you your answer on Monday. Come down to tea at four."

I looked gloomily at her, wondering whether she would have started on her honeymoon by that time. I decided that she was incapable of asking me there to find her gone, and so, of course, this was an invitation to her little wedding reception.

"This is Wednesday," I answered. "I can't possibly wait all that time—unless—that is—just one hint."

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Hyclorite is a really valuable antiseptic for summer use. It allays the irritation of ivy poisoning and insect stings. It is especially useful for atomizer use, gargle and mouth wash. In every phase of first aid it is exceptionally successful. Use it for cuts, scratches, burns and abrasions. It helps to prevent tooth infections, purifies tooth and shaving brushes, suppresses perspiration odors, and aids in keeping nursing bottles and other utensils sweet.

The booklet wrapped around each bottle contains forty-two practical suggestions for personal protection.

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The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association has accepted Hyclorite. Ask your doctor how much that means.

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She evaded, I pressed. She never committed herself, never gave me a discouraging word. Her mental agility was amazing. I looked at her in wonder, and as I lazily pulled downstream I could look as much and as openly as I chose, for all glances supported my part. It was the most desperate and flagrant flirtation of my life. As a declared and hopeful lover I could say anything, and Angela had to take it with good humor.

If I grew sentimental, she brilliantly sparred. If I lavished impassioned praise on her brains, her face, her figure, she neatly parried. If I solemnly spoke of my prospects and my ambitions, she was all encouragement and sweet sympathy. She steered that conversation as neatly as she steered the boat. This last hour on the river with this affianced bride—I thought of her as that as we stepped on the platform of the boathouse—was going down in my diary in red letters. I had really enjoyed it.

"Will you stay for tea under a tree on the lawn, Angela?" I asked her.

I was glad that she refused. I feared the untimely appearance of Jim's launch, and Angela's discovery that I had arranged for a boatload of spies.

"I'd love to go on to London with you," I said, "but I'll do just what you say."

She smiled approval.

"If you were always as obedient ——" she said. "Please put me in the train."

I had to pull myself together as we went in a taxi, to keep up with the inexhaustible and unwearied Angela. She was as unflagging in spirits as she had been in the morning, and she looked as fresh as when she had first stepped into the boat.

"I have my ticket," she said as we went into the station, and I wondered whether her limousine was waiting for her at Taplow, and whether she was returning to her lover as Odette or as Angela. In other words, what was her ordinary appearance?

Well, on the last day I should ever see her I had seen her in both characters. It was not until the train was signaled that I heard the request for which I had been waiting, and to which all her brilliant acting led.

"Roke," she said, glancing up at me with a charming appeal in eyes now sobered again, "you see that I can't help you any more about Odette."

"Of course not. I don't expect it."

"And, of course, you see that I want time to decide—to think over ——"

"I shall leave you free," I promised. "I'll not write and I won't come to Folkestone."

She pressed my arm in mute thanks, and she no doubt felt rewarded for all her supple finesse of that day; for she thought she had won all that for which she had fought with the woman's weapons of coquetry and duplicity. She had cajoled me to nonaction; she had bribed me with a promise of a cup of tea; she could be married without interference. She became almost tender. This pretense made me contemptuous and angry, and my mood turned to that of the morning when I had greeted her. That was why, when she was seated in the train and her head was framed in the open window on a level with mine and she was looking farewell into my eyes and murmuring "Monday, Roke," I bent forward and kissed her full on the lips.

She did not refuse it. She did not draw back. She actually returned it. The train moved on. I had a fleeting vision of a flushed face and a last glance from eyes that looked no reproach. I denied all this when she had gone, for this parting had been measured but by seconds.

XIV

WHEN I got to my rooms that evening my landlord told me of abrupt, imperative telephone demands from LeCroix that I come immediately to his house. I laughed. Had he seen my arm about Odette's waist? He would demand my intentions, of course. There was but one answer: "Nothing is changed but the bridegroom." I went out to a good dinner. It is hungry and thirsty work to pull spurts on the river, make artistic proposals to another man's girl and be sparkling and clever during long hours of pretense. But when I flung away my cigar at LeCroix's door I was ready for anything. I should praise the manly appearance of the Folkestone lover, endow him with good family, give him a modest income and prove that only one course was open to accept him. Madame Seravin would go to her daughter in the morning waving an olive branch. I should go back to work. All would be well.

When I faced LeCroix in his den I saw that aristocratic associations had not even affected him skin deep, for his face was the color of a blood orange and his breathing the stertorous roaring of an asthmatic walrus.

"Where is Odette?" he thundered in French. That was his greeting.

"Calm yourself, *mon ami*," I answered. "She is quite safe. You saw that she is quite well."

"I saw—I?" he bellowed.

I stepped back, staring.

"Well, didn't you? Our boat passed close to yours."

LeCroix thrust his great head close to mine, peered into my eyes, then backed away and champed his great jaws in a vain effort to speak. I had thought that only a thunderbolt could strike him dumb; but at last he got out some words:

"That adventuress—did she deceive you too?"

I collapsed into a chair. LeCroix's voice softened incredibly.

"My poor boy! That impostor, that brazen huzzy, has deceived you too? She did not steal the spoons; not a jewel of my poor wife's is missing. Why then did she desecrate our home and degrade the sacred name of guardian?" He put his enormous hand protectively on my shoulder. "How far has she inveigled you into her toils? Confide in me as to a father.

"Ah, when I saw you to-day so happy with her I cried out in delight! 'Our dear Odette,' I said; 'and see, he embraces her! It is a signal to us of their happiness. What delicacy! What finesse! Let them float on in their bark of love. Our blessing go with them.' And my dear wife, her eyes brimming with fond tears, sighed happily and turned to Madame Seravin. 'I pray you glance, dear madame,' she begged. 'They are unconventional, perhaps, but the world has moved and customs have changed.'

"At last madame was persuaded. She glanced; she rose in surprise. 'Of what, of whom do you speak?' she demanded. 'It is not my daughter who accompanies this Monsieur Charteris.'"

For the second time that day I was mentally and emotionally knocked out. LeCroix released my shoulder with a pinch of affection which gripped like large tongs.

"We argued, my dear Roke, we protested. We went so far as to deny that this mother knew her own daughter. It was Mr. Shaw who saw the solution. 'This lady,' he said, 'must have come to your house instead of Miss Seravin.' Alas! My poor wife fell in hysterics and wept on my shoulder."

"Why didn't you come after me?" I demanded sharply

"My boy, we tried. Poor Madame Seravin, who had believed for some days that you were romantically guarding her daughter, was now in anxiety of the most intense, though she uttered never a word; and for her sake and ours we wished to confront that woman and you. But alas! The launch had been backed into weeds. Miles of them were round the shaft, and when they had been cut away every blade of the propeller had been snapped off. We were helpless; and you, how fast you had gone past us; what Herculean strength, what magnificent power, what superb mastery of the oars! Roke, such relief is it to know that you were a victim, too, and not mocking us or making heartless sport of an unhappy mother and an anxious guardian. But where is Odette? Ah, how can you know?"

"I do know," I answered, and then madame entered, stern, self-contained as usual. I bent over and kissed her hand. I thought fast. Angela would never forgive a cynical proposal made to a supposed Odette.

"Madame," I said, evading LeCroix's eyes, "I hope to marry Miss Egerton, whom you saw in the boat."

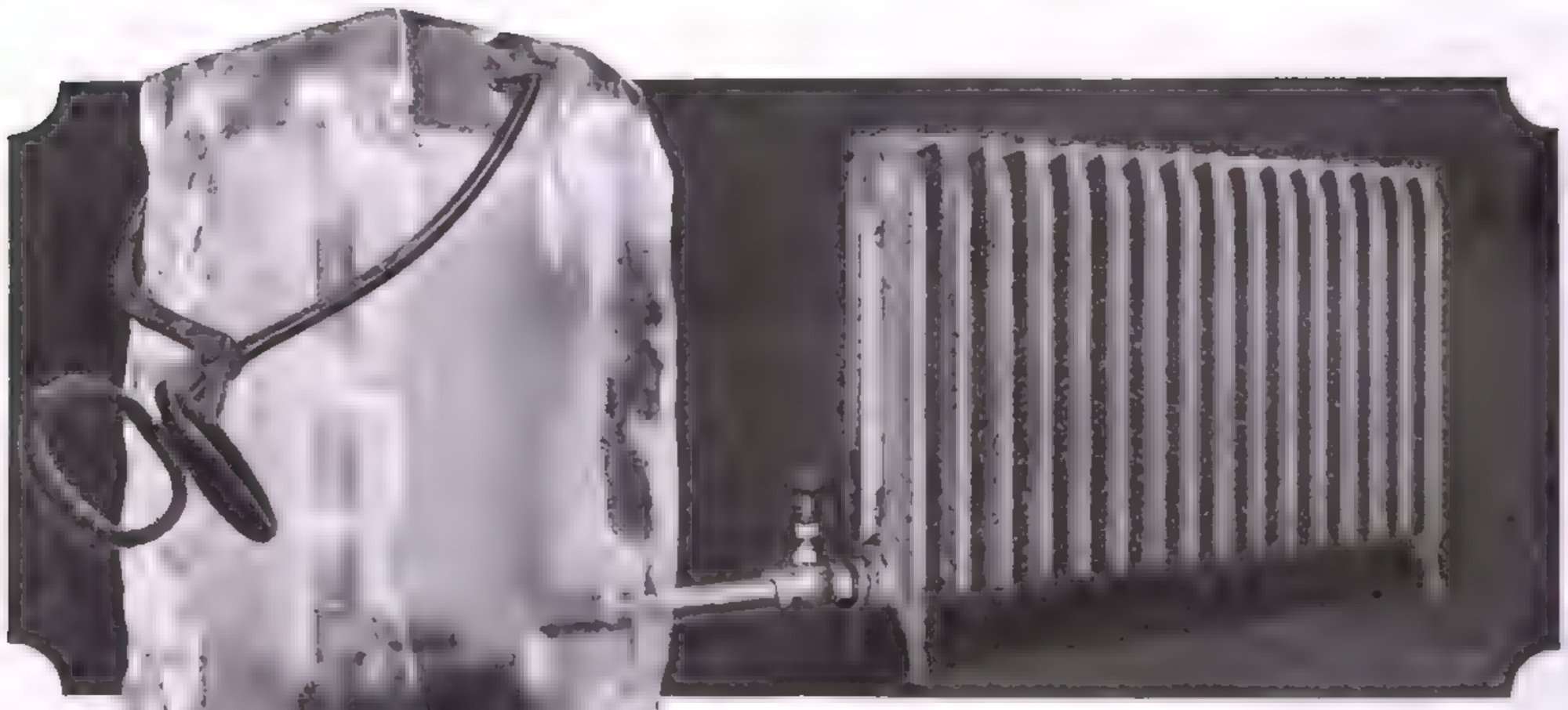
"*Diable!*" LeCroix roared, and he raised his clenched fist as though to attack me.

"Be quiet!" I commanded. "This day has solved all mysteries. Mademoiselle Seravin will shortly marry the brother of Miss Egerton."

I boldly took this chance. If the man who had sat in church by Angela's side was not her brother, who could he be, and what else could explain Angela's devoted service to Odette?

"Mr. Egerton," I said, "is the son of a rich aristocrat who is the *seigneur* of a great estate. He is the lord of the manor of Montana and Wyoming. His ancestor, John of

(Continued on Page 50)



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A COLD wall takes the heat from a poorly insulated or bare pipe as greedily as a sponge drinks up water.

We are apt to think of a heating plant as something in the cellar which produces heat in the rooms overhead, and we forget that hundreds of feet of pipe connect furnace to radiator or register, running through floors and walls, and wasting heat unless properly insulated.

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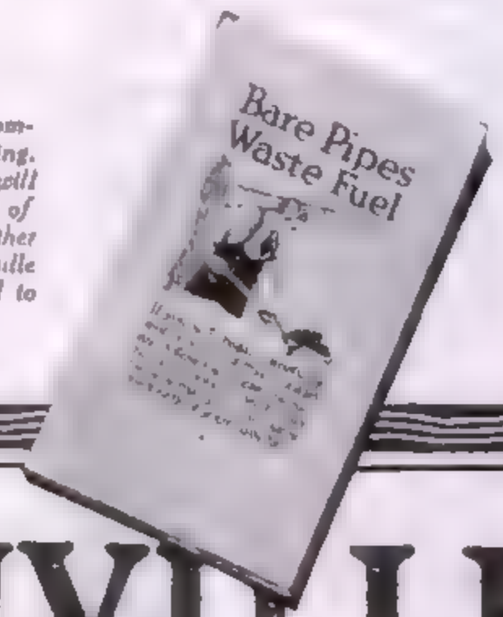

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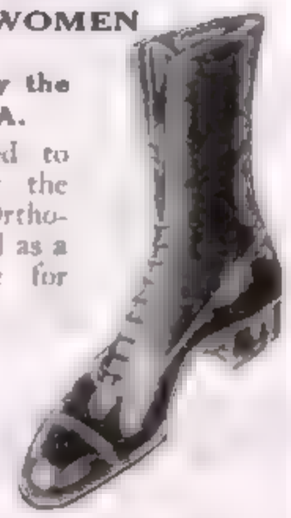

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

14 High Street Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 48)

Egerton, led his retainers under the banner of Richard of Normandy to the Crusades. Another ancestor, Sir Guy, fought under the Black Prince at Crécy and Poitiers. The aspirant for the hand of your daughter is a chivalrous young man with a fine record in the American Army as the Ally of France. He was coming a month ago to ask your permission to address Mademoiselle Seravin, when it appeared, madame, that you had other plans; plans which wrung the heart of your daughter and cast a brave youth into despair. Mademoiselle fled to England to the sister of her unhappy lover, and together they planned. Mademoiselle Seravin has followed the law of England and the law of France about the marriage, and it will be celebrated within a day or two. To do this she had to be free; so you see why Miss Egerton came here as your daughter. It was the innocent ruse of despairing lovers."

"Scoundrel!" LeCroix bellowed. "They shall never marry!"

"You cannot prevent it," I answered, calmly folding my arms and looking him full in the face. "You cannot find them in time." I included madame, by my glance, in my next comment. "You will both go to the wedding," I announced with the dignity of an oracle.

Madame stiffened.

"Mademoiselle Seravin has chosen her path," she said, and she turned toward the door.

"Madame," I cried, "the happy couple will proceed on their honeymoon to your home in France. They will naturally wish to be forgiven. What will Monsieur le Vicomte think? What will his friends believe? They will perceive that this marriage had been for some time arranged. The vicomte will know that he was deceived. He will inquire into the illness of this bride who is in the glow of health and happiness." I almost added, as I saw that I was winning, "He will discover that she does not wear a wig." But I had the sense to withhold that impertinence.

Madame and LeCroix exchanged glances.

"Of good family—rich?" he demanded.

"He is worthy," I answered gravely, "to be the husband of mademoiselle. If you and madame accept the engagement and attend the wedding, they will promise not to go to France. If you would live in peace and *intimité* with your Legitimist friends and neighbors, madame, you will send me to-morrow morning a note of affection that I may transmit it to mademoiselle."

I bowed and hastily left the room and the house, paying no attention to LeCroix's bellowed protests. All the way to Jim Shaw's rooms I was recalling as best I could my words to Angela. Sudden, crude, indefensible as my proposal had been, I could not detect a word which could prove that it was made to the wrong girl, or rather to the right girl under the wrong name. I walked on air, sorry for everybody I met and with a bounding sense of my superiority to all mankind; for I had a good many reasons for hoping that Angela's answer would be yes and none for fearing that it would be no.

"You craft," was Jim Shaw's greeting, "was a floating hell."

"You are wrong, old man," I corrected gayly. "It was the bark of love. All is well."

Jim anxiously confessed that he had flown the wrong flag.

"Yellow for Angela," I answered blithely. "What's wrong about that?"

Jim, greatly relieved, admitted that he must have confused my instructions. I talked of Angela, he of Carol, and each pretended to listen.

"Your Carol," I said, "nearly married me to Odette, whom I have never seen. If she will work as hard for me with Angela ——"

"Consider yourself engaged," Jim announced. "I'm seeing Carol to-morrow."

I went away sure that my fatal secret was safe. Nobody could ever tell Angela that I had thought her Odette.

In front of my door stood LeCroix's automobile.

"A note for monsieur," Henri said, "and I ask a word with you."

"Come in, Henri."

In my sitting room I opened Madame Seravin's note. So complete was the surrender that I found within an unsealed envelope addressed to Mademoiselle Seravin. I read the contents. A woman who could invent a bald head for a youthful daughter and clap on that hairless pate a halo of dignity could climb down with an elegant pretense of ascending.

"My dear child," she wrote, "I long to see you, and shall be happy in attending your wedding and in making the acquaintance of your fiancé, of whom we hear such glowing accounts. I understand that you are going to the United States as soon as you are married. If this be so I should naturally wish to see as much of you as I can before you fly so far away. Make the compliments of Madame LeCroix and myself to Miss Egerton."

I put my best French into my acknowledgment of this abject, graceful surrender, and handed my note to Henri.

"Thanks, monsieur." He flashed a large diamond before my eyes with a baleful grimace meant for a grin of triumph. "No, monsieur," he said, "I did not steal it. Monsieur Saumarez chucked it at me—like that." He flipped his thumb as one would shoot a marble. "He did not want it."

"Why?" I asked, intensely curious.

Henri's ferret eyes gleamed with malicious knowledge.

"He went on Friday," Henri said, "in a train with a young lady. Mademoiselle was going to Oxford."

"Oxford?" I repeated sharply.

"Yes, monsieur. He opened a jewel box. There was no diamond. He came back to London, you know, sir. He returned to Cherriburton on Saturday night late. The young lady was there visiting his sister-in-law. She was waiting to see him, she said. She had had a telephone from her brother, who had unexpectedly arrived at Folkestone. It was midnight, but she was going to motor all that way; but first she wished to show him something. She laughed. Was this his missing diamond?"

I stared at Henri, thunderstruck.

"Monsieur Saumarez," Henri continued, "looked at the diamond and then at mademoiselle. 'It was you, then?' he cried out. 'I? What do you mean?' mademoiselle asked. 'Charteris told me to-night that he had lent this diamond to the girl he was going to marry.'"

"That will do, Henri," I rapped out. "How did you learn all this?"

"Jules Maine is second footman," Henri said, "and he was on duty that night, and the doors were open. Jules had supper last night with Alphonsine and me."

"Here is a pound for you, Henri," I broke in. "You may go."

"Thank you, sir." Henri paused at the door. "Jules said," he shot out, "that mademoiselle did not deny it." He went away cackling his thin, malicious laugh.

So Angela was the girl who had nursed Jack at Folkestone, who had refused him three times, and for whom he had procured the diamond; and I had come between poor old Jack and his fourth proposal. I was sorry for Jack, but I lost that thought in the reflection that Angela had come to to-day's rendezvous knowing what I felt toward her. My wild proposal had not then found her unforewarned or unprepared. Could the most despairing lover find less than a certain answer in this?

On Sunday morning came a note from Odette asking me to the marriage. She thanked me warmly, said that she had naught but gratitude to offer, but added that good deeds always got their reward. This hint added fuel to my towering flame of hope.

I found on Monday that I could not get to Folkestone in time for the wedding. LeCroix, as guardian, had first claim, and I must stay; for the saucy little schooner, the Odette, had crawled round the coast to Gravesend without her false keel. I saw her high and dry in the pontoon, with her graceful, flaring bow and her beautiful lines, ready to receive her missing shoe before I left for Folkestone, so that it was after nine o'clock in the evening when I arrived there.

In the twilight, near the hotel, I should have passed as strangers a couple philandering in the twilight; but Jim Shaw hailed me. He looked ridiculous in a tall hat and a cutaway coat, and Carol unfamiliar in skirts.

"It went off beautifully," she said with bated breath. "The bride looked perfectly lovely."

"And yours?" I dared to say. "When will yours come off?"

"We've been engaged five minutes," Carol answered, all pink and beaming. "How did you guess?"

"Because you are a night-blooming cereus—redolent of love," I answered. "Every happiness to you both."

"And to you," Carol murmured.

"Not premature?" I asked eagerly.

"She must take you," Jim answered, "if only from gratitude. Her brother thinks you the most wonderful diplomatist who ever lived. Odette wept for joy at your bringing the mother round. LeCroix is dining them all at the hotel. He praised you as much as the bridegroom, and the echoes of his voice were heard in Boulogne."

"Is she there?" I pointed toward the hotel.

"Yes."

"I will wait for her."

They turned away. Carol called a word over her shoulder—"Gratitude!" She laughed softly.

Angela came along soon, alone, and within three minutes we were sitting hand in hand looking out over the waters. The moon did the right thing about a gleaming path on the shimmering waves, and the soft summer breeze wafted along with the ideal velocity for lovers. I truly thought that the air was rose scented, but Angela denied the possibility. Angela from time to time put dreamy questions.

"They are the correct things to ask," she murmured as she snuggled up to me, "but also I am keen on the answers. When did you first love me?"

"In the moment I saw your golden heels."

"You could not go farther back than that," she murmured with approval. "When did you know it?"

"In the moment I saw your face."

Angela nestled closer, and I understood that this answer was also correct.

"When did you find out about my brother?"

"I came to church here a week ago yesterday."

"Oh! And you dragged me to the river on Wednesday."

"I loved you, Angela. I wished to tell you so."

"You brought spies," she charged.

"I wished to clear everything up. Haven't I done that?"

"You are wonderful," Angela confessed.

After a long silence she said, "Roke, you are the most headstrong, impetuous, mad lover that ever scared a girl into loving him. Have you ever loved before?"

"Never, Angela!"

"Then how did you learn to propose so perfectly?"

"Love is a great teacher, Angela."

Angela to-day read the proofs of this story. "Roke," she said, "we have been married two years. They have been happy years to me. And you?"

"Yes, happy, dear."

"Yet you proposed to me as Odette."

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Then our marriage is founded on a great lie and our happiness built on sand."

"Yes, darling."

"How jolly!" she said. "You are always original, Roke. You ——"

But the twins cried, and it was the nurse girl's day out, so Angela had to go.

(THE END)

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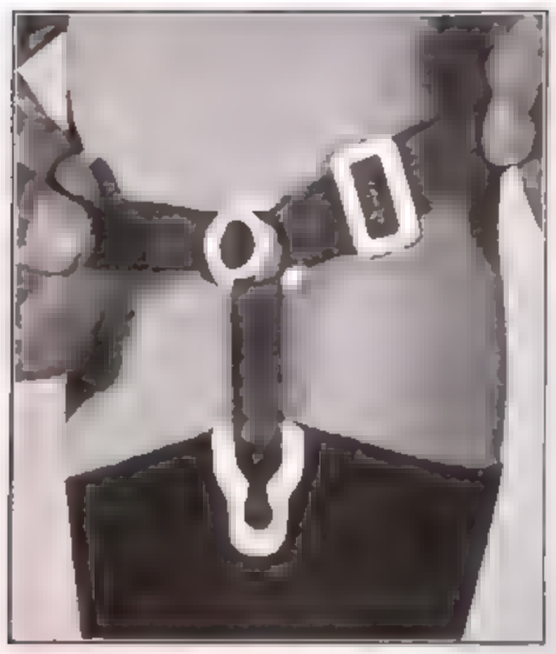

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REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES A. DANA AND THE OLD NEW YORK SUN

(Continued from Page 9)

had their cause just, and what they wrote had its great influence and begot unstinted gratitude. That is one reason why the editors became so famous.

Greeley was a great leader and a great writer, but in the years of his greatness he wrote of little else than politics. Raymond was a politician by interest and by practice, and his writing was almost entirely on political topics. The same may be said of the others. A careful examination of their newspapers discloses no extraordinary merit outside their individual political writings. Bennett was an exception in that his news columns ran wild with scandalous personalities. He made great reputation for the Herald by using the Atlantic cable at its opening for sending European news. As a writer of influential editorial articles he was not famous.

But Dana was far better equipped for editorial efficiency than any of them. He was vastly better informed. He was master of many languages, conversing in five or six and reading as many more. It is related of him that while a boy in Buffalo he became interested in the language of the Six Nations Indians, and that twenty years afterward in the siege of Vicksburg he met Capt. Ely S. Parker, a Seneca Indian who was assisting General Rawlings, and Dana astonished the staff by talking to Parker in the Indian dialect. And it may be added that Dana's last two trips abroad were to Russia to perfect himself in the Russian language. Not less interested was he in music, in art, in philosophy, in science, in the study of religions, in every development of human progress. His collection of Chinese porcelains was the admiration of those versed in Chinese ceramic art, and he was an authority on the subject. On his forty-acre Dosoris Island at Glen Cove he carried arboriculture to a climax of perfection, and he knew by name and by sight almost every tree and shrub and flower that grows in America. He had half a dozen reporters sifting the city libraries one afternoon to get the correct spelling of the name of a perennial plant. His memory was exceptionally fine. Few men have lived who knew more facts. The compiling of Dana's The Household Book of Poetry involved familiarity with the poetry of all time.

"Make the Sun Interesting"

He was a man of scholarly attainment, of inborn refinement, of supreme ability as an editor to transfer his great knowledge to every column of his newspaper. He had the great advantage of familiarity with every part of newspaper making, having been reporter, general writer, city editor and managing editor of the Tribune. He had edited the Tribune for months at a time in Greeley's absences or while Greeley was absorbed in his specialties. As managing editor he had to supervise every column of the edition, for it is the managing editor's duty to obtain the news and other reading matter and oversee all departments except the writing of editorial articles—the editor in chief looks out for these. The managing editor is the executive who carries out the policy of the editor in chief or the owners.

Dana was not less able than his contemporaries as a political writer. He was responsible for much of the Tribune's aggressive urgency in pushing the war, and always to the end of his brilliant career were politics and topics of national importance of foremost consideration in his newspaper discussions. In all other newspaper activities he excelled them for the reason that he was vastly better informed and had the instinct and genius for imparting his information. Few, indeed, were the topics of public interest that escaped his attention or the attention of his readers.

Greeley's information was of the more rugged sort; was of a contemporaneous nature. He had little schooling in schoolhouses. When a mere boy he began as printer's apprentice, and he continued as a typesetter in various cities for twelve years or so before he became an editor in New York. But he had inordinate greed for reading, and he devoured every book on which he could put hand, and in this way he educated himself. To him is attributed the saying that "A printer's case is a better educator than high school or college," also that he had rather have a printer than a college graduate to help him edit. I cannot learn that these remarks were ever verified as his; but it is quite true that he took many printers on his editorial staff. Being a printer himself, it is likely enough that by some false perspective he mistook the influence of his own industry and his reading for the influence of the printing office. American history does not furnish a more striking example of self-education, of rise from obscurity to greatness and influence and the unbounded respect of his fellow men.

What were Mr. Dana's ideals of newspaper excellence? What kind of newspaper did he want to make?

He believed in the newspaper as a great educator, greater as an educator of the masses than the pulpit or the lecture room, greater than any other educational factor. He believed the newspaper is read by children and youth as well as adults, and that its influence should be wholesome and safeguarded; that its fundamental purpose should be the spread of useful information. To him the interests of the nation were of foremost consideration, for he was a patriotic American. He took the part of oppressed peoples, was the friend of Kossuth, Mazzini, Garibaldi and José Marti. He assailed public corruption. He championed political independence and liberty. His sympathies were with the people. He favored free speech. He was independent in politics. These were some of his principles. There were many others.

On this solid foundation Dana reared the structure; but the embellishments were what attracted attention.

"Make the Sun interesting," was the reiterated cry. "The people will not read dull, prosy, porous stuff—hoot it out of the place."

He attracted brilliant writers. They admired his genius, his confidence in his own conclusions, and they felt the inspiration of his great leadership. He mingled with the staff, encouraged, suggested, praised and criticized with kindly purpose. Everybody had confidence in his supreme newspaper ability and judgment, and everybody rejoiced in his comment. His praise was sweet, his criticism welcome, because so wise and just; to be criticized by him was to be instructed. The staff adored the chief and sought above all to please him. His criticism was frequent, but rarely harsh. Once when the managing editor had made a serious error of judgment in printing a bit of gossip the chief said casually: "I think I would have killed that paragraph if I had been running the paper last night."

The Great Man's Praise

The Sun was running a column of chatter called Interesting Gossip of the Day. Dana clipped the heading, and pasting it on a scrap of paper wrote underneath: "This title is no good. It is too commonplace. There is no poetry in it. A blockhead might invent it. Let us have another—What We are All Talking About. C. A. D."

He was much disturbed one morning over the report of a prize fight in Hoboken between third-rate pugilists.

"It is a miserable account of a bully good fight," he said. "Don't send a boy to do a man's work."

He took personal interest in the youngsters of promise. Repeatedly he sought out or summoned a reporter to praise a bit of writing. To one he said, "I wish I could write as well as you have written this."

My own first interview with him gave me great pride and encouragement.

The city editor had said, "Mr. Dana wants to see you; go right into his room." I had been with the Sun a short time only.

"I understand you wrote this," Mr. Dana said, handing a slip cut from that day's edition. "It is very nicely written, very nicely expressed. I congratulate you and I thank you for writing it for my newspaper," and he resumed attention to his desk.

It was a report of a breach-of-promise case in which a young man had been quite affectionate, although he had not in words actually popped the question. But the judge had charged that "the glance of the eye, the modulation of the voice, the caressing touch of the hand were in themselves overtures that the young woman might reasonably accept as proposals of marriage."

Dana's office was a small room on the third floor of the old Sun building in the Nassau and Frankfort Street corner, looking out on City Hall Square. His desk was in the middle of the room, and its chief attraction was a small revolving bookrack filled with precious reference titles. In the corner was a small round table at which he preferred to work because the light was better. He had harmed his eyes while a student and always afterward had to favor them. This was his only physical defect. He knew not an hour of illness until just before his death.

It was possible to see Dana from the street sitting at the little table; and in the next building, in plainer sight, the same spectator might see Greeley. Dana sat with erect pose, but either Greeley's desk was very high or his chair was very low, for his chin was down close to the desk top as he wrote. Had there been rubberneck wagons in those days they surely would have made these great editors a feature.

Three of the editorial writers occupied a little room adjoining; but the door between, almost always open, made it like one room. It was easy for Dana to talk to these assistants while at his desk. The other door led into the library.

The Editorial Page

One of these assistants in the old days was Mr. Edward Page Mitchell, whose literary accomplishments had attracted Dana's attention in 1875 while Mitchell was a young writer for a Lewiston, Maine, newspaper. Mitchell caught the full spirit of Dana's journalistic spirit and ambition, and the two became intimate coworkers. For twenty-seven years he wrote articles that were attributed to Dana, and repeatedly he was in editorial charge of the Sun in Dana's absence. Dana used to say that Mitchell was the best editorial writer in the business. All newspaperdom recognizes his great ability. He has been editor in chief of the paper since the retirement of Mr. Paul Dana in 1903.

Dana was methodical in his work. He began at nearly the same hour every forenoon and ended in the later afternoon, with few minutes of variation month after month. He supervised everything that went into the editorial page, read almost all of the editorial articles in manuscript and revised all with careful attention in proof sheet. He abhorred editorial haste, encouraged to deliberation and painstaking revision. I have known him to revise one of his own articles every day for a week, and then express dissatisfaction with it. He thought it unnecessary to have instant editorial comment on an important event; sought rather to reflect before uttering a conclusion. He preferred that the editorial page should not be profaned with news articles; preferred that it be given to discussion, to literary articles, to good thought from other publications and embellished with all sorts of odd, queer, strange things that blew in from anywhere.

The unsatisfactory condition of his vision led Dana to avoid night work. He did not go to the office in the evening. He directed that he be not disturbed by messages from the office. Apparently he had no thought of to-morrow's edition after he quit the office. Whoever was in charge had to take full responsibility.

One night a telegram came from Dana which read, "In Butler article please change 'saw mill' to 'law mill.'"

He had tucked a revised proof sheet in his pocket and along toward bedtime had asked one of his grandchildren to read it to him, and the error had been disclosed.

But his evenings were not spent in idleness. His activities were constant, with barely a wasted minute night or day. The theater, the opera and the concert hall were greatly enjoyed in his earlier days, but latterly the home had greater attractions. His four children and half a score of grandchildren found great delight in listening to his elucidations as they read to him. His wisdom of comment and explanation often

(Continued on Page 55)

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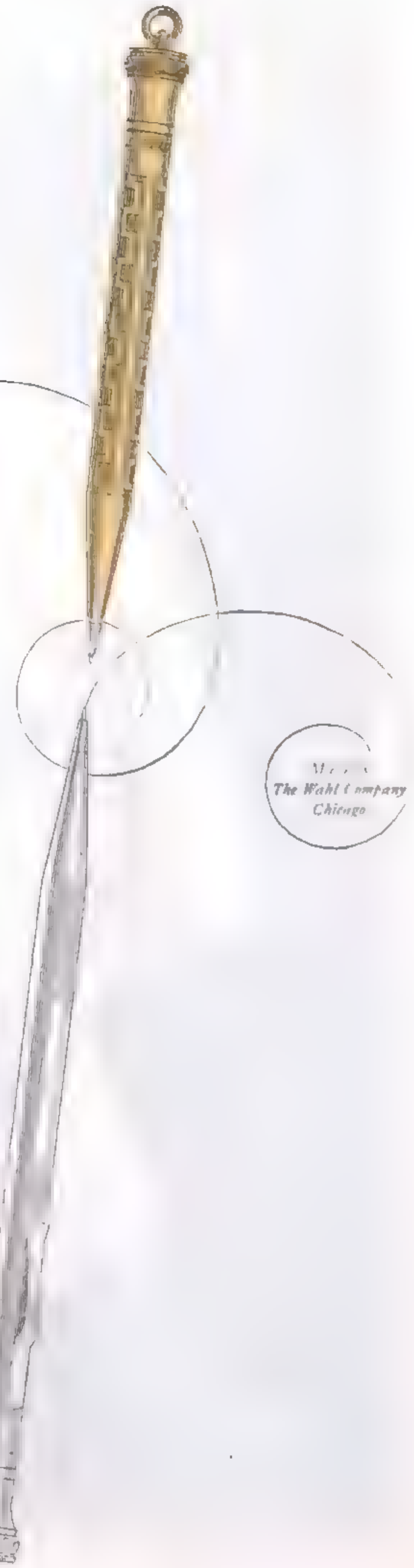


Interwoven
TOE AND HEEL
Socks
Woven to fit—
Interwoven
to Wear

(Continued from Page 52)

exceeded the wisdom of the author, and had superior educational value. The benefits of the old-fashioned family-circle way of instruction never found finer verification than in this household. The leader was full of fun and frolic between his serious moments.

The Dana town house was made attractive to literary men and women, musicians and artists.

For many years a class gathered there for the serious study of something worth learning. One winter was given to a survey of Iceland and its language, another to a critical consideration of Dante, and again some masterpiece of literature was the topic.

Though he rarely sipped more than a few drops from his glass, Dana became greatly interested in wines, and he delighted to talk about them. The guests at a certain one of his dinner parties cannot recall without pleasure his discourse on sherry and Madeira, and how he ordered back to the table the decanters of both wines and had his friends taste first of one and then of the other as he explained their difference. He told how their excellence was affected by the degree of sunshine, moisture and temperature absorbed by the grape in its growing, as well as by artful treatment after compression.

The summer home was more enjoyed by him, perhaps, than the city house. The spacious old-fashioned dwelling on Dosoris Island in the Long Island Sound was surrounded by forty acres of garden in which was cultivated every manner of tree and shrub and flower and plant and fruit from every part of the world that could be made to grow there. There was a learned gardener, and the two trudged by the hour from one part of the place to the other, for they loved every growing thing. Also there was a mushroom cellar. It was a pleasure, indeed, to have his friends there, and an added delight to drive them himself behind his fine span, not to the near-by railroad station, but through shady lanes and beside fragrant meadows to Garden City, twelve miles away. And always the guest took with him a basket of priceless fruit and flowers.

Dana's Sun counted not the financial cost of its sayings or policies. It deliberately persisted in policies toward public men and parties and principles when its editor and everyone else knew that thousands of readers must be lost to it in consequence.

It attacked President Grant when Grant was the idol of the nation, the most popular and best loved man in America from having led our armies to victory and triumphantly ended the war; and it continued the attacks throughout the years of Grant's Administration with a bitterness that called forth widespread public resentment and that estranged permanently many of the editor's personal friends.

How to Lose Readers

To one associate of years' standing who remonstrated Dana replied, "Having taken my course conscientiously, I shall follow it to the end and shall be content with your judgment six years from now."

Dana did not criticize General Grant's military record, but he unceasingly attacked his administration of public affairs while President.

Again, with a ferocity of attack almost without parallel in public print, the Sun attacked Henry Ward Beecher when Beecher was beloved by the nation for his magnificent service to the Union cause and when his popularity as a clergyman and a man of letters was at its height. It is difficult for present-day readers to appreciate how strongly the events of the war had moved the people and with what esteem and affection and loyalty they reverenced the champions of the Union cause. Following every savage editorial article against Beecher came a drop in the Sun's circulation of several thousand—sometimes five or six thousand—yet the attacks were continued with increased vigor.

Likewise it is difficult for present-day readers to appreciate the public excitement that attended the Beecher-Tilton scandal. Whether the great Plymouth Church pastor was guilty or not guilty was discussed for months before the trial began, and the trial itself dragged for nearly six months. Everybody took sides. It was a common sight in Brooklyn to see old-time friends and neighbors shaking fists in each other's faces on street corners and shouting denunciations. Feeling ran so intense that it became a religious contention, Beecher's friends charging that his opponents were the enemies of religion and urging church people to rally to his defense.

Dana was convinced of Beecher's guilt. He believed that public opinion and the public press should rebuke the Plymouth pastor in severest expression. His own rebukes were so severe that those who sided with Beecher quit reading the Sun, but that made no difference to the editor.

Well do I remember that one afternoon in the campaign of 1884 he came alongside the managing editor's desk with a cheery "And what is going on to-day?" and the answer was, "Everybody seems to be excited because the Times has bolted Blaine and is going to support Grover Cleveland."

"Yes," was Dana's reply, "and it is going to cost them half their readers. If you attack a man's politics or his religion you make that man your enemy and he will cease to read your newspaper. The Times has been always a Republican newspaper, and now it refuses to support the Republican candidate for the presidency. It surely will lose. I have noticed it many times. In 1868 the World bolted the Democratic nominee and it lost half of its Democratic readers. In 1872 the Tribune and the Cincinnati Commercial and the Chicago Tribune, all Republican newspapers, bolted General Grant's second candidacy and came out for Horace Greeley, the Liberal-Democratic candidate. They lost half their readers. Watch! You will see the Times' circulation take a tumble."

Mr. Dana's Fondness for Poetry

Dana's prediction was correct, for the Times lost heavily. But mark what happened! Three weeks afterward, when Cleveland was nominated against Blaine, Dana did that same thing. He bolted the Sun, which had been Democratic, and refused to support Cleveland. Dana's attention was called to his remarks about the Times, and he laughingly replied, "Oh, yes, we will lose a lot of circulation; but we will get a lot of it back in good time if we make the paper interesting."

The Sun's circulation just then was 158,000. It declined during the campaign to 78,000. That word "interesting" expressed Dana's notion of supreme newspaper excellence. His other key word was the word "important." If an article was interesting or important objection to it vanished.

The same disregard of business considerations was attested in the campaign in which General Hancock ran against Garfield in 1880. This time there was not severity of attack of the candidate; but a snickering contempt of "Hancock the Superb" was expressed, a mocking comment on his letter of acceptance, which was described as "Broad and comprehensive as the continent, as elastic as India rubber and as sweet as honey." And then came the conclusion—"General Hancock is a good man and he weighs 250 pounds." The Sun's circulation was not seriously reduced by this, but its growth was retarded for some time.

The old Sun was strikingly original. It was a leader, not a laggard. It invented things now featured in half our newspapers. It printed the pioneer woman's page. It was the first to make a great spread of baseball games. It was first to develop the sporting page as such. It gave the first Sunday page devoted to art, and the first hunting-and-fishing page. It invented the method of collecting election returns now in general use. The other sheets scattered verse all over their editions. Mr. Dana compiled a column under the title Poems Worth Reading, making the selections himself. His joy in good verse was pleasant to behold. He used to say that poetry stimulated the intellect, had a soothing and refining influence, gave great impulse to thought, tickled the intellectuals in different manner than did prose, gave the mind diversion. But curiously, though he was liberal to excess in paying for prose, he put a ridiculously low price on the products of the poets, and he kept the managing editor in constant contention with them over compensation. Somehow he clung to the Tribune rate of 1850, one dollar a verse for the first five verses and fifty cents apiece for all that followed—and he was not to be moved from it.

Mr. Dana appreciated good newspaper work. He possessed a kindly spirit also. Likewise he seemed to care not so much who wrote the good matter so long as the Sun got it. Along about 1885 an especially bright young man was writing for the editorial page at space rates—that is, he was paid so much a column for what was printed. It was discovered that he was cutting from the files and was pasting up as vouchers not only his own matter but the articles of other men. Mr. Dana's attention was called to the facts.

"He is a fine writer, is he not?" asked the chief.

"Yes," was the reply. "But he is a scamp, he is dishonest, he has swindled us out of forty or fifty dollars a week for nobody knows how long. He should be sent to the Tombs, or at least he should be discharged."

The chief rose from his chair, turned and looked out on Printing House Square, pushed his hands into his trousers pockets, whistled softly for a few seconds and then said, "Mr. Lord, it takes all kinds of men to make a newspaper staff. Suppose you tell him not to do so any more."

This suggestion of Dana's was something of a lesson to his young managing editor. Sure enough, the Sun's staff was made up of all sorts of people; and what mattered their eccentricities or their habits, or indeed their wanderings from wisdom's straight-and-narrow path, so long as they did good work? It matters not on a large city newspaper, where all the articles are carefully revised by copy readers or editorial-staff men, whether a writer is a saint or a sinner; but in small newspapers, where there is little if any revision, where the writer's articles are printed just as he writes them, it behooves the management to employ writers who are to be trusted. Experience has attested that men of eccentricity or prejudice or rum drinking or bad habits are dangerous contributors, for the newspaper does not rise above its editor. If he stands for honesty his newspaper will be honest. If he stands for integrity his newspaper will be on a lofty plane. If he be ill-minded or ignorant or careless of morality his newspaper will be like himself—cheap and slippery and of distressing influence.

"It takes all sorts of men to make a newspaper staff!"

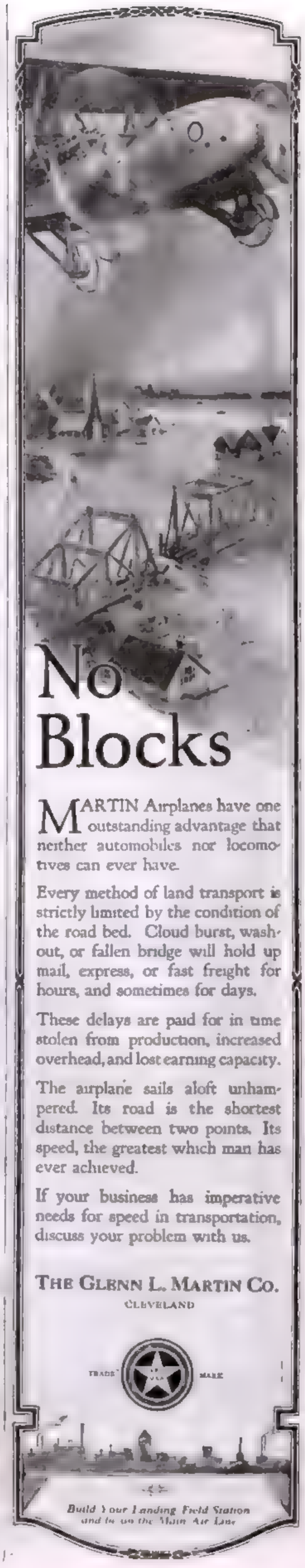
Barber-Shop Inspiration

There was that fine writer of editorial articles who had his desk in the next room to Mr. Dana's. He imagined that he could not write until after he had taken a drink of inspiring stuff; and having absorbed one drink he thought well of having another, and then a third. Then he conceived the notion that he should be shaved, so he went over to the barber shop in French's Hotel, next door, and was lathered and shaved with all ceremony. Returning to his desk, he addressed himself to preparing an article; but in about half an hour he was seized with a fresh desire to be shaved, and back to the shop he went, and again he was lathered and the razor was drawn over his face; he was doused with bay rum and scrubbed with hair tonic and sprayed with rose water. The barbers knew his habits knew just what to do with him. With very great dignity he paid his account, tipped the barber and the boy who brushed his coat and hat and returned to the office, only to repeat the performance again within another hour. He was known to have been shaved five times in a single day, and between events he diluted his memory with another drink. He repeated this performance very many times each month, but so far as is known Mr. Dana never reproved him. His articles were bright and useful, but he died of the rum habit.

This notion that alcohol stimulates to more brilliant thought is very common among newspaper writers. It easily becomes a habit to start work with a drink The habit prevailed to a far greater extent forty years ago than now. Indeed, what then passed almost without notice will not be tolerated in the newspaper offices of to-day.

And there was that dear boy, so long with the Sun, who wrote delicious articles but whose bewilderment in the ordinary affairs of man was distressing. The managing editor wanted a big article on Jay Gould's career, and he asked our friend to go to Gould's birthplace and write the chapter on the financier's early life. He started out in the early afternoon.

At midnight a telegram came from Albany reading, "Where is Jay Gould's birthplace?"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The good soul had gone to the station and had taken the first train and had landed in Albany without having even considered where he was to find Gould's home.

It was in the early days of the Sun's frolicking that the bud of Ed Mott's genius unfolded into full flower. He joined the staff as a youngster all the way from Pike County, Pennsylvania, and he brought with him an imagination as altitudinous as the mountain peaks and as profoundly subterranean as the gulches of his native terrain. He began to write nature stories about every manner of man or beast, fowl or fish that could exist in Pike County stories like that of the hunter who killed an entire flock of geese with one discharge of his rifle. The geese were flying toward him in V formation, after the manner of migrating geese, and the bullet struck the bill of the leading gander, split it in two equal parts, and each half, glancing down the line on its own side, brought every goose to earth.

New York was having severe weather, and the managing editor suggested to Mott that it doubtless was nothing to the cold of Pike County. Quick as flash came the answer, "I'll write you a bunch of cold-weather stories if you like"—and he did, and some of them are being printed all over the world to this day.

One of them told of a hunter chased by a bear, and as he ran the perspiration drops falling from his brow froze, and the hunter catching them in his hand loaded the frozen bullets in the gun, turned and fired them at the bear. The powder melted them again and a stream of water was ejected from the muzzle, but it was so awfully cold that this water froze into an icicle before it had gone five feet, and penetrating the bear's head the beast dropped dead! The story should have ended with this climax, but Mott threw a suspicion of doubt over its probability by adding, "And post-mortem revealed that he died of water on the brain."

Famous Sun Stories

Mott's chief character was the Old Settler, but he introduced also a famous resident whom he called by some such fictitious name as Jerry Greenway. The Old Settler's yarns were harmless, but the Greenway tales, all under Milford date, told of happenings so fantastic that the public finally resented them as giving Milford a bad reputation for frivolity and lawlessness, and many letters in protest were sent to the Sun. The protests were unheeded. Folks up there thought that Greenway was a real person, and they sought for him with tar and feathers, but found him not. Then some community patriot was inspired to wire to the New York newspapers that Jerry Greenway was dead and all Pike County had mourned at his funeral. Mott was in the sorrow of defeat, but he invented another character to take Jerry's place.

Representing one of the city districts in the legislature was a Tammany politician named Spinola, who was a bit eccentric of attire, especially in his neckwear. The Sun began to speak of him as General Spinola and His Wonderful Shirt Collar. The victim rather enjoyed the notoriety at first, and he had his collar made a little higher and the flaps a little broader in their roll away from the Adam's apple. But the paper kept it going with such expressions as "General Spinola and His Wonderful Shirt Collar moved to adjourn" or "Among the distinguished persons present were General Spinola and His Wonderful Shirt Collar," until it seemed as though everybody took it up.

He was introduced to strangers by his elongated name; letters came addressed with it; gamins shouted it to him in the street until the wretched man went to the office and begged for mercy.

"It's all good fun for a few times," he said. "But when I am called so all the time and am never called anything else, and when my wife is called Mrs. General Spinola and His Wonderful Shirt Collar, I submit it's getting serious. It will ruin me."

The staff was a delicious aggregation of mental acrobats recruited from all parts of the world. The chief had a genius for discovering promising new writers. An able article written by a stranger from anywhere attracted his attention and the writer was asked to send another.

The news department came to recruit its staff latterly with youngsters just from college, experience having taught that they were more nimble of intellect as well as of locomotion, made better reporters and were more readily developed into editorial writers or general newspaper men. The college course teaches a young man to think, where to look for information, how to use information; it gives him presence and self-possession and ambition and appreciation of the importance of everyday events.

The reporter has to meet the active men of the world, the men who are doing the constructive work of the world. He must elicit from them the information he seeks. Usually he is a stranger to them. He must overcome their indifference, must gain their confidence. His presence is unwelcome. Experience has attested that the college boy is better fitted for this task than any other kind of beginner. He is familiar with the ways of society and has some notion of the public questions of the day and the vital problems of life. The green young man of uncouth appearance, of clumsy presence, of faltering, stammering speech makes a mighty poor reporter. Moreover, there is nothing like college life to take the greenness out of a boy; nothing like association with two or three hundred eager, alert, pushing young fellows to sharpen the wits and make familiar with the ways of the world.

Many newspaper office boys become good reporters. In constant contact with the entire editorial force, they absorb knowledge of the business. As a rule, however, they are imitative rather than original.

It may be said in all truth that constant painstaking endeavor was made by the old Sun to make routine news attractive by adorning it with niceties of language and good description. But it was a hard task; it continued to be imitative work despite everything. The noneducated and the partly educated youths may and do become excellent reporters of routine news, but they rarely get far beyond the imitative stage. In the race for higher journalistic honors the college boys easily outstrip them.

A welcome addition to the staff was the man who came from a country newspaper. Many of the ablest of American journalists began their careers in rural offices. The country boy usually knows something of the technical side of the business. Likely enough he has learned to set type or to run a typesetting machine, has lent a hand in the mailing room or the delivery department, has mastered many details that though not essential to editing have given a comprehensive notion of how newspapers are made.

Country Boys on City Papers

Nor should the young man in the country, ambitious of city experience, stay away from the city through timidity or fear of competition. Do not be afraid. The newspaper men in the city are not smarter than those in the country. I recall the youngster from a small upstate daily who with fear and trembling accepted a chance to work a few days on trial in a big city office as a reporter. He went smashing around town for routine news and found the work not difficult. In a week confidence had conquered timidity. He observed the other reporters and workers and he said to himself, "I can compete with these men"—and he did compete with them, to his gratifying success.

But whether he came from college, the country or the street, the new man had to learn the business. Every newspaper has its own way of recruiting its staff. Many of them take no interest in developing men—let the man work out his own salvation. But the Sun thought well of taking time and pains to instruct and develop promising young fellows by encouragement and criticism and suggestion, believing that thereby it obtained best results. There was a fine rush to join the Sun's School of Journalism, as the news department came to be called. At one time an average of six men a day came to the managing editor to ask for work and as many more applied by letter. It was thought to be good policy to see all applicants, and sometimes a large part of the afternoon was devoted to them. Many came but few were chosen, comparatively, for not more than twelve or fifteen new men were taken in a year.

The Sun tried to do things in a little different manner from other sheets. It discussed public events, attacked abuses, suggested remedies and printed the news as did the others, but its way of presentation attracted attention. It was something new in journalism. What the editor thought was perhaps less impressive than the way

(Continued on Page 58)

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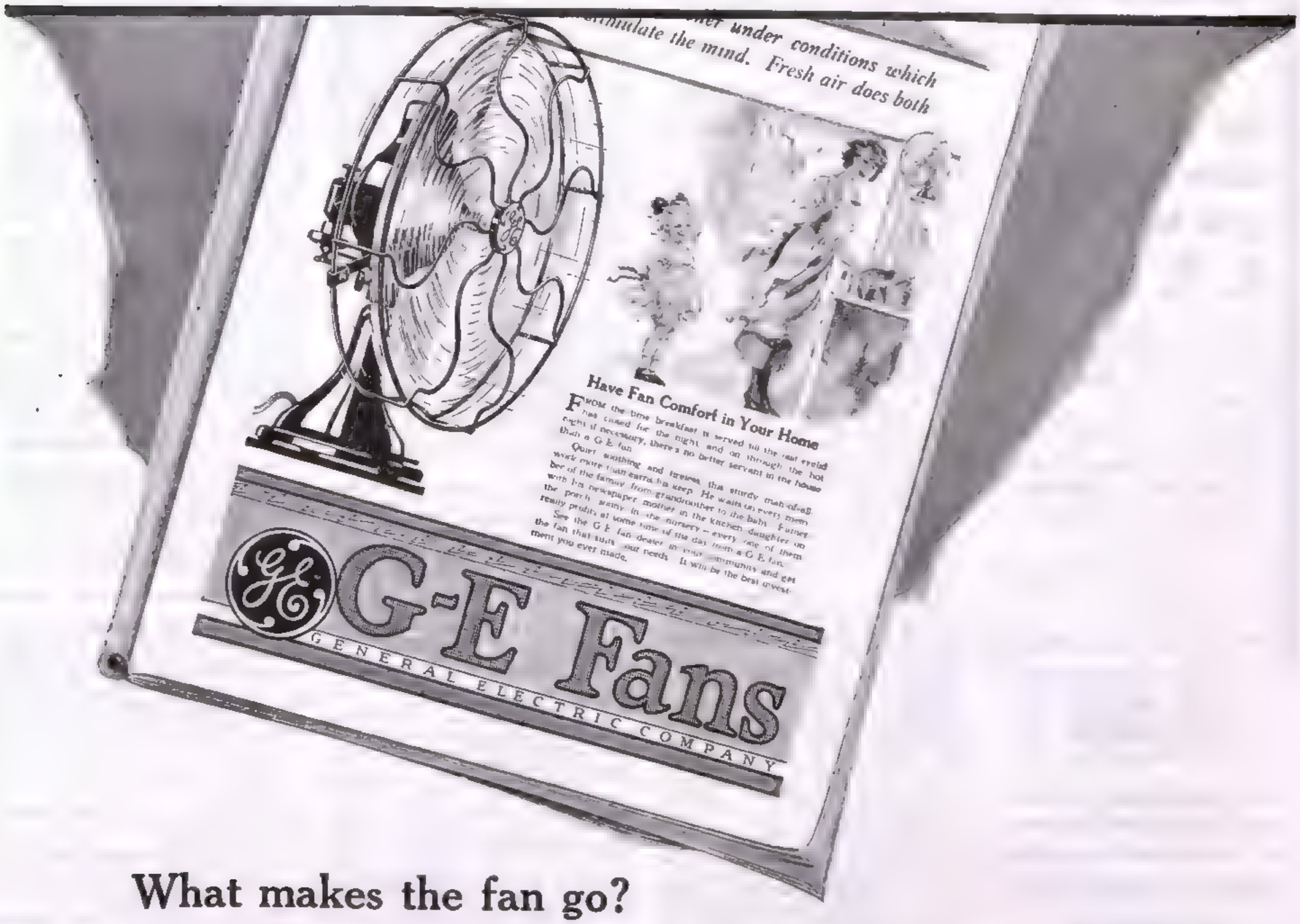
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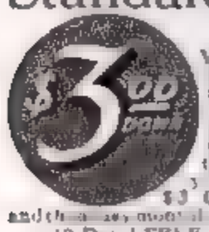

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(Continued from Page 56)

the thought was presented. Believing that Hayes was made President by a fraudulent count of votes, the Sun sought to convey the impression that Hayes was a fraud by presenting his portrait with the word "Fraud" printed on his forehead.

Believing that some of Grant's cabinet officers and many of his officeholders were corrupt, the Sun exposed the corruption fearlessly and made its articles effective by ending every one with the slogan "Turn the Rascals Out."

And when Tammany's boss rule became offensive the Sun, all through the canvass for mayor, sang the refrain "No king, no clown, shall rule this town," until it became familiar to all men of all politics. It was chanted in political processions as men marched.

During reconstruction days following the war and in one of the presidential campaigns—so long as the Federal Government undertook under the authority of Congress to control the provisional governments or to exercise any supervision whatever over Federal elections—the Sun made constant cry, "No force bill! No negro domination!"—a formula that was reiterated with effect.

The Sun believed in reiteration, in repeating over and over again a slogan or a sarcastic title or an admonition. It is undeniably true that if your favorite newspaper were to print every day for a time the sentence "Theophilus Thistle is a truly good man" half its readers would come to accept goodness as the chief of Mr. Thistle's accomplishments.

Everybody was encouraged to be original, to invent new ways of presenting things, to create and exploit characters.

Julian Ralph, who was one of the best of general writers, created the German Barber near the Cooper Institute and into his mouth put all the whimsical views of life that crammed Ralph's intellectual cranium. The barber had a worthy assistant, the Monkey Barber by the Negst Chair, highly original but pictured as a fool clown. They kept the town in a roar and their whimsicalities were ultimately printed in a book.

John Bogart, the paper's best city editor until his health failed, ran a series reciting the reminiscences of the Retired Burglar. Never did burglar in real life so narrowly escape death or detention as this product of Bogart's imagination.

For many years David A. Curtis wrote a weekly draw-poker story with old man Greenhut as hero, and the wonder was how Curtis could keep it up so interestingly until the stories numbered hundreds. A situation developed when an extensive advertiser of the same name as the poker-story hero raised a row because "his name was brought into disrepute" by the tales. So Curtis obligingly changed his hero's name to Greenlaw.

Edward W. Townsend brought out the Chimmie Fadden stories in the Sun, Anthony Gould immortalized Abe Cronkite the crook, Joseph Goodwin introduced Sarsaparilla Reilly, Clarence Cullen told the Tales of the Ex-Tanks. And it all was good clean fun, bright and brainy and interesting. No other paper did much of this sort of writing then; little if any is done now.

A conspicuous feature in those days was the development by Sun writers of stories of fact in the language and form of fiction. They came to be known as human-interest stories, or Sun stories, for the Sun was the first to introduce them. They were inspired by the story-telling fiction of the waning Victorian era, and many of them were conceded to be good literature, as well as good news reports. Some were written by men of subsequent literary reputation—David Graham Phillips, Jesse Lynch Williams, Arthur Brisbane, Julian Ralph, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Kirk Monroe, James L. Ford, Will Irwin, Edward W. Townsend, Robert W. Ritchie, Joseph Altsheler, Edward G. Riggs, Gustav Kobbe, Edward H. Mott, John R. Spears, Rudolph Block, Charles Selden, Dana Carroll, Harry B. Chamberlain, Wilbur J. Chamberlain, Garrett Putnam Serviss, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, Mary B. Mullett and many others. The good work done by its reporters gave the Sun a fine reputation for its news features.

A sort of dare-devil spirit pervaded the news room, yet it was a spirit of deviltry that did no violence to propriety, did not give offense. Much of it approached the limit of audacity, but it was harmless audacity. The audacious things were nicely put. The exaggeration was of the sort that made no trouble for anybody. To invent some new way of presenting an old topic was the thing. We must make the paper talked about.

While the chief was making the editorial page snap with "Turn the Rascals Out" someone was running a discussion elsewhere in the sheet, in which hundreds of men and women came to join, on "What is the difference between a doughnut, a cruller and a fried cake?" or, "In how many razor strokes can a man shave his face?"

The inspiration was catching. Everybody was proud of the sheet and everybody was encouraged to be proud of his own work. If a youngster did a good bit of writing half the staff told him it was good. Office jealousies were unknown; office politics rarely existed. The teamwork was splendid.

Someone said not long ago that ten years of cheap reading had changed the British from the most stolid nation in Europe to the most theatrical and hysterical—cheap reading of cheap books, of cheap magazines, of flash newspapers; reading that simply amuses, that does not inform or instruct or feed the mind.

There was little cheap reading in Dana's Sun. Its editor was a man of inborn refinement and high ideals. Coarseness and vulgarity were not tolerated.

"Print nothing that cannot be read to my daughters at the breakfast table," was one of his constant admonitions.

On the assumption that anything worth printing was worth telling well, special effort was made to make every paragraph pleasantly presented. In all news reports of criminal trials, divorce proceedings or scandals of whatever purport cleanliness of language was insisted on. This purpose was carried out to an extent that must seem absurd to the writers and the readers of the sex literature of to-day. It was equally true of all the leading newspapers of the early 70's. Their editors were under the influence of the Victorian Age of literature, and that literature was clean literature. Scores of words commonly used in court proceedings were on the forbidden list.

It was in the Beecher trial that the barriers first began to crumble, for the Tribune that had been the cleanest of the clean, widely advertised verbatim reports of the court proceedings, and it fulfilled its promise with a fidelity that made the unaccustomed public gasp. Since that trial the evolution of newspaper vocabulary has been in the direction of less restraint and a gradual approach to present-day plainness of speech.

Dana sought to print a newspaper for intelligent readers, not too simple for savants, not simple enough for ignorant people. He insisted that it be well written, correctly written, and he manifested as much impatience over a sloppy sentence or a misused word as over an error of judgment. He raised a rumpus one morning because someone had spoken of a woman as a female, adding, "I hate the word anyway."

Again he pounced on somebody for speaking of a middle-aged man as in the prime of life.

"Where is his Latin?" said the chief. "Doesn't he know that 'prime' is from '*primus*,' which means 'first,' and that the prime of life is the first part of life, not the middle part?"

Then someone trotted out a dictionary that defined "prime" as a period of full vigor in anything; but the chief insisted that it didn't make any difference what the dictionary said, "prime" was from "*primus*" and "*primus*" meant "first."

The popular fiction writers of the day enriched its columns.

Robert Louis Stevenson, Bret Harte, Henry James, Mary J. Holmes were constant contributors, and in the single edition of Sunday, November 28, 1897, there were stories by Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope and Sir Walter Besant.

There was generous praise for the sheet. It attracted attention. It came to be known as the newspaper man's paper, because editors and writers read it. It was a combination of eccentricity and solid fact, news of fun and fact, and there never was any doubt which was which. In its edition of July, 1910, The Editorial Review said:

> Since 1868—the year Dana bought the Sun—the theory and practice of modern journalism has undergone revolutionary changes. To-day the methods of the Sun have been adopted by almost all important dailies.

And a school-of-journalism professor said, "The Sun is the admiration and the despair of many editors."

"Make the paper interesting," was the reiterated cry.

The Sun and the Associated Press quarreled along in 1897, and Dana wanted to quit the big news organization. He asked the managing editor how much it would cost to collect our own news. The managing editor figured for a few hours, made the estimate, deliberately added a thousand dollars a week to it and reported the sum to the chief.

"Oh, that's much less than I had supposed you could do it for," was the quick response.

"We will be beaten out of our boots every day in the week," said the managing editor somewhat gloomily.

"I suppose we shall be beaten occasionally on the news; but you can make an interesting paper, can you not, even though you do not get every little scrap of news?"

"Yes, we can make the paper about as interesting probably."

"Well, I think we will go out," said the chief—and out we went.

And the Sun collected its own news from 1897 until 1916, and who can say that it was less interesting or was ever seriously beaten on the news? Indeed it may be said in truth that the Sun had quite as many beats on the Associated Press as the Associated Press had on it.

THE MANIKIN MAKERS

(Continued from Page 19)

Enderly's business life had taken a different tack from Thane's in earlier years, for he developed into a coal producer and transportation man, and thence, by natural financial progress, to a financier whose paths cut Thane's both in La Salle Street and in Wall Street. Enderly, gregarious by nature, allied himself to groups, but saw to it that these groups were opposed to the operations of Thane so far as possible. If there was a pool that of necessity comprehended Thane and Enderly, both were passive until the pool was dissolved, and then went at each other's financial throats with renewed ferocity.

Presently Enderly went into politics, first as the organizer of a movement to defeat a state administration that was none too considerate of his enterprises; and, liking the game and seeing the possibilities of it for a man with his connections, he devoted much of his time to the attainment of a national position. He was a leader in the councils of his party, and in control of the party organization at fifty, and at fifty-four he took a senatorship for two reasons—he had all the money he wanted, which was a great deal of money, and he considered the Senate his natural vantage point for the retention of power and authority.

Meantime Enderly kept close watch of Thane, as Thane did of Enderly. They maintained complete espionage over each other. Enderly knew that he would find Thane secretly but no less powerfully in opposition to most of his political enterprises, and he did not make the mistake of underestimating that opposition. Thane's position in New York, largely because of his hatred for Enderly, had allied him, as much as he allowed himself to be allied with anybody, to a financial group that was ordinarily in opposition to the friends and associates of Enderly.

And those who came in contact with the two watched them, and discussed them, and speculated about them, and always wound up with the intermediate conclusion: "It must be something that happened way back yonder when they were young—probably a girl"; a conclusion based, quite reasonably, on the oldest and tritest of the proverbial admonitions to mankind—*cherchez la femme*.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MAY MAGIC

(Continued from Page 13)

In her first glance around her brother's living room Phyllis noticed Keye; noted his slim, well-tailored clothes, his dark quick eyes, his fine hands and the easy charm of his manner. In an instant Phyllis' imagination was running lightly down oft-trod paths. At home now —— But the mere fact that this good-looking stranger was a new type; that all these girls he knew dressed as Phyllis had never learned to dress, joked about people and plays that she had never seen, all this was a challenge to Phyllis.

Between her first fluttering upward glance and her second, Phyllis picked up the glove.

When her bridge partner inquired casually "Do you play the one-diamond, one-club bid as a signal for no trump?" it was at Keye that she glanced helplessly, looking as scared as a three-year-old caught in a traffic jam.

Keye, playing at the same table with Anne, gallantly came to the rescue, explained the signal system to Phyllis and reminded Phyllis' partner that they weren't out for blood. Both Anne and Phyllis' partner were expert players, so whenever Keye was dummy he would catch Phyllis' appealing glance and stroll around to stand behind her chair and advise her in playing her hand. So expert was his advice that once it cost him and Anne a rubber. Anne, finding her crossruff effectively stopped and a skillful finesse blocked, laughed lightly as she lost the last trick.

"Well," she observed, "as the old lady said when her partner trumped her ace, I can't play against the three of you."

After that, when the partners were shifted, Phyllis would bring her cards across to Keye's table for advice with the trusting air of a Christian bringing his problems to heaven. The other players at her table and his found this irritating almost beyond courtesy, but Keye secretly thought it adorable. It was a long time since anybody had looked up at him with such trusting, admiring eyes.

Doubtless if Keye had not been piqued at Anne, and had not been facing an absolutely blank Saturday afternoon, it would never have occurred to him to offer to take Van Sant's little visitor out to see the sights.

By five o'clock the next day, when they rounded up at the Biltmore for tea, it had begun to be clear to Keye that Phyllis Van Sant considered him a dangerously attractive man. He could not have told how, during the afternoon of delightful roaming up and down Fifth Avenue and driving through the misty twilight of the park in an old-fashioned cab, Phyllis had managed to convey this impression. She had been deliciously shy, as young as apple blossoms. Keye would have resented keenly a suggestion that the conveying of just such impressions was Phyllis' specialty in life, one part instinct to two technic.

Keye took Anne to dinner as usual Sunday. He mentioned having had Phyllis for tea before they left Anne's apartment.

"She's a pretty little thing, isn't she?" Anne asked generously.

Keye nodded.

"And such a perfect baby. You ought to have seen her open her eyes at Fifth Avenue. Living here in New York all the time, you actually forget there's anybody so young left in the world."

Anne, drawing on her gloves, said nothing. Keye chuckled.

"Van's going to have his hands full with her. Every man we passed looked at her." He turned serious. "It would be an awful shame for her to get in with the wrong kind of a man, and she's just the kind that often does fall for a bounder."

"What special kind is that?"

"Oh, a girl who's so perfectly sweet and good herself that she doesn't recognize anything else when she sees it. Good Lord, it scares you to think of turning a helpless baby like that loose in the world!"

"Helpless?" Anne cocked a quizzical eyebrow and drew her forefinger in a crinkly line through the air, a funny little Spanish gesture of skepticism.

"No, she really is," Keye insisted. "You know, old stagers like us don't see things through that kind of eyes any more."

"No?" said Anne. If Keye had been a shade more acute he would have caught the faintest hint of restraint in Anne's manner, although she only glanced at her little white-gold wrist watch and asked good-naturedly: "Well, as one old stager to another, isn't it time we started?"

Men are amused at women's quick suspicions; often scoff at the sex's much vaunted instinct. But it is a matter of fact, nevertheless, that a woman usually knows which way the wind is blowing before a man has even felt a breeze. At that very moment—the tiny white-gold watch hands pointed to thirteen minutes of seven—Anne became suddenly sure that Keye was going to fall in love with Phyllis.

Of this fact for several days Keye himself had not the slightest idea. He took Phyllis to the theater Wednesday night—it had always been understood between him and Anne that each was to be quite free to offer or accept attentions elsewhere as they wished. Up to date it had usually been Anne who had availed herself of this privilege, but Keye was acting quite within the ethics of the case. He had chosen a rattling good melodrama, and when the lights suddenly went out and in the tense darkness came a terrifying shriek Phyllis clutched Keye's hand in fright. It was a childish, naive gesture, and if Phyllis had tried it out before, Keye, of course, did not know that. He held the soft little hand reassuringly until the frightening part of the act was over.

Then she wanted to see some of his work, so on Friday afternoon her sister-in-law brought her down to his studio. Phyllis admired everything extravagantly. She had no discrimination, raving impartially over some monotypes of which he was secretly rather proud and a set of illustrations for a love story—Keye never could do he-and-she stuff—that he had shamedly hoped Anne would never see in the magazine. But he was tired of discrimination. It is wholesome food, of course, but it needs an occasional dessert of flattery, and Keye of late had been short-rationed on sugar. Hungrily unfastidious, he devoured Phyllis' honeyed words.

Anne had a cousin visiting her over the week-end, so Keye was left free again. He took Phyllis through the Metropolitan Museum Saturday afternoon and then to tea at the Ritz. She did not care much about the museum, but she loved the Ritz. Sunday they went to the Greek church for Phyllis to hear the music, and in the evening down to The Mill for dinner, as Phyllis wanted to see Greenwich Village. On his way home it occurred to Keye that for an engaged man he was seeing a good deal of Phyllis.

He cleared his conscience by telling Anne about it when he saw her again, the first evening after the cousin went home. Anne made no comment. But Anne was proud.

Then she told Keye that Attire had decided to send her for two weeks to cover a big fashion convention in Chicago. It would be a splendid chance. She had never been so far west before. They talked over its possibilities in a friendly fashion, and Keye agreed with her that it was an opportunity not to be passed by. So it was decided that she was to leave Friday night.

Keye took her to the train, of course. They had dinner in the station restaurant before her train left. Keye was proprietary, as usual, making sure that her trunk had been properly checked, that her ticket was all right. Anne was rather quiet during the excellent dinner that he ordered. At last, after the dessert had been served, she leaned forward a little.

"Keye," she said, "I've been thinking us over the last few days and I think we're making a mistake."

"In what way?"

"In staying engaged."

Keye was surprised.

"You mean that you're tired of it?"

"No, not that," Anne said slowly. "But it was started quite a while ago, you know. We've both changed some and—and I've been wondering if we were just meeting as strangers now whether we'd do it again."

"I would," said Keye stoutly.

Anne, looking down, saw only his fine sensitive hands. She raised her eyes with an effort.

"I imagine I would too," she admitted. "But we're neither of us sure. You haven't had a chance for a long time now really to get acquainted with any other girls—nor I with any other men. How do we know"—she laughed a little consciously—"how do we know that that isn't why we're still satisfied with each other?"

"If you mean there's somebody else—that you want to be free"—Keye began, when Anne interrupted him.

"There isn't any other man, Keye," she said. "But—well, seven years is a long time. Most leases run out once every little while and have to be renewed. Let's pretend that ours has. Let's both be perfectly free for a little while. Then if you still want me and I still want you, you can ask me again and I can say yes again, and we'll both be sure where we stand. There'd have been no harm done."

"And on the other hand?" Keye suggested.

"On the other hand," said Anne, "if either of us should find somebody else that we'd rather have, wouldn't it be better then to be free?"

Keye, of course, had been surprised—quite taken off his guard. Being engaged to Anne had come to be as much a part of his life as getting up in the morning or shaving. But her proposition sounded fair enough; besides, it was almost train time.

"All right," he agreed. "I don't know whether you have designs on some Chicago packer or merely want to harrow my emotions with the uncertainties of another courtship. But it's fair enough."

You see, he had no idea then that he was more than fraternally interested in Phyllis.

He carried Anne's traveling bag into the train and settled her in her Pullman.

"Don't I kiss you good-by?" he asked.

Anne shook her head.

"It's not done. You're not engaged to me, you know."

Keye laughed.

"All right. Have your fling in Chicago, for you're due for a passionate courtship as soon as you get back." He consulted his watch. "Well, how about a nice Platonic handshake?"

So Anne's train rolled away, taking a girl who had saved her pride, leaving a free man.

It is hard not to make Keye's fall seem more unregenerate than it really was. After all, he had labored his seven years for Rachel, and the Biblical fourteen is a good deal to expect of even the most faithful of modern young men. Besides, Phyllis was so very pretty, so very soft, so very sweet. Moreover, in her own guileless-angel manner she was making a dead set for Keye. More than one young man has broken his troth for a Phyllis. And Keye had no troth to break.

He took her about a great deal those two weeks, because Anne's being away left a vacancy in his time. Then, too, Phyllis was a delightful person to take about. Her eager pleasure in gayety made him feel very young himself. He tried out jokes and playfulnesses which had become an old story to Anne, and they seemed dazzlingly new to Phyllis. She was wide-eyed in awe when he told her how much he received for illustrating a story, and the sum, which both Keye and Anne knew was only half what Curwood received, seemed suddenly princely to Keye again.

That was what Phyllis did to Keye. She made him feel swaggeringly young once more. What if she did think that pastels were made with water color and did not know the difference between an etching and a pen drawing? What if Keye's more subtle whimsicalities did float far above her head? What if she did like his bad work quite as well as his good? She told him—not, of course, crudely in words—that she thought him the most amazingly successful man she had ever met; that she thought he was brilliant and handsome and fascinating.

Besides, her hair was like corn silk in the sun, her eyes were soft as dark pansies, her voice like velvet.

Anne's two weeks flew past, and she dropped Keye a casual friendly note telling him that she intended to stay two weeks longer. It was this last two weeks that turned the trick. Keye was with Phyllis nearly every evening. She had let him guess that she was staying over her visit on his account. At last, exactly a month from the day that Anne had left, it came to a climax.

It was Sunday, and Keye had taken Phyllis for a country walk. They had tramped through a suburb of little houses, and Phyllis had looked at them with soft-eyed

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wistfulness. Two tiny children playing beside a fence had toppled each other over, and Phyllis, a gentle arm about each, had set them on their feet. She knelt for a moment, a baby in each arm, and smiled tenderly up at Keye, looking like a childish Madonna. It was the last straw. That night he asked Phyllis to marry him.

It was at a little tea room where Anne had once taken him. It was one of the few places open for dinner of a Sunday night, and there was always an open fire. Moreover, it was near the station, and Keye and Phyllis had walked so far they had had to come back to New York by train. It was early when they reached the tea room, and they had it to themselves. They chose the little table nearest the crackling fire. The waitress appeared now and then, that was all.

And Keye, still under the spell of her flattery, of her soft angel-like beauty, the spell of the little houses and the babies in Phyllis' arms, asked her to marry him.

Now as a matter of fact, Phyllis did not wish to marry Keye. She did not as yet wish to marry anybody. She had wished Keye to ask her, of course. A flirtation which did not lead to a proposal was, in Phyllis' creed, but little to her credit. One may have the face of a guileless angel and still have pride in one's work.

This proposal, however, was a bit of white elephant on her hands. Having deliberately brought it about, now that she had it, she did not know exactly what to do with it. She was going home day after to-morrow, and the affair, so glowingly absorbing with all New York for a background, would be a thin pleasure in the diluted form of letters. Phyllis, of course, was quite skillful enough to be able to manage an arrangement under which Keye would be engaged to her, but she would not be exactly engaged to him. But Keye had expressed himself once to her quite strongly on the subject of long engagements. This, she realized, was a proposal of marriage, not of engagement.

No, it would be better to end it now with a clean cut. She played with the ring on her little finger in uncertainty as to just how to make it most gently. Keye was one of her brother's best friends. Besides, he was a dear. She suddenly wished she had not played the game so hard. Phyllis was subject to these quick, tardy compunctions when it came time to snuff the light she had kindled. Instinct, however, always triumphed over memory when it came time to kindle another.

Keye was leaning eagerly across the little table. Phyllis raised her eyes to his, dropped them, twisted the ring unhappily. Before she had time to raise her eyes again the tea-room door opened and another customer came in. It was a girl—slim, smart of suit, hat and gloves, carrying a small traveling case. Phyllis' back was to the door and she could see only Keye's face, but that was enough. The girl was Anne.

She glanced across the room at the intimate little table beside the fire and recognized Keye. At that moment Phyllis turned to look at the intruder. For an instant Anne's color flamed bright, but that was all. There was no awkward situation. Anne was too much a woman of the world, too thoroughly mistress of herself for that. She crossed the empty tea room, her hand extended, smiling a friendly smile of casual pleasure.

Keye, to Phyllis' surprise she had known only Keye the graceful, the easy—crimsoned as he rose. He shook hands with Anne gravely.

"You remember Miss Van Sant, Anne?" He signaled the waitress to bring another chair to their table.

But Anne declined, smilingly firm.

"Of course I remember Miss Van Sant. Thanks, no, Keye. I'm going over to the little table by the door and have some toast and tea. It's all I want after dining-car fare. My train got in just ten minutes ago and I remembered that this place was open Sundays. No, I'd much rather go by myself. I'm far too travel-stained to bear close inspection."

She chatted pleasantly a moment or two, and then with a friendly smile at the two of them returned to the table near the door. While she drank her tea and ate her toast conversation at the twosome table by the fire was decidedly constrained. Anne finished, paid her check. Keye rose quickly. "Won't you wait, just a few minutes," he urged, "till Miss Van Sant finishes her dessert, and let us take you home? You have your bag ——"

"If you don't mind"—Anne's voice was pleasant—"if you don't mind, I think I'll go right along. I have a regular train headache, and I should be wretched company, anyhow. I'm going to get a taxi."

"I'll get it for you."

Keye rose eagerly, and Anne, sitting down in his vacant chair, chatted with Phyllis. Keye returned, carried her bag to the cab.

"Thank you, Keye," she said, extending a cool hand. "Good night."

She kept her friendly smile while he closed the door and as she rolled halfway down the dark block. Then slowly its frozen pleasantness broke. She sat staring trembling-lipped at the brownstone fronts as they passed. Suddenly she began to cry. She leaned against the upholstered window sash, sobbing forlornly, mufflledly, so that the driver would not hear her.

Now an interrupted proposal is a ticklish affair. Phyllis kept her eyes delicately dropped, her thick lashes dark on the pink of her cheek, as Keye came back to the fireside table. She did not raise them as he seated himself, or in the silence that followed. She was waiting. She waited—and waited. At last, puzzled, she stole a shy upward glance. Keye was not looking at her at all. He sat staring dully at the little table that Anne had left.

Again Phyllis waited—an interminable time. At last she sighed softly. With a guilty start, Keye came back, as though surprised to find anybody there. Phyllis' pansy eyes met his for the briefest instant. It was long enough. Under her soft baby ways, despite her guileless-angel eyes, Phyllis, of course, was a clever woman. She smiled at Keye.

"You didn't mean what you were saying, did you?" she asked gently. "You don't really want to marry me, do you?"

For a moment Keye merely stared at her, surprised, incredulous. Then ——

"No," he said simply. "I thought I did, but I don't. I've—I've made an utter ass of myself, but there's no use lying about it."

Phyllis sighed again. The artist in her demanded it—a caressing farewell touch of wistfulness. Keye, miserably ashamed, avoided her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Phyllis."

She leaned across the table and laid a soft white hand on his. Instantly her wistfulness lifted.

"Don't be sorry," she said. "Please don't be. There's nothing to be sorry about."

"You mean that you—you don't ——"

Phyllis laughed, a soft, gently gay laugh of freedom and relief.

"Of course I don't!" she said.

Keye was at Anne's early the next morning. He had had a bad night of it. While the clock in his expensive little room at the Allesden ticked away the early morning hours he thought of all the dear gay times when he had met Anne or she had met him at the train; of the startling joy of seeing her again after the brief absences; of their first dinners together again. Every sweet silliness of these old reunions turned poignant in the darkness. For last night Anne had come into the big station alone. The cool friendliness of her greeting, the poised, casual independence of her! Over and over Keye's aching, remorseful tenderness was swept away in the grip of an icy fear. What if in his asininity he had lost Anne forever!

He could not wait to be announced, not even for the elevator, when he reached her apartment in the morning. He raced up the three flights of stairs, pressed the bell outside her door, fear lying heavy in the pit of his stomach. He heard her steps inside crossing the room toward him and his heart pounded somewhere against his tonsils.

Her sister had already left. Anne, herself ready for the office, opened the door in her hat. She started, colored hotly at the sight of Keye. He came in, closing the door behind him.

All through the night Keye had planned this meeting; had decided what he would say; in just what words he would lay his contrite heart at her feet. Anne had planned their first meeting too; had asked only that she could keep the raw pain out of her eyes and voice; that she might appear cool, casual, friendly to Keye and do her suffering alone in the privacy which at least life surely owes to a heartbreak.

Keye, facing her in the early morning light, opened his lips, but the carefully planned words would not come. Anne herself standing there, the nearness of her, the

(Continued on Page 64)

Ten or fifteen years of life—

Will you add them or subtract them?

Science has discovered why thousands of men and women die needlessly while still young.

Messages of startling importance from the laboratory of the scientist

A FAMOUS doctor has kept tissue cells of animals alive outside the body for long periods of time. These cells have been kept clean of poisonous matter and properly nourished. It would seem as if their life and growth could thus be maintained indefinitely.

If we could keep our human bodies clean of the poisons which accumulate in them daily and give them the full benefit of proper diet we also ought to live forever. That is an attractive theory.

But it is a known fact that we can add to our span of life or subtract from it. Many men and women choose to subtract.

Under forty—yet dying of old-age diseases

Yearly thousands of men and women still under forty die from old-age diseases. Faulty eating has lowered their vitality so that they easily get infections which prove fatal—they get diseases normally coming only with old age. It is now known that lack of only one food factor—vitamine—always causes this lowered vitality.

This new knowledge has given a profound importance to Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is the richest known source of this health-essential vitamine.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a food, assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if it causes gas dissolve it first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 1 to 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. You will soon learn to like its fresh, distinctive flavor and the clean, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.

Place a standing order for Fleischmann's Yeast with your grocer and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool, dry place until ready to use.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many requests are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Use coupon below, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain, spread on bread or crackers or dissolved in milk

Scientific tests of the value of yeast

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance. This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives * * * ".

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. Remember that Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cathartic; it is a fresh food which gradually makes the use of laxatives unnecessary. Eat from 1 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

As Fleischmann's Yeast has a laxative action and as it acts very beneficially on all the digestive organs it helps correct the basic causes of these common ailments—so often due to wrong eating.

Digestion aided

Fleischmann's Yeast furnishes a large amount of the vitamine which makes every ounce of nourishment count in building new stores of energy and health. To improve digestion and get full benefit from the food you eat add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet—1 to 3 cakes a day.

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That's why Dr. Lyon's is made both pleasant and safe: pleasant, to encourage a good habit; safe, to continue its 55-year-old record of preserving teeth.

Dr. Lyon's contains no harmful or doubtful ingredients.

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FREE SAMPLE
Powder or cream—sent to anyone

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unutterable dearness of her! He was suddenly hoarse. Hot tears smarted his lids. He caught her hands and buried his face in them.

"Oh, Anne!" he choked.

In an instant Anne was crying, too, in Keye's arms. Gone was the cool indifference—the casual friendliness. Swept away by some primitive miracle was the very Anne of seven years. This Anne, sobbing, clinging to Keye, was not the world-wise cautious young woman who had held for patience and prudence so often in this very room; the young woman who had weighed tenderness in measures of linoleum and the new plays; the woman who had been so coolly reasonable, so clear-headed, so farsighted, so undeniably right. This was the girl, blindly, ecstatically reckless, probably wrong, who had kissed her lover in the lilac-scented darkness seven springs ago.

It was now Keye who must be practical; Keye who must think of licenses and rings and bread and butter for the years to come. Anne the cool, clear-headed, Anne the skillful, the practical, had vanished. In her place was an Anne ineffably young, absurdly, gloriously blind to everything in the world but the man beside her; an Anne who asked only to hold fast Keye's hand, and, coatless, gloveless, penniless, reckless, go with him to the farthermost edge of the world.

After seven years of cool sanity, it had come back, the sheer May magic.

It seems a bit unfair in the scheme of things that Anne should hate Phyllis so, for without her coming Keye and Anne might have gone on forever, content with being prudent and practical, probably right. They might have married, when the proper time came, in a passionless, possessorship fashion, and doubtless would have done very well. But well or ill, what year or what season, this would have been September. They might never have known young love again, its sweet, mad eagerness, divine imprudence. Life had at last attended to the prose necessities of mating; but it was the passing of a soft-eyed little flirt that gave them spring again—spring and the lilacs of youth.

MUMMERY

(Continued from Page 15)

the moving-picture theater showed Adam in the view of the dreadnoughts at Guantánamo.

"Get out," said Adam's mother. "You're jokin'! . . . Honest? Well, it's about time! What's he doin'? . . . Wrestlin'? My! Say, call up the theater and tell Mr. Rubenstein to save me a box for the evenin' show."

"I hear your father's come home," the friend insinuated.

"Yes," Mrs. Egg drawled, "and ain't feelin' well and don't need comp'ny. Be obliged if you'd tell folks that. He's kind of sickly. So they've got Dammy in a picture. It's about time!" The tremor ran down her back. She said "Good night, dearie," and rang off.

The old man was standing in the hall doorway, his head a vermilion ball in the crossed light of the red sunset.

"Feel better, papa?"

"As good as I'm likely to feel in this world again. You look real like your mother settin' there, Myrtle." The whisper seemed likely to ripen as a sob.

Mrs. Egg answered, "Mamma had yellow hair and never weighed more'n a hundred and fifty pounds to the day of her death. What'd you like for supper?"

He walked slowly along the room, his knees sagging, twitching from end to end. She had forgotten how tall he was. His face constantly wrinkled. It was hard to see his eyes under their long lashes. Mrs. Egg felt the pity of all this in a cold way.

She said, when he paused: "That's Adam, there, on the mantelpiece, papa. Six feet four and a half he is. It don't show in a picture."

"The Navy's a rough kind of life, Myrtle. I hope he ain't picked up bad habits. The world's full of pitfalls."

"Sure," said Mrs. Egg, shearing the whisper. "Only Dammy ain't got any sense about cards. I tried to teach him pinochle, but he never could remember none of it, and the hired men always clean him out shakin' dice. He can't even beat his papa at checkers. And that's an awful thing to say of a bright boy!"

The old man stared at the photograph and his forehead smoothed for a breath. Then he sighed and drooped his chin.

"If I'd stayed by right principles when I was young ——"

"D'you still keep a diary, papa?"

"I did used to keep a diary, didn't I? I'd forgotten that. When you come to my age, Myrtle, you'll find yourself forgettin' easy. If I could remember any good things I ever did ——"

The tears dripped from his jaw to the limp breast of his coat. Mrs. Egg felt that he must be horrible, naked, like a doll carved of coconut bark Adam had sent home from Havana. He was darker than Adam even. In the twilight the hollows of his face were sheer black. The room was gray. Mrs. Egg wished that the film would hurry and show something brightly lit.

The dreary whisper mourned, "Grain for the grim reaper's sickle, that's what I am. Tares mostly. When I'm gone you lay me alongside your mamma and ——"

"Supper's ready, Mis' Egg," said the cook.

Supper was odious. He sat crumbling bits of toast into a bowl of hot milk and whispering feeble questions about dead folk or the business of the vast dairy farm. The girls had been too kind, he said.

"I couldn't help but feel that if they knew all about me ——"

"They're nice sociable girls," Mrs. Egg panted, dizzy with dislike of her veal. She went on: "And they like a good cry, never havin' had nothin' to cry for."

His eyes opened wide in the lamplight, gray brilliance sparkled. Mrs. Egg stiffened in her chair, meeting the look.

He wailed, "I gave you plenty to cry for, daughter." The tears hurt her, of course.

"There's a picture of Dammy in the movies," she gasped. "I'm goin' in to see it. You better come. It'll cheer you up, papa."

She wanted to recall the offer too late. In the car she felt chilly. He sank into a corner of the tonneau like a thrown laprobe. Mrs. Egg talked loudly about Adam all the way to town and shouted directions to the driving farmhand in order that the whisper might not start. The manager of the theater had saved a box for her and came to usher her to its discomfort. But all her usual pleasure was gone. She nodded miserably over the silver-gilt rail at friends. She knew that people were craning from far seats. Her bulk and her shadow effaced the man beside her. He seemed to cower a little. At eight the show began and Mrs. Egg felt darkness as a blessing, although the shimmer from the screen ran like phosphorus over the bald head, and a flash of white between two parts of the advertisement showed the dark wrinkles of his brow.

"Like the pictures, papa?"

"I don't see well enough to take much pleasure in 'em, Myrtle."

A whirling globe announced the beginning of the weekly. Mrs. Egg forgot her burdens. She was going to see Adam. She took a peppermint from the bag in her hand and set her teeth in its softness, applauded a view of the President and the arrival of an ambassador in New York. Then the greenish letters declared "The fleet leaves Guantánamo training ground," and her eyes hurt with staring. The familiar lines of anchored battleships appeared with a motion of men in white on the gray decks. The screen showed a race of boats which melted without warning to a mass of white uniforms packed about the raised square of a roped-in platform below guns and a turret clouded with men. Two tanned giants in wrestling tights scrambled under the ropes. There was a flutter of caps.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Egg. "Oh!"

She stood up. The view enlarged. Adam was plain as possible. He grinned, too; straight from the screen at her. The audience murmured. Applause broke out. Adam jerked his black head to his opponent—and the view flicked off into some stupid business of admirals. Mrs. Egg sat down and sobbed.

"Was that Adam, daughter? The—the big feller with black hair?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Egg; "yes." She was hot with rage against the makers of pictures who'd taken him from her. It was

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USG

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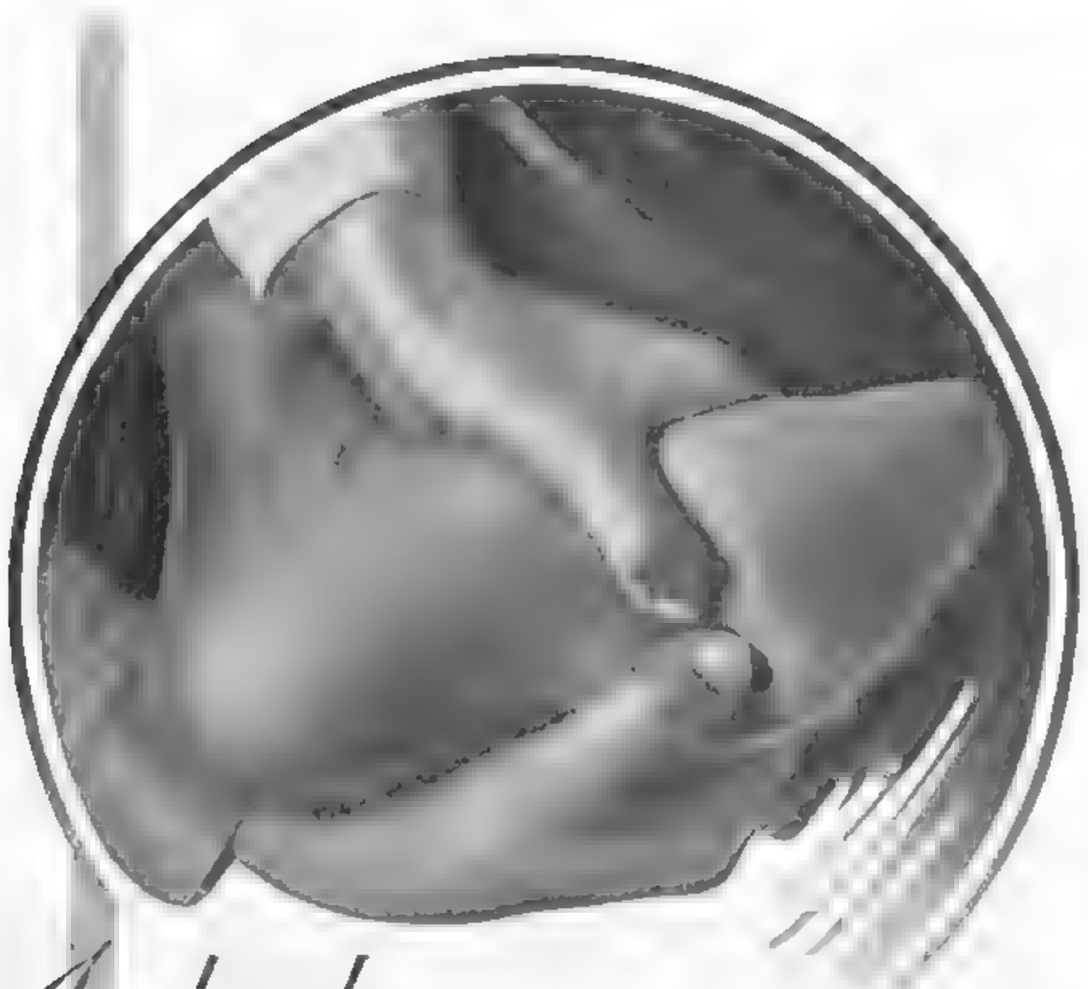

Instant — lasting relief from painful callouses

IF you have calloused feet, you know *how* they hurt, but do you know *why?*

It's simply this: Back of the thickened flesh is a lowered bone pressing against a sensitive nerve. And nature forms the pad of flesh and makes any pressure painful to safeguard and protect that nerve from injury.

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No metal is used in Wizard Lightfoot Callous Relievers. They are made instead of soft, pliable leather, skillfully shaped to fit the contour of the foot. Thus, while they provide a firm, continuous support, they permit a normal flexing of the ligaments and muscles.

Soft rubber inserts of the proper thickness are so placed that they gently restore the lowered bones to their natural position. The pressure gone, the callous instantly ceases to hurt and ultimately disappears.

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Wizard devices are made with a series of scientifically arranged overlapping pockets. These are so located that soft inserts of any desired thickness placed in them will build a comfortable support to the exact height required and in the exact location needed to restore the bones to normal.

No other devices can employ the Wizard Adjustable overlapping pockets principle, which is patented.

You can get Wizard devices with any series of pockets desired to relieve callouses, fallen arches or run over heels. These may be had separately or in combination.

(Continued from Page 64)

a shame. She crammed four peppermints into her mouth and groaned, about them, "As if people wouldn't rather look at some good wrestlin' than a lot of captains and stuff!"

"How long's the boy been in the Navy, Myrtle?"

"April 14, 1917."

The whisper restored her. Mrs. Egg yawned for an hour of nonsense about a millionaire and his wife who was far too thin. Her father did not speak, although he moved now and then. The show concluded. Mrs. Egg lumbered wearily out to her car in the dull street and vaguely listened to the whisper of old age. She couldn't pay attention. She was going home to write the film company at length. This abuse of Adam was intolerable. She told the driver so. The driver agreed.

He reported, "I was settin' next to Miss Webb."

"That's Dammy's girl, papa. Go on, Sam. What did Edie say?"

"Well," said the driver, "she liked seein' the kid. She cried anyhow."

Mrs. Egg was charmed by the girl's good sense. The moon looked like a quartered orange over the orchard.

She sighed, "Well, he'll be home Wednesday night, anyhow. Edie ain't old enough to get married yet. Hey, what's the house all lit up for? Sadie ought to know better."

She prepared a lecture for the cook. The motor shot up the drive into a babble and halted at the steps. Someone immense rose from a chair and leaped down the space in one stride.

Adam said, "H'lo, mamma," and opened the car door.

Mrs. Egg squealed. The giant lifted her out of her seat and carried her into the sitting room. The amazing muscles rose in the flat of his back. She thought his overshirt ripped. The room spun. Adam fanned her with his cap and grinned.

"Worst of radiograms," he observed; "the boys say papa went on to meet me. Well, it'll give him a trip. Quit cryin', mamma."

"Oh, Dammy, and there ain't nothin' fit to eat in the house!"

Adam grinned again. The farm hands dispersed at his nod. Mrs. Egg beat down her sobs with both hands and decried the radio service that could turn Sunday into Tuesday. Here was Adam, though, silently grinning, his hands available, willing to eat anything she had in the pantry. Mrs. Egg crowed her rapture in a dozen bursts.

The whispering voice crept into a pause with, "You'll be wantin' to talk to your boy, daughter. I'll go to bed; I guess."

"Dammy," said Mrs. Egg, "this is ——"

Adam stopped rolling a cigarette and nodded to the shadow by the hall door. He said, "How you? The boys told me you'd got here," and licked the cigarette shut with a flash of his red tongue. He struck a match on the blue coating of one lean thigh and lit the cigarette, then stared at the shadow. Mrs. Egg hated the old man against reason as the tears slid down the dark face.

"Grain for the grim reaper's sickle, daughter. You'll be wantin' to talk to your boy. I guess I'll say good night." He faded into the hall.

"Well, come, let's see what there is to eat, mamma," said Adam, and pulled Mrs. Egg from her chair.

He sat on the low ice chest in the pantry and ate chocolate cake. Mrs. Egg uncorked pear cider and reached, panting, among apple-jelly glasses. Adam seldom spoke. She didn't expect talk from him. He was sufficient. He nodded and ate. The tanned surface of his throat dimpled when he swallowed things. His small nose wrinkled when he chewed. Mrs. Egg chattered confusedly. Adam grinned when she patted his smooth hair and once said "Get out!" when she paused between two kisses to assure him he was handsome. He had his father's doubts on the point perhaps. He was not, she admitted, exactly beautiful. He was Adam, perfect and hard as an oak trunk under his blue clothes. He finished the chocolate cake and began to eat bread and apple jelly.

He ate six slices and drank a mug of pear cider, then crossed his legs and drawled, "Was a fellow on the Nevada they called Frisco Cooley."

"What about him, Dammy?"

"Nothin'. He was as tall as me. Skinny, though. Used to imitate actors in shows. Got discharged in 1919."

"Was he a nice boy, Dammy?"

"No," said Adam, and reached for the pear-cider bottle. He fell into his usual calm and drank another mug of cider. Mrs. Egg talked of Edie Webb. Adam grinned and kept his black eyes on the pantry ceiling. The clock struck eleven. He said, "They called him Frisco Cooley 'cause he came from San Francisco. He could wrinkle his face up like a monkey. He worked in a gamblin' joint in San Francisco. That's him." Adam jerked a thumb at the ceiling.

"Dammy!"

"That's him," said Adam. "It took me a time to think of him, but that's him."

Mrs. Egg fell back against the ice chest and squeaked, "You mean you know this ——"

"Hush up, mamma!"

"But he walked part the way from San Antonio. He ——"

"He ain't your father," said Adam, "so don't cry. Is there any maple sugar? The grub on the train was fierce."

Mrs. Egg brought him the tin case of maple sugar. Adam selected a chunk of the brown stuff and bit a lobe of it. He was silent. Mrs. Egg marveled at him. His sisters had hinted that he wasn't clever. She stood in awe, although her legs ached. Adam finished the lump of maple sugar and rose. He leaned on the shelves with his narrow waist curved against them and studied a row of quince-jelly reserve jars. His nose wrinkled.

He asked, "You been fumigatin'?"

"Fumigatin'! Why, Dammy, there ain't been a disease in the house since you had whoopin' cough."

"Sulphur," Adam drawled.

"Why, Dammy Egg! I never used sulphur for nothin' in my life!"

He took a jar of preserves and ripped off the paraffin wafer that covered the top. Then he set the jar aside and sat down on the floor. Mrs. Egg watched him unlace his shoes.

He commanded, "You sit still, mamma. Be back in a minute."

"Dammy, don't you go near that heathen!"

"I ain't."

He swung across the kitchen floor in two strides and bumped his head on the top of the door. Mrs. Egg winced, but all her body seemed to move after the boy. Shiverings tossed her. She lifted her skirts and stepped after him. The veranda was empty. Adam had vanished, although the moon covered the dooryard with silver. The woman stared and shook. Then something slid down the nearest pillar and dropped like a black column to the grass. Adam came up the steps and shoved Mrs. Egg back to the pantry.

He spread some quince preserve on a slab of bread and stated, "He's sittin' up readin' a lot of old copybooks, kind of. Got oil all over his head. It's hair remover. Sulphur in it."

"How could you ever smell that far, Dammy?"

"I wonder what's in those books?" Adam pondered. He sat cross-legged on the ice chest and ate slowly for a time, then remarked, "You didn't put up these quinces, mamma."

"No; they're Sadie's. Think of your noticin'!"

"You got to teach Edie cookin'," he said. "She can't cook fit for a Cuban. Lots of time, though. Now, mamma, we can't let this goof stay here all night. I guess he's a thief. I ain't goin' to let the folks have a laugh on you. Didn't your father always keep a diary?"

"Think of your rememberin' that, Dammy! Yes, always."

"That's what Frisco's readin' up in. He's smart. Used to do im'tations of actors and cry like a hose pipe. Spotted that. Where's the strawb'ry jam?"

"Right here, Dammy. Dammy, suppose he killed papa somewheres off and stole his diaries!"

"Well," said Adam, beginning strawberry jam, "I thought of that. Mebbe he did. I'd better find out. Y'oughtn't to kill folks even if they're no good for nothin'."

"I'll go down to the barn and wake some of the boys up," Mrs. Egg hissed.

"You won't neither, mamma. This'd be a joke on you. I ain't goin' to have folks sayin' you took this guy for your father. Fewer knows it, the better. This is awful good jam." He grinned and pulled Mrs. Egg down beside him on the chest. She forgot to be frightened, watching the

(Continued on Page 69)

Ball-Bearing Motor Pioneers

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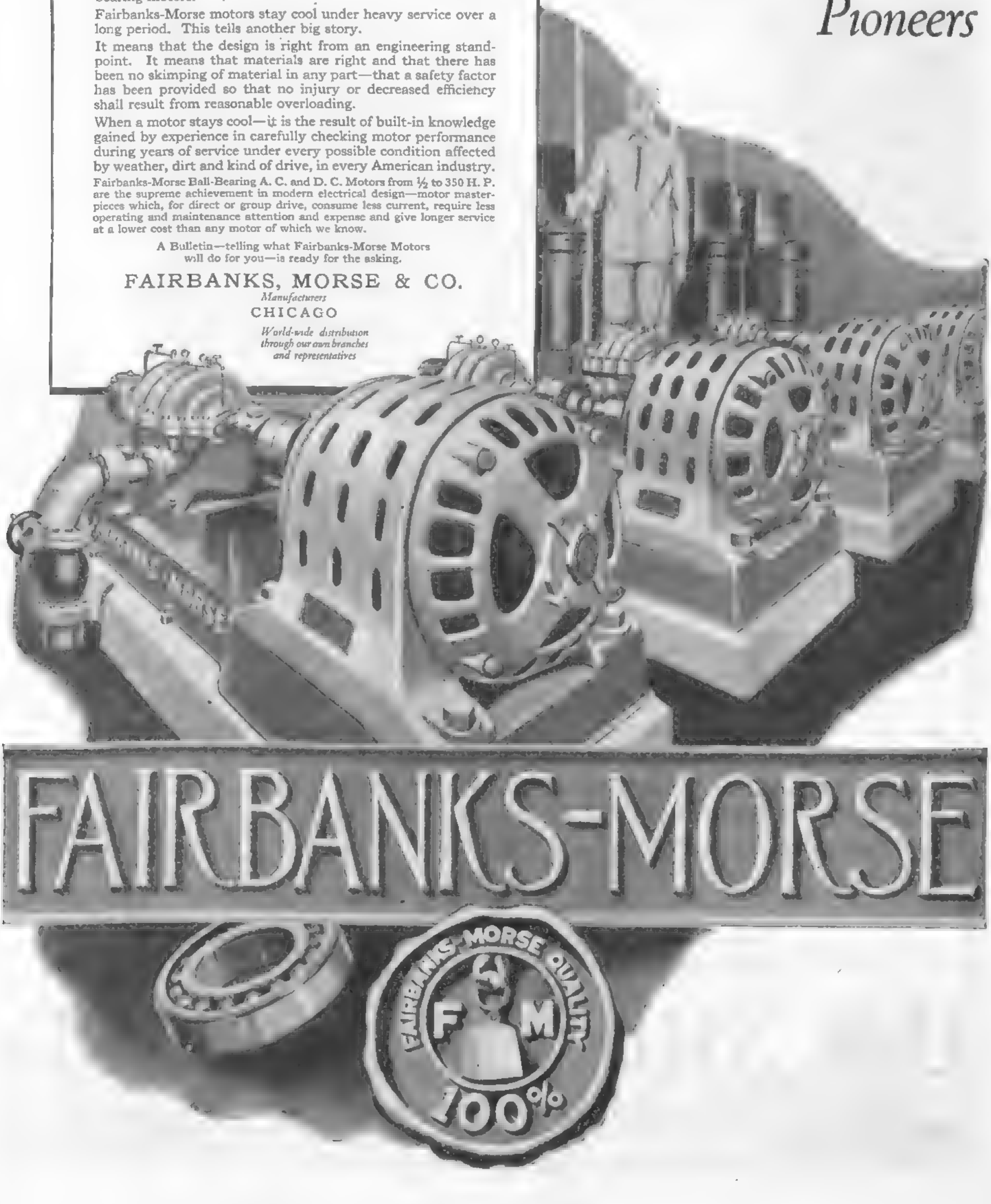

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(Continued from Page 66)

marvel eat. She must get larger jars for jam. He reflected: "You always get enough to eat on a boat, but it ain't satisfyin'. Frisco prob'ly uses walnut juice to paint his face with. It don't wash off. Don't talkin' make a person thirsty?"

"Wait till I get you some more cider, Dammy."

Adam thoughtfully drank more pear cider and made a cigarette. Wonderful ideas must be moving behind the blank brown of his forehead. His mother adored him and planned a recital of his acts to Egg, who had accused Adam of being slow witted.

She wanted to justify herself, and muttered: "I just felt he wasn't papa, all along. He was like one of those awful sorrowful persons in a movie."

"Sure," said Adam, patting her arm. "I wish Edie'd got as nice a complexion as you, mamma."

"Mercy, Dammy!" his mother tittered and blushed.

Adam finished a third mug of cider and got up to examine the shelves. He scratched the rear of one calf with the other toe, and muscles cavorted in both legs as he reached for a jar of grapefruit marmalade. He peered through this at the lamp and put the jar back. Mrs. Egg felt hurt.

The paragon explained: "Too sour after strawb'ry, mamma. I'd like some for breakfast though. Back in a minute."

He trotted out through the kitchen and vanished on the veranda. She shivered, being alone.

Adam came back and nodded: "Light's out. Any key to that room?"

"No."

"I can always think better when I'm eatin'," he confessed, and lifted down the plate of spiced cookies, rejected them as too fresh, and pounced on a covered dish of apple sauce. This he absorbed in stillness, wriggling his toes on the oilcloth. Mrs. Egg felt entirely comfortable and real. She could hear the cook snoring. Behind her the curtain of the pantry window fluttered. The cool breeze was pleasant on her neck. Adam licked the spoon and said, "Back in a minute mamma," as he started for the veranda door.

Mrs. Egg reposed on the ice chest, thinking about Adam. He was like Egg, in that nothing fattened him. She puzzled over to-morrow's lunch. Baked ham and sweet potatoes, sugared; creamed asparagus; hot corn muffins. Dessert perplexed her. Were there any brandied peaches left? She feared not. They belonged on the upper shelf nearest the ice chest. Anxiety chewed her. Mrs. Egg climbed the lid by the aid of the window sill and reached up an arm to the shelf.

Adam said, "Here y'are, mamma."

The pantry door shut. Mrs. Egg swung about. Adam stood behind a shape in blue pajamas, a hand locked on either of its elbows. He grinned at Mrs. Egg over the mummer's shoulder. As the woman panted sulphur entered her throat. The lamp threw a glare into the dark face, which seemed paler.

"Go on, Frisco," said Adam, about the skull, "tell mamma about her father."

A sharp voice answered, "Let go my arms. You're killin' me!"

"Quit kiddin'," Adam growled. "Go on!"

"He ran a joint in San Francisco and gave me a job after I got out the Navy. Died last fall. I kind of nursed him. Told me to burn all these books—diaries. I read 'em. He called himself Peterson. Left all his money to a woman. She shut the joint. I looked some like him so I took a chance. Leggo my arms, Egg!"

"He'd ought to go to jail, Dammy," said Mrs. Egg. "It's just awful! I bet the police are lookin' for him right now."

"Mamma, if we put him in jail this'll be all over the county and you'll never hear the end of it."

She stared at the ape with loathing. There was a star tattooed on one of his naked insteps. He looked no longer frail, but wiry and snakelike. The pallor behind his dark tan showed the triangles of black stain in his cheeks and eye sockets.

"He's too smart to leave loose, Dammy."

"It'll be an awful joke on you, mamma."

"I can't help it, Dammy. He ——"

The prisoned figure toppled back against Adam's breast and the mouth opened hideously. The lean legs bent.

"You squeezed him too tight, Dammy. He's fainted. Lay him down."

Adam let the figure slide to the floor. It rose in a whirl of blue linen. Mrs. Egg rocked on the chest.

The man thrust something at Adam's middle and said in a rasp, "Get your arms up!"

Adam's face turned purple beyond the gleaming skull. His hands rose a little and his fingers crisped. He drawled, "Fact. I ought have looked under your duds, you ——"

"Stick 'em up!" said the man.

Mrs. Egg saw Adam's arms tremble. His lower lip drew down. He wasn't going to put his arms up. The man would kill him. She could not breathe. She fell forward from the ice chest and knew nothing.

She roused with a sense of great cold and was sitting against the shelves. Adam stopped rubbing her face with a lump of ice and grinned at her.

He cried, "By gee, you did that quick, mamma! Knocked the wind clear out of him."

"Where is he, Dammy?"

"Dunno. Took his gun and let him get dressed. He's gone. Say, that was slick!"

Mrs. Egg blushed and asked for a drink. Adam dropped the ice into a mug of pear cider and squatted beside her with a shabby notebook.

"Here's somethin' for October 10, 1919." He read: "'Talked to a man from Ilium to-day in Palace Bar. Myrtle married to John Egg. Four children. Egg worth a wad. Dairy and cider business. Going to build new Presbyterian church.' That's it, mamma. He doped it all out from the diary."

"The dirty dog!" said Mrs. Egg. She ached terribly and put her head on Adam's shoulder.

"I'll put all the diaries up in the attic. Kind of good readin'. Say, it's after two. You better go to bed."

In her dreams Mrs. Egg beheld a bronze menacing skeleton beside her pillow. It whispered and rattled. She woke, gulping, in bright sunlight, and the rattle changed to the noise of a motor halting on the drive. She gave yesterday a fleet review, rubbing her blackened elbows, but felt charitable toward Frisco Cooley by connotation; she had once sat down on a collie pup. But her bedroom clock struck ten times. Mrs. Egg groaned and rolled out of bed, reaching for a wrapper. What had the cook given Adam for breakfast? She charged along the upper hall into a smell of coffee, and heard Adam speaking below. His sisters made some feeble united interjection.

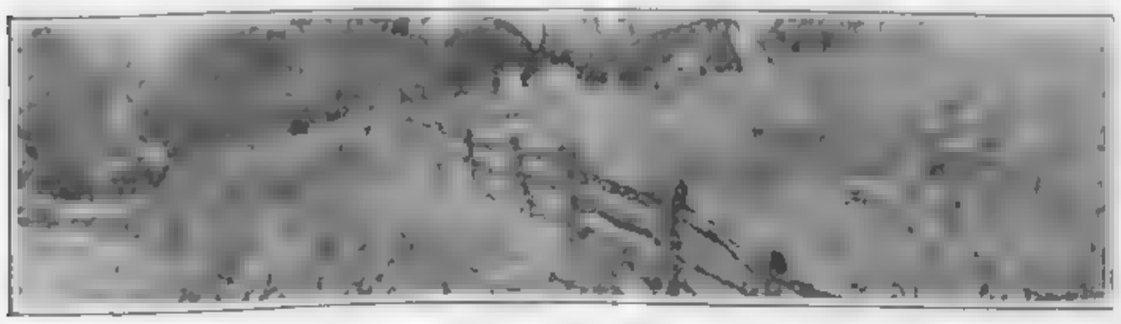
The hero said sharply: "Of course he was a fake! Mamma knew he was, all along, but she didn't want to let on she did in front of folks. That ain't dignified. She just flattened him out and he went away quiet. You girls always talk like mamma hadn't as much sense as you. She's kind of used up this morning. Wait till I give her her breakfast and I'll come talk to you."

A tray jingled.

Mrs. Egg retreated into her bedroom, awed. Adam carried in her breakfast and shut the door with a foot.

He complained: "Went in to breakfast at Edie's. Of course she's only sixteen, but I could make better biscuits myself. Lay down, mamma."

He began to butter slices of toast, in silence, expertly. Mrs. Egg drank her coffee in rapture that rose toward ecstasy as Adam made himself a sandwich of toast and marmalade and sat down at her feet to consume it.



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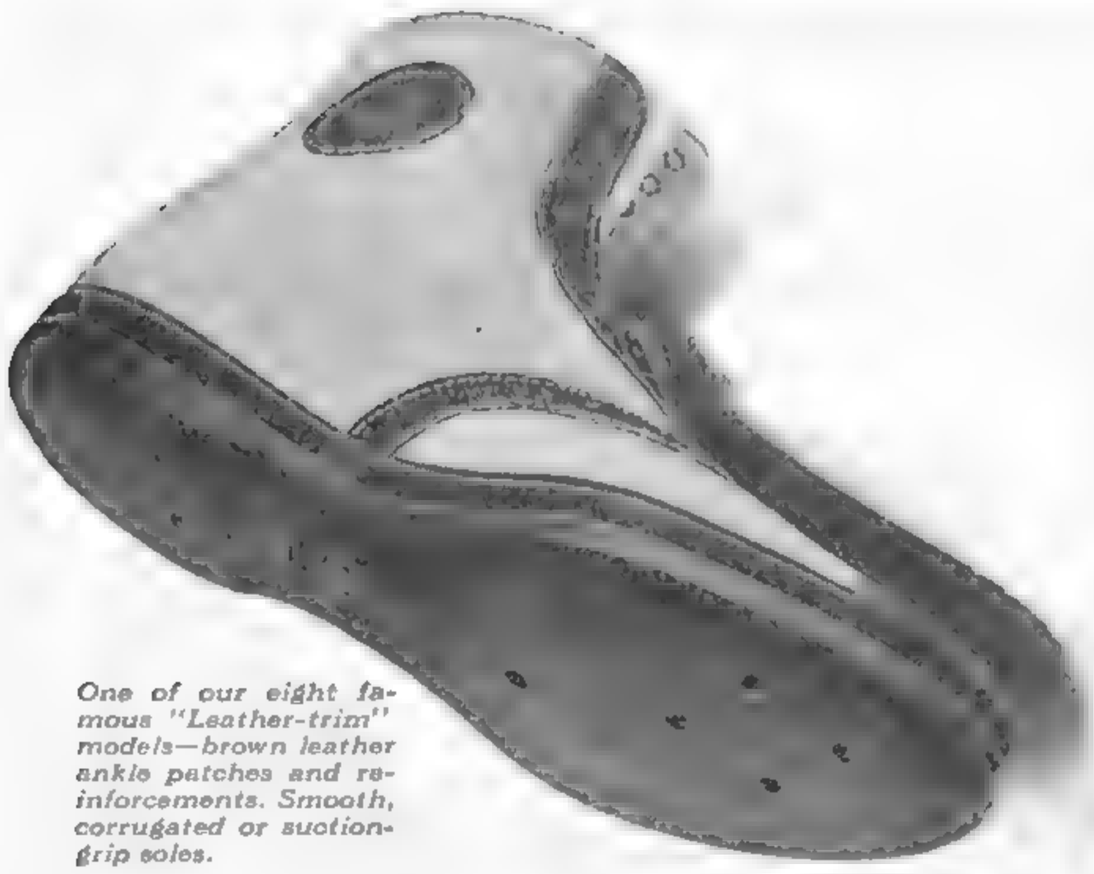

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Everywhere men and boys are seeing in this Keds model a new summer comfort—Keds now a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes.

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United States Rubber Company

Keds

Not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoes.

RECOLLECTIONS OF J. D.

(Continued from Page 16)

Mr. Rockefeller later sent him a sum of money to help along his little church. So his curiosity reaped a bountiful reward.

Some years ago Mr. Rockefeller instructed me to transfer to the General Education Board of the Baptist Church thirty million dollars' worth of securities. It was our custom to keep the bonds in the vaults, folded for easy handling, counting, numerical recording, coupon cutting and prompt delivery in case of sales. They were in steel boxes about four and a half by four and a half by ten inches. Each of these boxes held fifty bonds of the denomination of a thousand dollars. Six hundred such boxes represented thirty million dollars. Few of us can form a mental picture of a million dollars.

Recently when my wife and I were in a shoe store I called her attention to the boxes which were arranged six across and four down, making twenty-four boxes in each compartment. Four compartments high gave a total of ninety-six boxes in each division. Six divisions along the wall in front of us contained five hundred and seventy-six boxes.

"If you can mentally picture a small fortune of fifty thousand dollars in each of those boxes instead of shoes," I told her, "you will get some idea of what thirty million dollars means."

Most great fortunes have been developed and made to grow by the multiplication of little items such as the pennies to cross the ferries, the half-a-cent advance in the price of a gallon of oil, the five-and-ten-cent articles of merchandise, the nickel for car fare or chewing gum. These have helped to make men and corporations rich.

Mr. Rockefeller once said to me, "Mr. Rogers, you will find money will be one of the best friends—if not the best friend—you have."

As a lad he was always careful in looking after the pennies. In his little ledger, a small pass book which could be bought for five cents, but which a mint could not purchase to-day, may be found items in his own handwriting recording such purchases or gifts as:

pare of mitts	50 cents
mite society	5 cents

I have seen him stop in the second-story hall and turn the gas jet a little lower as we started downstairs together to the dinner table, perhaps to discuss the giving away of thousands of dollars. One day when we had left the office to go uptown together he felt in all pockets and found that he did not have a cent on his person. Turning to me, he wanted to borrow the car fare, and when I insisted upon paying his fare he quietly remarked, "Don't forget, Mr. Rogers, that is a whole year's interest on one dollar."

Dictated But Not Sent

Mr. Rockefeller's care in everything that he said or did or wrote was never better shown than by an incident at his summer home at Forest Hill, which was some miles from our Cleveland office. In the early days I went out about twice a week to save him from coming in to the office every day, and to make the journey pleasant he gave me a pony and phaeton. My wife usually drove out with me. Our lunch hour at our boarding house on Euclid Avenue was one o'clock.

On this particular day to which I refer it was half past one before he touched the button on the porte-cochère notifying the stable to bring up our rig. We had seated ourselves in the phaëton and I had taken the reins in my hands when he came down the steps.

"By the way, Mr. Rogers, just take a letter to Mr. Blank," he said.

He dictated about four lines, changed the wording, redictated it in another form; then tried another wording, and still another, changing and rechanging until it was a quarter past two, when he decided to wait until the following day. My wife was provoked "at the interminable delay, with no luncheon, and all for a little letter of three or four lines!" But as any answer was capable of two or three misinterpretations the extreme caution which he displayed was quite characteristic. Another thing, he told nobody what he hoped or expected to do. He did it first, and to this day the Standard does things first and lets others talk about them afterward.

It became necessary to establish office rules in the matter of parcels coming to the office addressed to Mr. Rockefeller, so many hundreds of articles were sent to him, from a carved cane from a man in jail to a musical composition dedicated to him. If we received and receipted for the goods and they proved to be of value, it was necessary to return them to the senders, pay return expressage, and if by registered mail we were compelled to obtain a receipt or run the risk of a lawsuit. As a consequence the colored messengers at the door of the offices had positive orders to refuse all packages except those which we expected. One or two amusing things happened as a result of this.

One of the junior officers of the American Express Company said to me one day, "I think that I have the joke on you and your rule about express packages." I looked my question. "There was a box from China which your office refused," he explained, "and there was no return name on it. We held it for the usual time according to law, and then I bought it at auction for fifty cents. When I opened it I found an exquisitely carved ivory jewelry box."

Speeding the Book Agent

Another time a book agent called with three large volumes, and according to the rule the messenger refused to accept them. The agent then asked if he could leave the books with us until the morning, as he did not want to carry them over to Brooklyn with him. The question was referred to my assistant, who acquiesced, and the books were placed for safekeeping back of a safe. About three weeks later the man called with a bill for the volumes. My assistant returned him the books, explained the circumstances, and handing him back the bill turned on his heel and went back to his office.

After standing a few minutes the agent turned to the messenger.

"I wonder where he has gone?" he asked.

"Well, if you stand here a few minutes longer you'll soon find out," returned the quick-witted man, and the agent, evidently thinking that we had sent for the police, grabbed his heavy books and left in a hurry.

When Mr. Rockefeller's father came from the West to make a short visit with the family in New York it was my pleasure to show him some of the downtown sights. After a visit to the Stock Exchange, the Subtreasury and other places of interest we went down to the Produce Exchange Building, the square tower of which was the highest place from which to see lower New York and the bay.

While standing there discussing the view he found great amusement in relating this incident that had occurred in Chicago on this trip.

"I was walking slowly along the street," he said, "when a young man approached, held out his hand and said, 'Why, how do you do, Mr. Thompson?'

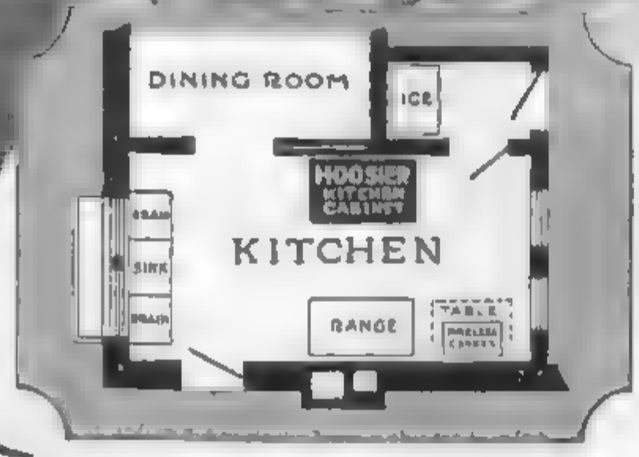
"I said, 'Real well, thank you; but my name is not Thompson.' He apologized and disappeared.

"Two blocks farther on another dapper young chap rushed up to me. 'Well! Well! Mr. Jackson! When did you come to town, and how are the folks at home?' I replied, 'Got in yesterday and folks all well; but my name's not Jackson. You are mistaken, sonny.' And he also left me.

"A couple of streets farther along a young fellow coming toward me stopped abruptly, held out his hand and said: 'My, but I am glad to see you here in Chicago! Your face is so familiar, but I can't seem to recall your name or place you.' He turned and walked along by my side, every once in a while saying that he was sure he had met me somewhere, that he couldn't seem to remember, and so forth.

"Suddenly I turned on him, eyed him carefully and sharply, and said: 'Well, young fellow, I guess you're right. I also have been trying to place you and to recall your name and record, and it just comes to me. You see, I have been a government detective for many years and have dealt with so many criminals, but your name is ——'

"That's as far as he let me go. You couldn't see his coat tails for the dust he raised as he disappeared."



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NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

JUJU

(Continued from Page 7)

on his arm. He was, he privately admitted, confused, uncertain. Something of his power, his decision, had left him. New, or rather the older, ideas of right and wrong entered to add to the doubt in his mind. Heebner felt uneasy. This would not do. It came, he realized, from the presence in him now of two men, quite different: The Charles Heebner who hated Cuba, hated Cuba and—and loved Colla Braddock; who dwelt longingly on the May in the Chester Valley; and the other Charles, part of America as the *estancia* was part of him. Either was allowably right enough; but together they formed only an exasperating negative.

He would have chosen to end the latter in an orderly and complete manner for the advent of the first, to stop being Cuban, Spanish, and become Northern, circumspect, safe, at the appropriate signal of Colla's probable admission. But this, it seemed, wasn't possible. It was, however, clearly necessary to put Colla from his thoughts now for an hour or so. She wouldn't go so easily, without a struggle; and in that his mentality resembled a ball of string in the claws of a cat. He withdrew that simile at once as ungracious. A fine sweat stood out on his brow against the drive of the air. Lord, how women tore you up!

Strangely enough, just then Johnson Lute spoke of his home in Ohio, of a stream he knew hardly wider than a finger where he had never failed to catch trout! He had never cared for catfish; but green bass! Some men argued they weren't a fin on black bass, but there was nothing in that except perhaps for eating.

"As for them down here with Spanish names and habits ——" Lute began acrimoniously.

His sentence was broken by the sudden crashing rise of the back of the rail car. Charles Heebner was conscious of being hurled through the air. He struck, but not heavily, on a bed of decomposed cane, out of which, half dazed, he struggled to his feet. The car was completely turned over beside the track, and beyond him Johnson Lute was lying with grotesquely twisted legs and outflung hands. Bending over the field superintendent, Heebner saw at once that he had been instantly killed.

Straightening up from the body of Johnson Lute, Heebner found that he had reached the *colonia* of Las Jias. The *hacienda* of the planter was behind the tangle limiting the last visible reach of cane on the right. Across the tracks the land, unfit for cultivation, was desolate with such moldering heaps as that into which he had been flung. The haze, away from the west, the last of that day's sun, thickened. It lay about the tufts and starved growths like wisps of straggling gray hair; and closed in by its insubstantial density there was no horizon, no releasing sweep for the imagination. On the other side, where Charles Heebner stood, the sugar cane was high and full; but just beyond, it was broken by a *tumba* cut back to the still rank turmoil of an unconquerable swamp. The sun, with the red glow of heated iron, was already notched by the earth. The rapidity of its sinking had the illusion of a fall, and the faint preliminary breath of the trade wind made a low melancholy whisper pass retreating through the cane.

Here, then, as though he had been arbitrarily dropped by a contemptuous hand, was the exact location of his purpose. Recalling the topography of Las Jias, he realized that not more than a hundred yards away were the *bohios* of Diloguez' field hands. He made a hurried inspection of the rail car. It was heavily built and seemed undamaged. All it needed, apparently, was to be set back upon the rails. Heebner was at the point of going immediately for help when he paused; and, considering, he went back to where they had been derailed. Billets of wood had been driven in, wedged against a crosstie. That, very completely expressing all the potentialities before him, gave a greater circumspection to his movements, and when he again went forward it was with Johnson Lute's revolver at his belt.

He soon came in view of the end of a long hut lying parallel with the tracks. It was closed with palm boards, and extending from it toward the swamp was a high, strongly built box for tools. No Haitians were visible. The waste of naked trees lying in a confused mortuary tangle lifted jagged broken branches in every conceivable angle.

The negroes of Haiti, crossing from island to island by the most casual and perilous means, traveled and worked always in groups, with a leader who spoke and understood a sufficient Spanish for bargaining; and Heebner realized it would be necessary for him to discover such a man before he could proceed. It was strange, he thought, that, the cutting of cane at a pause, no one was to be seen. He came up to the hut, made his way about the end to its clearing and abruptly encountered a close mass of perhaps a hundred laborers. They had been so silent, the spectacle was so surprising, that involuntarily he stopped. The crowd turned upon him a concerted glimmering and muddy gaze. And, before it, Charles Heebner was aware of a new, inexplicable repulsion sweeping over him like an emanation of dampness from the earth.

The Haitians stood compactly at the farther sweep of an opening polished by the shuffling of innumerable bare feet. They were still, and yet at regular intervals a shiver of emotion would pass over them like the effect of the wind in the cane. Heebner demanded, in Spanish, the attention of anyone in authority who could understand his words. Not an answering movement or phrase acknowledged the sound of his voice. This, he told himself, was bad; and the longer he was ignored the worse it would become.

He repeated in a louder and harsh tone his demand, advancing a short distance. There was no reply, no falling back of the inscrutable black throng. The swaying, however, continued; and he had a feeling that the eyes regarding him, the ears which could not fail to hear and partly understand, were closed to him. There was an acute need to open them at once, and selecting an individual whose garments were more complete, in better order than those of the others, Charles Heebner, moving forward again, bent all his force upon him.

"Answer me!" he curtly commanded. "You have some Spanish. My car is off the track and my field superintendent has been killed. Send some of your men back with me."

Waiting vainly as long as he dared for a reply, he caught the belt of the figure he was addressing and dragged it sharply forward. He met with an uncommon resistance, and in place of addressing an abject shape he had to meet a man resentfully erect. He saw the descending glimmer of a bright arc of swung steel, and with an instinctive backward step shot rapidly. The explosion of the revolver was astonishingly loud in the sultry hush. It was stunning; and when, without an echo, its violence was lost Charles Heebner gazed fleetingly at the body fallen face downward before him. Then his attention returned to the living. For the throng, shaken by a periodic spasm of emotion, the killing of their fellow had, it was apparent, no importance. They were oblivious of it. The act had had no power as the evidence, the tyranny of authority. It was without threatening terror for those who remained. They had the semblance of suffering from a simultaneous broadcast catalepsy or of being entranced. Call, demand, even shoot, as he would, Heebner grasped, it would have no effect. The Haitians now were rapt beyond his reach.

There was a sharp, perceptible darkening of the air, as though the flame of a universal lamp had been definitely turned down. There were no shadows, no perspective of rays. The dimness gathered all over, as much in one place as in another. It was the same under the thatch of the *bohio* as it was in the opening. And at the first visible onrush of night a reluctance in the face of darkness came over Charles Heebner. He remembered swiftly, with anxious regret, the long twilight of the North, the imperceptible change of day into night. He couldn't afford to wait, he told himself again. His power was diminishing, shrinking before the inattention meeting it. But, equally, if the men wouldn't hear they wouldn't hear. Neither could he discharge what cartridges remained into the dark mass.

Africans were not particularly intimidated by the mere fact of death. At times they even brought it about by the voluntary suspension of breath. If they surged forward —— Heebner realized that at last he was thinking of a consequence to himself rather than of any propriety to Johnson Lute, dead, or to the *estancia* of America.

The Charm

of white teeth comes in this way

This ten-day test will show you clearly the way to prettier teeth.

You will also know that those glistening teeth are cleaner, safer teeth. You will see and feel the film removal.

The results will surprise and delight you. Enjoy them for ten days and decide if you want them always.

That dingy film

A dingy film—a viscous film—accumulates on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It clouds the teeth's luster and fosters attacks on the teeth. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. Many diseases, local and internal, are now traced to them.

Teeth left unclean

Teeth are unclean if the film is left, however well you brush them. Between the teeth and elsewhere, the film may do ceaseless damage.

The dentist removes it when you visit him, but there are often months between. So dental research has long been searching for a daily film remover.

Now we remove it

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. Able authorities have proved them effective. Now leading dentists everywhere are advising their daily use.

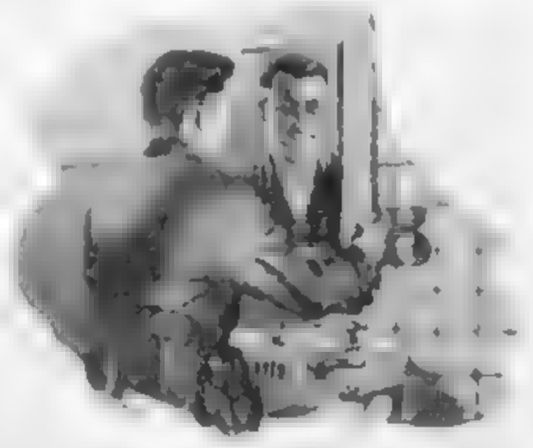
Both are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. Millions of people now use it daily. And the use is fast spreading all the world over, among people who care for their teeth.

Five vital effects

Pepsodent, with every use, brings five desired effects. It combats the film, wherever it may cling. It leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Pepsodent twice daily brings these important effects. To countless homes around you it has brought a new dental era.



Results are quick

The results are both quick and conspicuous. One can see and feel them. One cannot doubt the benefits they bring.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch all the delightful effects.

The book we send will tell you why they come. In a week you will know a better way to brush teeth. And we think you will always employ it.

Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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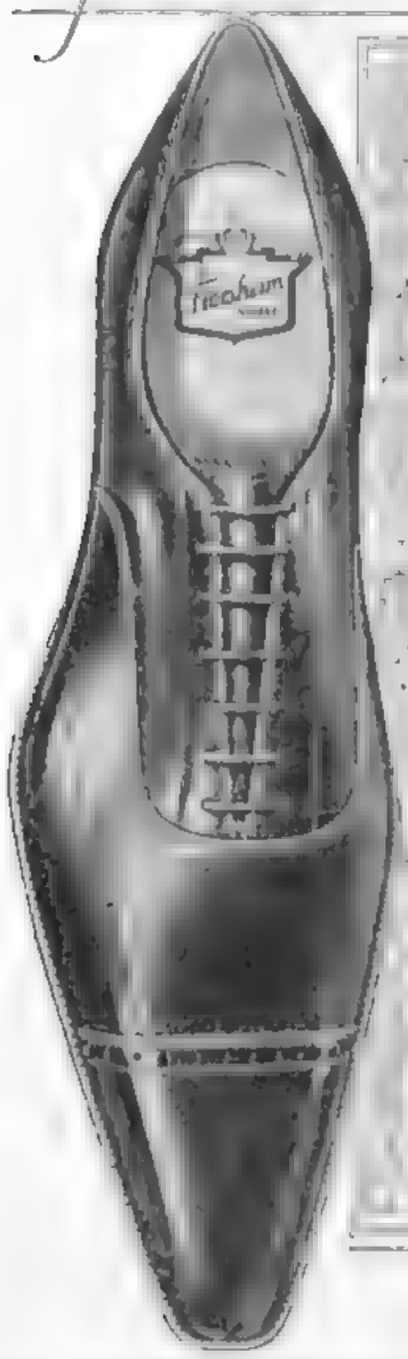

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A Florsheim smart style for warm days—cool because skeleton lined and perfect fitting. The square toe trim gives it that high grade appearance characteristic of Florsheim designing. Worn by men who want distinctive style in good taste.

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The most important part of your car is the little Transformer, which cures the uneven, missing, jerky motor and makes self starters live up to their name
"VECO"

Van Kerr Transformers

Decrease gasoline consumption—give greater power—reduce carbon deposits. They can be attached in a few minutes, and from that time on you will have a sweet, smoothly running motor which starts easily even in zero weather.

Does Your Motor Pump Oil? Don't Worry!

Van Kerr Transformers cure the troubles which are due to this condition. Their patented, fireproof construction allows the current of electricity to be broken in the open air without danger of igniting any vapors under the hood. The more combustible spark so produced burns every particle of oil and gas, giving greater power and leaving no carbon. The Van Kerr method of ignition eliminates the necessity for reboring cylinders and installing new piston rings and instantly removes the difficulty caused by motors pumping oil. For pleasure cars, tractors, motorcycles and gas engines.

We Will Send You a Set of Transformers

Attach them yourself. All it needs is two minutes and a pair of pliers.

by parcel post. Write us today and tell us your dealer's name and the kind of car you drive. Send no money. Simply pay the postman $2.00 for a four-cylinder set or $2.50 for a six-cylinder set. Use them ten days and if you are not satisfied that they do all we say they will, return them and you will get your money back.

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Over 100,000 satisfied customers are using Van Kerr Transformers

He wasn't exactly overcome by fear—his sense of duty had not gone; but one by one things that he knew and had heard about *brujeria* kept recurring to him. The sensation of an inclosing darkness returned; and sharply, as though for an insuperable time all his faculties had been in conflict with a remorseless force, he felt weary. The arm which had been holding up the revolver dropped to his side. He had a ridiculous impulse to ask in a reasonable voice what in heaven's name he could do. He wanted to tell everyone to be sensible, and in place of having their silly dance to scatter and help him with the rail car.

At this an image of Colla Braddock formed again in his mind—Colla, whom he intended to ask to marry him; and he wished that he were back on his bougainvillea-hung veranda with her, at her side on the deck of the steamer churning a clumsy way through the Gulf Stream to Florida, with her slipping in a Pullman drawing-room through the pine barrens of the Carolinas. An aspect of this desire vaguely troubled him. It was like the uncomfortable memory of an undischarged obligation lingering out of the past. His brain was growing dull, heavy—with the heat, he insisted irritably—but it held the thought of a woman other than Colla. Perhaps it was no more than a fantastic embodiment of the tropics which he was stupidly considering as actual. No—Amalia Cruz. And as the name, the fact, flashed into his comprehension the woman herself appeared before him as though the contemptuous hand that might have deposited him in Las Jias had returned with a fashionable and light shape snatched out of the late afternoon throng on the Malecón.

His sensation at that illogical presence was one of immense relief. The lethargy settling over him was dissipated by the charm of the white dress of airy flounces standing out from delicate ankles and slippers fastened with wound ribbands, the familiar short sleeves and wrists hung with flexibly set colored jewels. Amalia Cruz, however, wore no hat, and the tall comb in her densely black hair had its note of incongruity. She was quite close to him, smiling, and he could see that the shadows on her pale face were, instead of ruddy, a very pale lavender. Her mouth, her teeth, were flawless, the chin a marvel of soft grace; but, looking into her eyes, suddenly, surprisingly, the impression of beauty was wholly gone. What was it? For their color, their brown, was acceptable enough. They were without light, he decided, strangely opaque; there was no reflection in them of the smile on her lips. He had a vague memory of having seen such eyes before. They had belonged to a woman who was one of a trio of religious fanatics traveling with a collapsible organ and a tent through the North. She had sung the hymns of grace fervidly, and all the while her gaze had had the vacuity of burnished stone.

A little of his relief ebbed away, but he stayed the remainder by the pronunciation, with a note of interrogation, of her name. She was evidently pleased that he had recognized her so quickly, and made a succession of quick affirmative nods.

"Yes, I am Amalia, and I suppose you are the *administrador* of America. I have heard a great deal about you too; but mostly that you are strong and brutal—in other words, successful. And how well you speak Spanish! I hadn't expected that."

An awkward pause, a silence for which he had no fitting words, succeeded her rich voice. In it he remembered Johnson Lute's dread at the thought of encountering her, his insistence that Heebner would find it difficult. Well, undoubtedly it would be—it was—difficult! He had come to Las Jias to prohibit, stop a *brujo* dance; but to speak of this crudely to Amalia Cruz, to appear to connect her with the Haitians at her back, for the present was inadmissible.

That impressed itself upon his mind, still slightly vibrating with the cool image of Colla Braddock. A sense of decency, of the appropriate, had been created. He was a man soon, in all probability, to leave the tropics; and already the influence of the North was on him. He gazed with a new regret at the sprawling dead black body and hastily slipped the revolver into its holster. A feeling that he had been inexcusably melodramatic helped his assurance. If Amalia Cruz tried any nonsense with the field hands, attempted to make magic, he'd ridicule her from the scene. That, he hoped, wouldn't be necessary. Her evil reputation, he told himself, like everything else in life, had been exaggerated; the material for the legend about her was no more authentic than legends usually are.

"I thought you had gone to Rio," he said inanely.

Again her smile, her recognition, was brilliant.

"To see Rosina Galli dance," she replied with animation. "But it was impossible—I was prevented. You should have seen me when I heard. I screamed in Bricamo and Peruvian." This seemed impossible; her voice was like whipped and sugared cream. "I hate disappointment and I turned black with rage. It brought out the black in me," she added unexpectedly, in a reflective voice. "You'd never think it from my appearance?"

It was obviously a query rather than a statement, and she paused, waiting for his assurance. That, though, in a species of stubbornness, he could not bring himself to indorse. The Africa in her was clear, and as she vainly waited a wave of sullenness pinched her lips.

"In Paris," she added vindictively, "they are civilized. I was imbecile to leave."

The rhythmic swaying of the close-packed Haitians had never stopped, and though she was turned from them, a swaying timed to theirs passed over her. Her face became fixed, like a palely colored mask of plaster; and her hands, at her sides, took up a small involuntary weaving. Another and greater degree of his security left him, and the illusion of a lowering wick was repeated. The sun had gone and the harsh whispering in the sugar cane had grown continuous. Yet, in spite of the stirring of the trade wind, he felt no relief from the pressure of heat. His face was burning and dry.

What time was it, he wondered, and glanced at the watch on his wrist. Dinner would have begun at his house on the *batey*. In view of Juan's clocklike precision of service he knew that the soup, containing slices of avocado pears he had been lucky enough to get out of season, had been removed; but the roast fowl had hardly yet been brought in. Amalia Cruz, he saw, was making a mark on the earth with the toe of a slipper, and he watched intently—a circle with four projections and a beak, a turtle without doubt; yes, there she added the short tail. Then as though she had acted subconsciously she erased the drawing. It was plain that she was becoming impatient.

"I came out here to see you," he said with an effort at determined energy.

"Do you like me, now that we are here?"

"That isn't very important, is it? I mean, to you. I didn't come just because I had heard that you were beautiful ——"

"Am I?" she interrupted him.

"Most people would agree that you were."

"Most people are fools. I asked you."

"No, you're not!" he almost shouted at her, and then stopped, aghast at the probable folly into which his unaccountable and exasperated nerves had thrust him.

Her set eyes might have been sightless. He had never, she replied, seen her dance.

"The John the Baptist," she continued in her tender, full inflections. "There would be no music, but then, down the track, there is the other." He had no conception of her meaning. "It would inspire me—the blood on my hands."

A coldness like the touch of dead fingers ran over his body, and the last of his adventitious relief deserted him.

"Do you mean," he stammered, "with the—the head of Johnson Lute?"

Amalia Cruz nodded, then surrendered the idea with the remark that her dress was inappropriate.

"Besides, that's not what I came to dance. I suppose you heard, and it brought you too. That was foolish, since you know something of Cuba. In an hour it will be unpleasant for you here. I will be different—you have no idea. I am like this, and then at the sound of the *tarini bembé* ——"

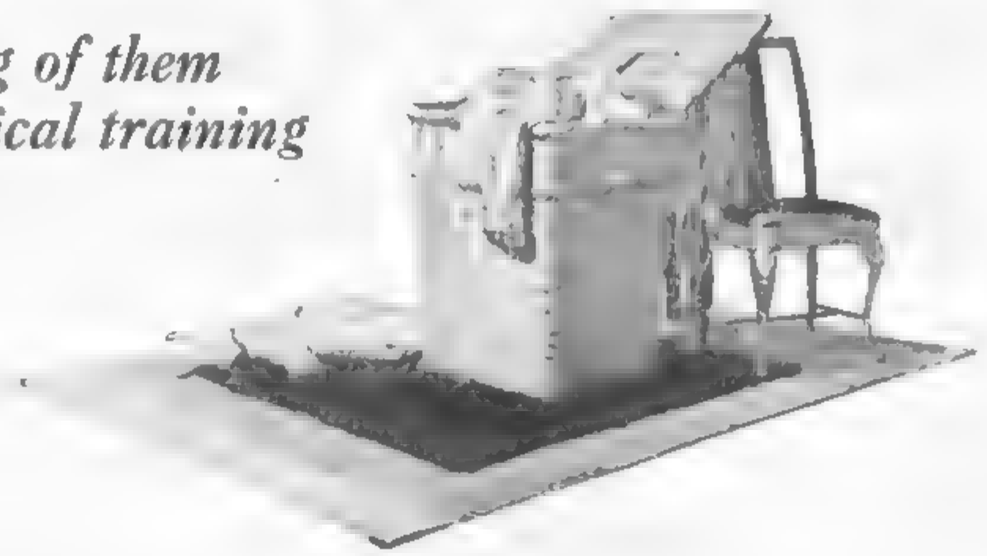
He knew enough to recognize that she was speaking of the sacred African drum.

"But you must stop it," he replied sharply, recalled out of his confusion to his duty, his purpose here. "That is why I came." He grew more cunning. "It's preposterous to think of you taking part in a *brujo* dance, having anything to do with juju. I don't really believe what I've heard since I've seen you."

(Continued on Page 77)

Shirts of Viscose; Napery of Dunfermline

—why washing of them requires technical training



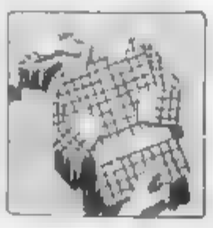
We tumble a bundle together on Monday morning and send it out for washing.

Here's a shirt of artificial silk—viscose; a napkin of the real, and now so rare, Scotch linen, from Dunfermline; a suit of knitted cotton-wool underwear; a badly grass-stained gingham—perhaps a score of other pieces, with scarce two alike.

How many of us ever think of the laundering problems these differences present?

The shirt of viscose, with its aversion to water, is separated from the rest for washing in a bath of never more than 100 degrees—just as is real silk....

The cotton-wool underwear is assigned to a classification which insures washing of it as all-wool, in lukewarm water, to avoid shrinkage and felting....



The grass-stained gingham is set aside for special treatment with mild Javelle Water, which removes the marks quickly, without impairment of the cloth....

So with every family bundle received by modern laundries—the contents are sorted into various classifications. Of these, white goods, colored goods, woolens, hosiery, silks, family flat work, towels and aprons, collars and cuffs, are only a few.

Each class is separated from the others, and washed in the way most beneficial for it by methods developed by the research staff of The Laundryowners National Association, at their special laboratories in the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, University of Pittsburgh.

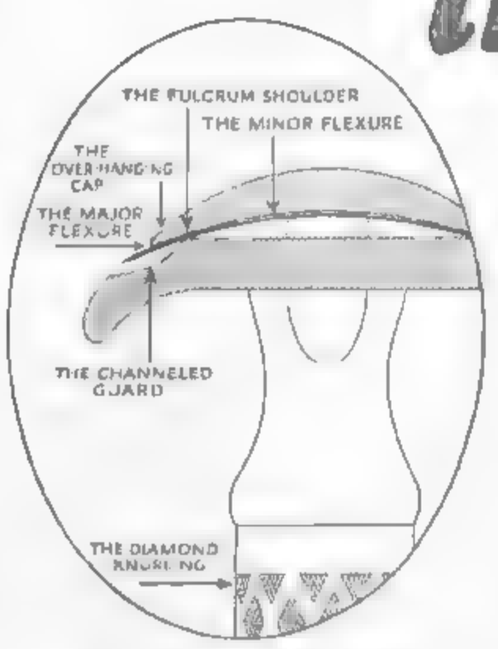
Washing of today's many-mixed fabrics requires the service of specially trained individuals, like those to be found in modern laundries.

There are such men and women in the modern laundries of your city. Why not have them help? They will take out of the home all the care and toil of washday. They will cleanse and conserve—and at a cost most moderate.

Send them your family washing—a trial will convince.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO., *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

500,000 since May 16th in America alone



The New Improved
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

Note the position of the blade in the *New Improved Gillette*. The blade automatically touches the face at the correct angle to cut the hairs *clean through*.

See how the head of the razor is rounded to make a guiding surface. How the shaving edge is controlled relative to this guiding surface so the shaving edge cuts the hairs *right at the surface of the skin*.

The New Improved Gillette uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years—but now your Blades can give you all the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world. Identify the New Improved Gillette by its—

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Overhanging Cap
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Automatic Adjustment
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Finer Shave—Longer Service
More Shaves from your Blades

In SILVER *and* GOLD
Shaving Sets and Traveler Outfits
$5 *to* $75

The New Improved Gillette
Patented January 13th, 1920

EVIDENCE of the confidence of men the world over in this great achievement—the *New Improved Gillette*—is briefly this:—

Announced to the public on May 16th, 1921.

Demand unforeseen by many dealers.

A week later "RUSH" orders from these same merchants.

At one time it looked as if New Improved Gillettes were at a premium.

Within a month, distribution showing signs of catching up with demand in spite of unfilled orders.

Today, the factory still making an effort to catch up—with 500,000 New Improved Gillettes already sold to the first 500,000 lucky enough to get them.

The most spontaneous response to any razor of any type since the world began making and using shaving implements.

Go to your Dealer today and get a New Improved Gillette

NOTE:—*The Gillette Company assumes full responsibility for the service of Gillette Blades when used in any* GENUINE *Gillette Razor—either old-type or New Improved Gillette. But with* IMITATIONS *of the genuine Gillette, it cannot take responsibility for service of Blades.*

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The New Improved
Gillette
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SAFETY RAZOR

Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Geneva, Paris, Shanghai, Milan, Amsterdam, Port Elizabeth, Rio de Janeiro, Sydney, Singapore, Calcutta, Constantinople, Buenos Ayres, Tokyo, Madrid, Brussels, Copenhagen

(Continued from Page 74)

This, he saw gladly, was not without its effect upon her.

"It drags me down," she explained. "That took me away from France, ruined my career on the stage. Since I first heard it I have never been able to get it out of my head. Do as I advise you—go away. But I suppose that would be no good. There are no more trains until to-morrow, and by then ——"

The swaying of the negroes, merged into one by the deepening gloom, had grown more rapid and violent, and Amalia Cruz's breathing was disordered. Her arms rose as lightly as though they had been lifted by the increasing winglike fluttering of her hands.

She was fast retreating from him into the unfathomable spiritual depths of the Haitians, and his feeling of helplessness returned to develop into a sense of fatality. It was almost as though he, too, were being victimized by the rising hysteria, magnetic in the gathering night. Against his need to protest, to avert the forming danger, was the desire to see Amalia Cruz in a *brujo* dance. At the bottom of his consciousness was a perceptible excitement. He had a sensation of giddiness such as might have come from the dipping of a ship's deck. In its hypnotic regularity he thought of a tree swaying back and forth in the wind.

Then with a heavy surprise he saw that the negroes had broken and streamed away. There was the sound of bodies moving in the underbrush, subdued voices and the breaking of sticks. Heebner turned abruptly away from the woman before him and walked listlessly to the solidly closed end of the *bohio*, where he sat upon a pile of sacking, his back resting on the palm boards. Darkness had completely fallen. He could hardly make out the empty and motionless line of hammocks. Where Amalia Cruz stood was only a faint white blur; then that disappeared. But that in itself was unimportant. His strongest conviction now was that nothing of any moment could happen outside his own faculties and brain. What he saw, what appeared exterior to him, objective, was no more than the figments of his imagination. His mind had created the menace of the Haitians, Amalia Cruz—yes, and Colla Braddock. The *estancia* America was the result of his thought.

The imperative thing then was to disentangle the different elements of his being and discover which was the more vital, to be followed to the exclusion, the necessary sacrifice, of all else. Charles Heebner was glad that the woman, the absurd field hands, had temporarily left him alone. He required solitude for the resolving of so difficult a decision. For a breath, he now recognized, he had regarded Amalia Cruz as a seductive individual—an individual seduction—but he was clear about her now. She receded to her position as a symbol, the unique and concrete expression of what, southward, lay before him. This, he told himself, plainly faced, was *brujeria*.

Well, why not?

His hatred of the South, he felt, had largely come from a lack of surrender to it. He hadn't allowed himself to be submerged in its tropical intensity; he had fought against it as a son against his paternity. And here, Heebner was practically convinced, lay his true paternity. He was a signally mature man, fully capable of choosing his preferred land, his habits and associates. If he wished to have certain signs drawn on his back and flanks with yellow chalk, to accept their implications, who had the right to prohibit or even to criticize him?

Not the shallow hypocrisies of New York and Boston, the provincialism of a little town isolated from understanding by its planted green hills, that was sure!

Brujeria, after all, was a religion not altogether unlike other supernatural beliefs, except that to-day it was more picturesque and violent than the rest. It was orgiastic; but was that fundamentally worse than the tepidity of the great part of the world? And since men had been given dark passions, it couldn't be far out of the way to exercise them. Soon, if it weren't for such rites as the *brujo*, life would be no more varied or exciting than at its cellular origin. As for morals, they were synonymous with climate. The morals, the standard of conduct, of Cuba were necessarily different from those of Kamchatka. Therefore, whose affair was it if he, Charles Heebner, after grave deliberation, chose the manner of the tropics?

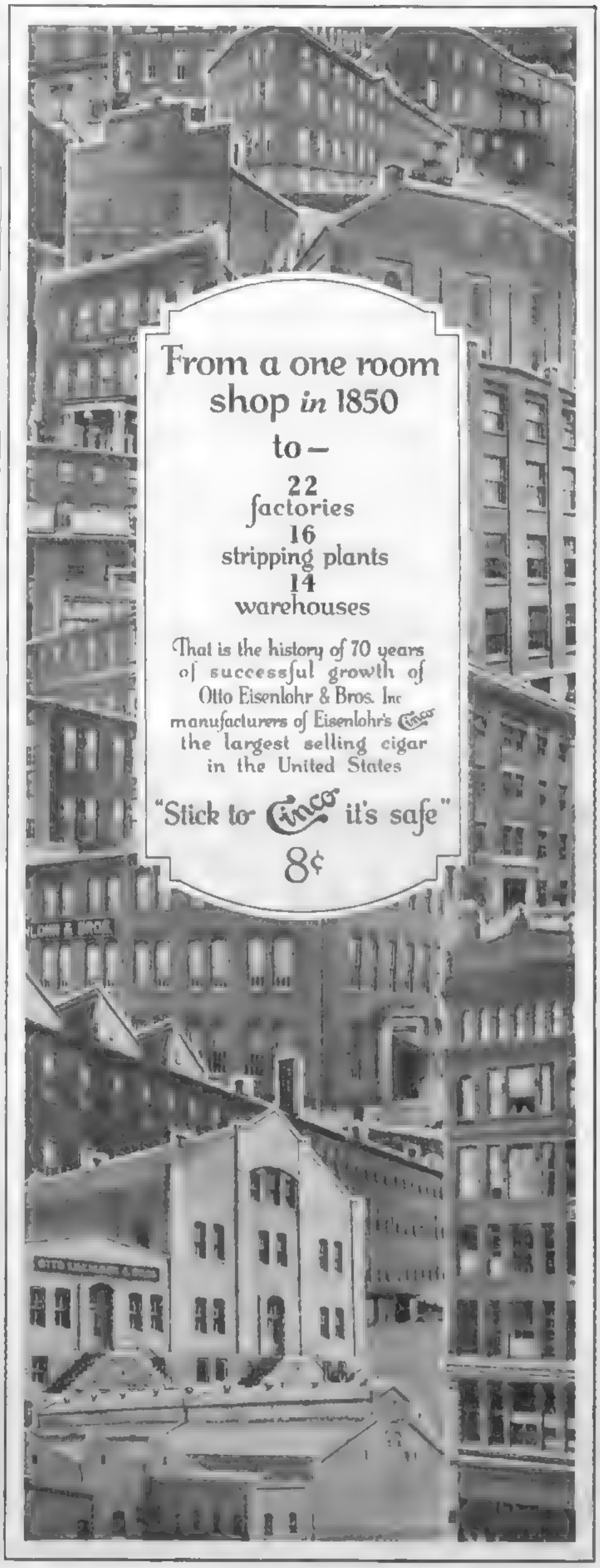
His thoughts were interrupted, suspended, by a low resonant sound that resembled the vibration of the wings of a gigantic insect. The drum—*tarini bongó!* The legends he had heard about it flocked into his mind, the peculiar power, magic of the strangely carved hollowed log with its stretched skin. Amalia Cruz had admitted to him that, overcoming all other sounds, it had dragged her away from her sole ambition. As if called up by the drum, a ruddy glow widened in the dark, pennants of flame rose, twisting, and sank. Beyond the fire there were momentarily glistening black faces. Between it and Heebner there were agitated silhouettes. The drum! He was gratified that he was so logical, so careful; he hadn't been overcome by disintegrating emotions. No one else, he was confident, had sat as he was sitting, calmly considering the tremendous choice, the problem before him. What an extraordinary richness and liberty of action lay upon either hand! He could be swept into the flaming mysteries of Carabalié Africa. In spite of Amalia Cruz's implied threat he could, with cunning, still get safely North with Colla into a life of the utmost finish and ease; or by standing firm he might multiply his dignity and power and increase his sugar holdings in Cuba.

Of the three the latter least engaged him. It seemed immeasurably less remunerative, seductive, than the others; it offered nothing but hard interminable work and intrigue, with—at any rate for some years yet—most of the gain turned over to others. Why should he worry and plan, sweat and labor, for old John Q. Braddock, in the reposeful luxury of his offices in Boston? Heebner was damned if he knew. In the end he'd get nothing out of it but a sere and lonely old age. Aside from that, it was practically an impossibility, for the necessities of such a mad decision would lead within an hour toward his most unfortunate death. He recalled the proposed Salome of Amalia's. Alone he would have to end the juju, with every chance, every probability that the juju would horribly end him. In order to proceed as the *administrador* of America he'd have, in effect, to commit suicide.

Yes, that summed it up. At bottom it entailed a stupid erectness no better than that of a man who wouldn't bend his head to escape a bullet. Diloguez more than once had regretfully hinted at that dangerous sentimentality in him, and he himself had often criticized the stiff folly of his countrymen faced with the deviousness of Cuba. However, Heebner admitted that, a certain superiority of responsibility accepted, such stiffness and unassailable pride were necessary. It was an inescapable part of the pose. What he now debated, questioned, was that assumption of superiority—if one attitude were better than the other. The main difference between the Spaniards who had conquered the island and the native *Cubanos* lay in the tempering of the former's steel, the swords of Toledo. Then the balance of power shifted from Castile to the United States under the weight of cannon.

The sound of the drum—it was provoked by the fingers and not beaten with sticks—was no louder than that of the night wind, the trade wind. An errant cooling breath found its way under the thatch and played about his brow. There was a faint stirring where the fiber hammocks swayed ever so slightly. Dinner on the *batey* would now have reached the coffee. Soon the chief engineer and his wife, the assistant *administrador* and his wife, the chief electrician and the others would arrive for roulette. But when he, Charles Heebner, and Lute failed to return a search would be instituted. Too late, but still he thought of this only experimentally. He had decided nothing. When he permitted it, waves of excitement, drumlike shivers passed over him. He was conscious of the darkening of his spirit. All else, in that approximation of night, was being obscured, hidden. He turned deliberately aside from what, in the cane, the searchers for him might come on. Heebner assured himself that he had reached a depth of truth where only his own soul could be considered. The decision, the relinquishment which might well destroy America could not be weighed extraneously.

He had a new contempt for facile reasoning, surface facts. Men, he discovered, were forever refusing to meet, acknowledge the consequences of their acts. They were afraid to pay for them; they clung to ameliorating but false appearances. All at once he saw Colla Braddock as not by a



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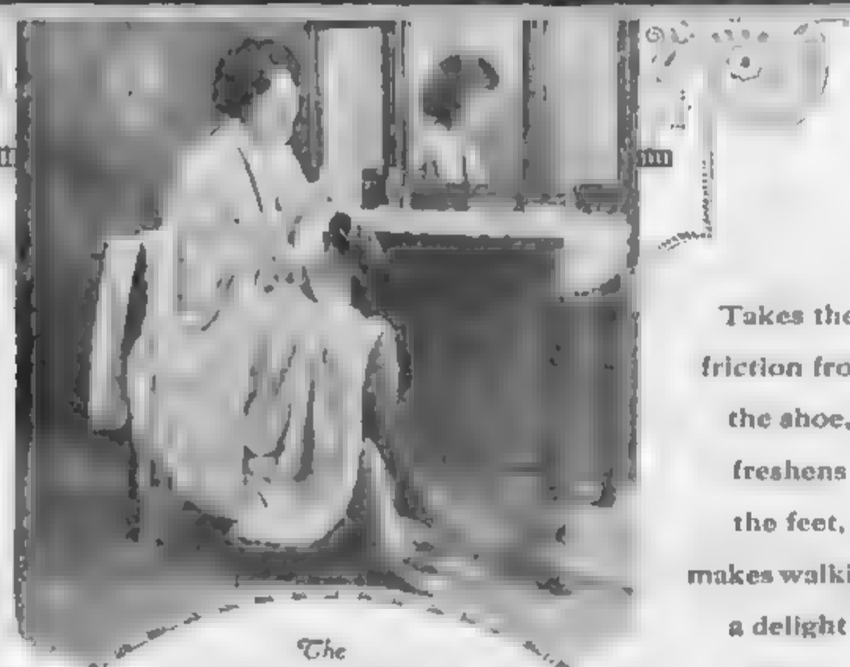

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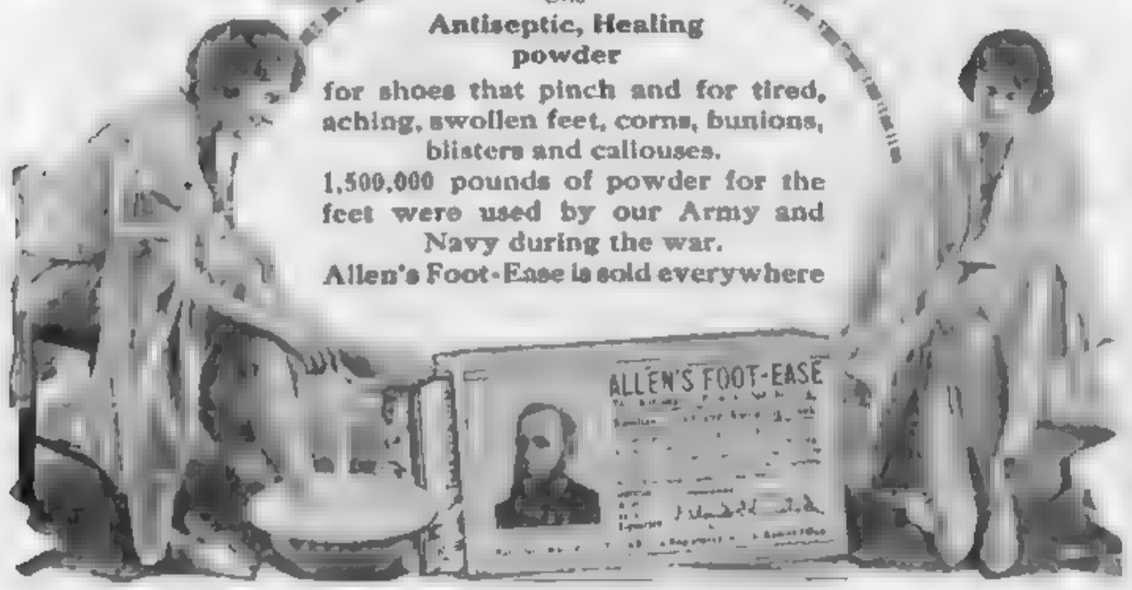

fraction more than one of these. Before his tragic wondering she vanished as a reality—an incentive or a reward. It was incomprehensible that he had thought about her—or rather of himself in that consummation—seriously. He actually raised a hand in an ironical gesture of dismissal. Then his arm fell back lethargically upon his knee. The sharpness, the focus of his mind was dimmed. Perhaps it was a mere vanity to try to direct, control destiny. Forces greater than any individual had him in motion; the responsibility was not his; and he waited in a sort of inwardly turned curious patience for what must so shortly, so eternally happen to him.

The convulsive shapes about the fire joined in an increasingly fast whirling, and a mutter of voices that broke into the shrilling gasps of possession rose above the undertone of the drum. The words, at once clearly heard in monotonous repetition and unintelligible, were pronounced with an ominous *b*; they were sibilant with a sustained *s*. And among the sooty shapes there was a fluttering apparition of white. The flames climbed higher and merged. The glow gave place to an expanding unsteady illumination, making visible figures dislocated in the images of saurian beasts. The pulsations of the fire were now less red than blue, liquidly green; and seemingly hanging in air, against the profundity beyond, distorted faces, faces streaked and ringed with scarlet and yellow, dipped and quivered like painted tied balloons. But it was rather the invisible that reached Charles Heebner. He told himself that he was not to be affected by mineral powders, pigments, the weaving of hysterical bodies around burning wood and dried cane. It was what animated this, what was released by it, that tightened his throat.

Yet that, as well, he insisted mechanically, lay only within himself; but that was not in the way of reassurance. The succession of appalling lives reaching up from the first dawn to him, and which he had held subdued—in, as it were, a clenched fist—were being freed, revitalized. He was no longer an individual, an entity, but the hiding place of countless spirits now seething in a mad ferocious dance. It was useless for him to contend any longer. The darkness in him, in men, was stronger than the light; and the impulse increased to go stamping and naked into savagery.

One other alternative remained—the revolver conveniently at his hand. It had many aspects to recommend it. The loud report would silence, for him, even the *tarini bongó*. And, as well, it would serve all the malignant beings in him damned good and right. They'd find themselves without a lurking place, evicted as though they had been undesirable tenants or hadn't stood the rent.

The blanched apparition was crossing the clearing. It drew near, and Amalia Cruz, livid with emotion, writhed and balanced before him. Her clothes were torn, the slippers were gone and only shreds of her silk stockings remained. What fascination she might have had was lost in the menace of her seizure. She mocked him in Spanish with his impotence, wove about him the terror of the pit open at his feet, promising the destruction of America in him, of Charles Heebner in the *estancia* America. A phrase in Bricamo he understood —— "The owl drinks the blood of the dead and flies over the sea." "Efiqueñ que buton efique Ename ——"

A reptilian shape materialized beside her as if it had been created by her evil phrase, and Heebner rose to confront his fate. Out of the farther green flames the decapitated grimaces persisted, and he was aware of a swift crumbling, a turning to dust of his will. Mental images assumed the substance of incredible actuality. He saw the dwellings on the *bateý*, the trains of cane cars standing in the early morning, the flamingo penned with his other fowls, stalking grotesquely; Johnson Lute, on the rail car, just before their disaster, was speaking about the fishing of his youth, unaware that the fish was one of the sacred signs of *brujeria*.

All this vanished, and in its place Charles Heebner thought he stood in a narrow street where an incandescent sun was intolerably reflected by coral-pink walls. A man was walking away from him dejectedly, in clothes sinking from neglect to poverty, with the melancholy remnant of a swagger. A masked impulse, suddenly warm within Heebner, resulted in a call, and the other stopped, turned. It was Johnson Lute that time the *administrador* of America had come upon him first at Caibarien. He had taken him to the *estancia* the next day; and from then until to-night, until his death, Lute had been a monument in fine gold to the incorruptible good concealed beneath both the hardness and fallibility of men. That, too, had been the result of magic, the magic of humanity, a communicable and sustaining courage; and just as it had flowed from Charles Heebner after the receding and beaten figure it came back again into his heart from a Johnson Lute dignified, raised to a transcendent power. Against that the juju shrank; the sound of the drum was lost in the rustling of the sugar cane. Through the darkness he heard a cock crowing.

The lurid haunted mist before his eyes vanished, and in place of a terrible mystery he saw a fire of cane and wood and a spasmodic crowd of Haitians. In place of the livid figure, the symbol of all the fatal allurement of the tropics, he saw a woman in whom was a whisky glass—or was it a cordial glass?—of tainted blood. He gazed at Amalia Cruz with a sensation no stronger than an impatient disgust which changed into a frowning concentration of attention. At once she grew still, cold. Her gaze glittered venomously out of the pallid blot of her face. It was impossible to mistake, fatal to underestimate, the menace of her heat struck sharply cold with rage. She retreated from him in an almost imperceptible gliding; and as the distance between them widened, as she drew nearer to the fire, her slender outline sharpened; and at that, in a rigid comprehension of need, with a leveled revolver, he fired once more.

A wailing and animal cry rose against the explosion of powder. Amalia Cruz disappeared and the fluctuating light showed a disorganized, halted throng.

"Is there anyone here who can understand Spanish?" he shouted in a strong voice. A submissive affirmative came from somewhere in the near gloom. "Bring four men and lift my rail car onto the tracks," Charles Heebner added, and turned abruptly on his heel.

It was necessary, he found, to secure what remained of Johnson Lute to the seat of the car; and then the irregular preliminary reports of the gasoline engine sounded on the night. He proceeded slowly, carefully through the sidings, and the way familiar even in the dark unrolled like a length of rich carpet.

The scattered electric lights of the *bateý*, the high bulk of the mill, glaring at its openings, swept up to meet him; and, returned, he made a temporary discreet provision. Leaving behind the revolver, he strode to where the windows of his house showed the intent small group about the roulette wheel. Heebner entered at a side door and proceeded quietly to his room and bath.

But Juan heard him, and was immediately, silently respectful, quick, at his service.

"Miss Braddock has won six hundred dollars," the servant told him above the rush of the cleansing shower. "She made the maximum twice."

Charles Heebner heard him without interest. He was speculating upon the outcome of John Q. Braddock's conference in Havana with the Cuban sugar planters. How, he asked himself, would it affect this to learn of Amalia Cruz's death? He must telegraph Mr. Braddock from the station. It was, he discovered, no later than ten o'clock. He had been absent hardly three hours; three hours—three thousand years; yes, longer. He marveled, not without dismay, at the possibilities of the mind. At late afternoon he had hated Cuba, he had been weary of the grinding and making of sugar; but now his hatred of the island was gone; he regarded it normally as a place where success was specially difficult. The greatest change, however, had come in his feeling about the *estancia* America. He was charged with pride in it to-night; but what might have been personal vanity was saved by humility—he had made it; yet in return, with Johnson Lute, it had made, saved him. No, he would never go to Boston, to Washington, for an easy and safe place. Ease and safety offered him nothing.

The only acceptable position was that of the *conquistadores*. It wasn't, though, the conquering of far islands that was imperative, but the victory over self that made it possible to hold in check all the black and threatening shapes lingering out of the unhappy past—that was it.

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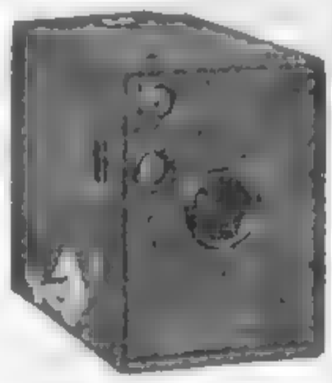

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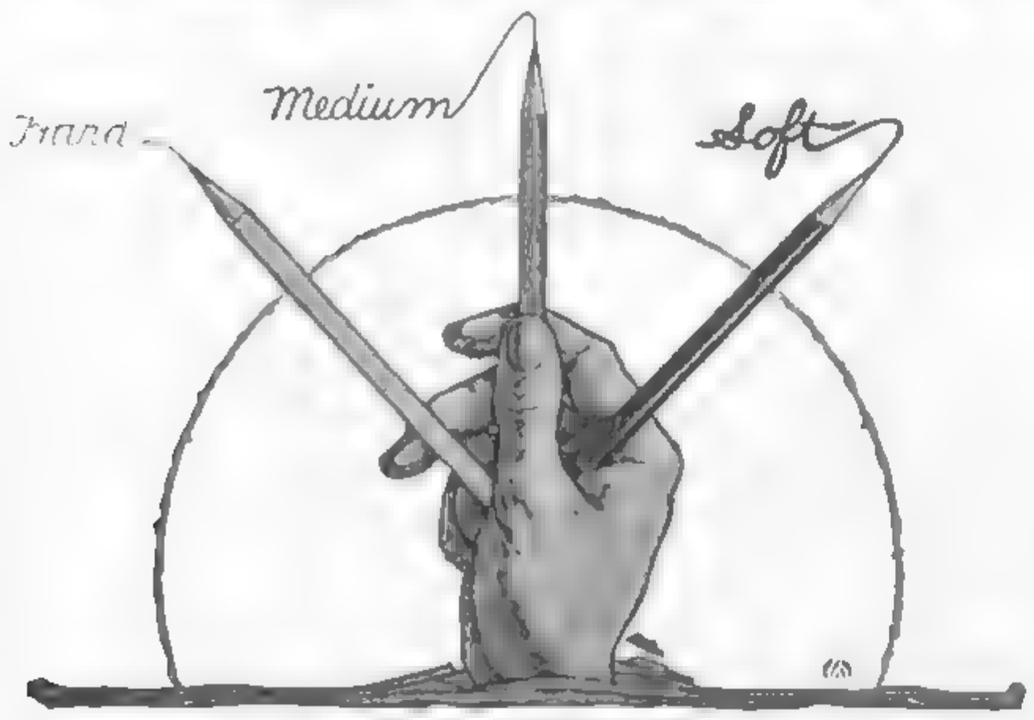

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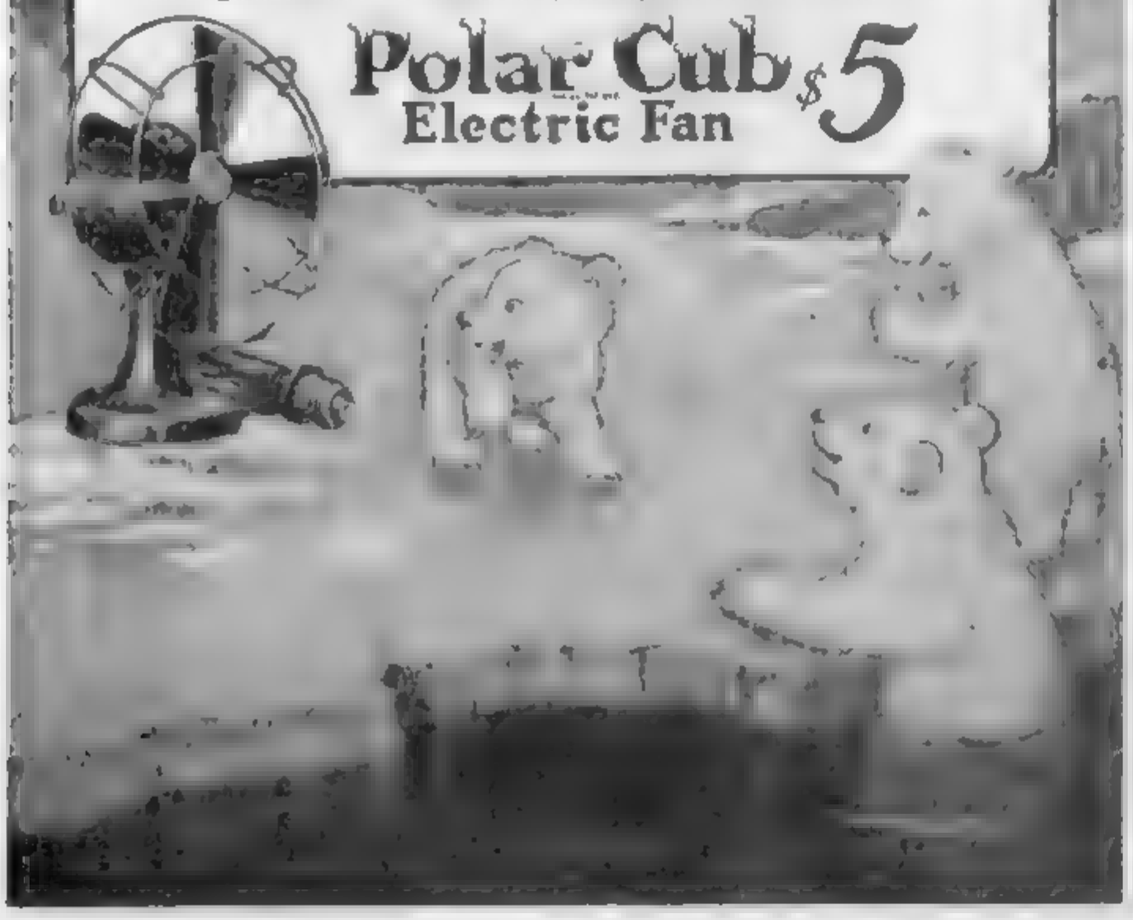

WHAT REALLY AILS THE RAILROADS

(Continued from Page 4)

material of a livelier and less dignified sort—as that the Father of his Country sometimes drank rum before breakfast and screwed a plasterer down three shillings on the price of a job; and Hamilton's escapade with the young lady; and Grant's junket with some companions and a case of wine.

And for the time being that sort of thing is the only historical material in which he has any interest. He is deaf to Valley Forge, but all ears for any example of Washington's high temper and strong language. He wouldn't read Lincoln's Gettysburg address, but would walk a mile to hear a broad story imputed to him. Probably this reversion to earth is an ingrained trait of human nature, derived from the time when we used to roll over in the dust to get the fleas out of our coats.

At the time I speak of, a considerable portion of the national mind was in that state. Some uplifty publications had discovered the fact and were coining tidy profits out of it for the time being, while reprobating other people's profits. We got not only the spicy gossip of authentic industrial history but a wealth of scandalous invention—until it might seem that Washington never had done anything worth mentioning except drink rum; and Hamilton's only notable achievement was in a rôle of Don Juan; and Uncle Tom's Cabin overthrew Vicksburg while Grant was in the rear sleeping it off. It was the muckrakers' day.

Much of the public was then hearing nothing of American railroads except to their discredit. Government control of railroads rode in on the crest of the muckrakers' muddy wave.

I was in Washington in the winter of 1905–06 when the Senate was debating the Hepburn Bill. The bill proposed that when the Interstate Commerce Commission, upon complaint of a shipper, found an existing rate to be unfair it should fix a new rate which in its judgment would be fair. To that extent it took rate making out of the hands of the railroads and put it into the hands of the Government. And when leaders of the opposition in the Senate said this was only the nose of the camel, to be followed in due time by the whole mangy body of government management of the railroads, I put that down to their sinister and reactionary cast of mind. But they were true prophets. It has led practically to what is most undesirable in government management—stifling of individual initiative and responsibility, setting up rules of thumb, infusion of politics, stuffed pay rolls; in general, the sort of thing you see exemplified in those big departments at Washington whose low efficiency and high extravagance are deplored by everybody, including the President and the secretary in charge.

Oppressive Regulation

However, at the time, the bill seemed an excellent idea to me and to millions of others. The Government would be impartial, well-informed and fair; its rates would be just; and if rates were just, who could complain? Besides, the bill was Progressive. Not to be Progressive was to be a crab and go backward. I have since learned that a crab does not go backward; he merely goes for food and goes home.

This first act—the thin end of the wedge, as the opposition called it—was soon followed by another, which gave the Interstate Commerce Commission power to veto any proposed advance in rates before it went into effect. There is no need to go over the whole legislative history. For all essential purposes the rate making power has been taken out of the hands of the roads and put into the hands of the Government. And government authority extends far beyond rate making.

At the recent Senate hearings Mr. Kruttschnitt, of the Southern Pacific, presented a table by which it appeared that eighty-two cents out of every dollar the roads spent was disbursed under government orders, rules and regulations which the roads were powerless to change. To-day there is comparatively little that a railroad can do of its own motion. It may blow its nose, but if it wishes to use a handkerchief in the operation it must apply to Washington.

When Government, fixing the price at which the product is sold, has practical control of the plant's income; when in various ways it has practical control over a great part of expenditures; when it is constantly setting up rules and regulations for the conduct of the business—why, in that case, to call the plant privately managed is simply to spring a poor joke. For some years before the war the roads were drifting more and more under government control. And that is the sum total of what ails them now.

By 1914 the roads were in a poor way. Cost of operation had been going up, and rail credit was hamstrung. In spite of constantly rising costs of operation the average freight rate per ton per mile fell from .766 of a cent in 1905 to .716 of a cent in 1916.

The proposition was that the roads should, in name, be privately owned and privately managed; that they should depend on private capital for extensions and betterments. But the Government had almost complete control of rates; and the Interstate Commerce Commission had conclusively demonstrated the immense difficulty—or impossibility—of getting an increase in rates in peacetime, even when cost of operation had been going up hand over fist. Under like circumstances that same difficulty—or impossibility—will develop again.

The High Cost of Bungling

Government in all its branches is a political concern. The first aim of politics is popularity, just as the first aim of business is profits. An increase in rail rates will never be popular. Nobody likes to pay more for anything. Political control means trying to please the greatest number of people, or the noisiest number, for the time being.

Take it to yourself. Here is a shoe shop, privately owned and in name privately managed. But the city council fixes the price at which it shall sell shoes—on a general theory that the shop must not be permitted to earn more than 6 per cent on its investment at any time, with no guaranty that it shall earn as much as 6 per cent in dull times or when cost of operation rises. Profits limited to 6 per cent, losses unlimited. Would you invest your money in that shop? Neither would people, before the war, invest their money in railroads to the extent that the roads needed if their extensions and betterments were to keep pace with the country's growth. Rail credit was hamstrung, and the roads, in the matter of new capital, were mostly living from hand to mouth by issues of short-term notes.

War came. The Government took complete control of the roads. It quite promptly raised freight and passenger rates—not the 5 per cent that the roads had been asking for before the war, but 25 per cent. Yet this raise in rates made only a patch on the enormous increase in operation expenses.

Senator Cummins calculated the other day that when the bills are paid government operation of the railroads will have cost the public treasury one billion eight hundred million dollars. It cost the public huge freight and passenger rates and still left the roads as groggy as the champion who would have won the fight if he had stuck to his typewriter.

Last August there was another big raise in transportation charges. Freight rates in Eastern territory were marked up 40 per cent; passenger rates, 20 per cent; Pullman rates, 50 per cent; so in 1920 the public paid the roads directly more than six billion dollars for transportation. But in the twelve months ending March 1, 1921, the railroads earned only a trifle over operating expenses and taxes. Operating expenses took ninety-four cents of every dollar they received, against sixty-nine cents eight years before, when their gross receipts were half as large.

They lay it to the war, which made big wage increases inevitable. In fact, the railroad labor bill increased from a little less than one and a half billion dollars in 1916 to more than three and a half billion dollars in 1920. But war doesn't account for it. Every other big established American industry paid war wages. No other comes out of the war period in any such extensive and complex state of dilapidation as

the railroads. The state of the railroads is not due to war, but to the leaden hand of the Government.

Of course, wages should have been raised. But the Government introduced a whole catalogue of rules and regulations about labor which made it far more costly to the railroads than it needed to be in order to meet war conditions. Howard Elliott and Julius Kruttschnitt introduced pages of examples at the Senate hearings.

Prices began falling sharply last fall. Other big industries have made their wage adjustments without fuss—and probably, by and large, quite as equitably as the railroad adjustment will finally be made.

Government managed the railroads—and will continue to control them—on the political principle of trying to please the greatest number of people, or the noisiest number, for the time being. Of course you remember the venerable parable in your childhood story-book about the traveler who tried to please everybody and ended by pleasing nobody and losing his ass in the bargain. That is also the parable of Government and railroads.

The deep-seated, progressive malady started years before the war, with government control. It will continue, with government control. The percentage of dope in whatever remedy Congress now concocts will be exactly equivalent to the percentage of government control in it.

Any successful business is a successful man or group of men. Morgan said that credit is personal. Roosevelt, I believe, said that crime is personal. Success is personal too. It is a product of individual initiative, energy, ability, responsibility. Nothing else can possibly take the place of that.

Ability Choked Off

You know well enough that a farm or village grocery cannot be run successfully by a set of rules. Nobody can get up a correspondence course that will make a successful farmer or grocer out of anyone who learns the ten lessons by heart. Nothing can take the place of individual initiative. We are trying to run the railroads by a correspondence course.

The names of railroad men used to stand out because the men themselves stood out. For two generations railroading had been a big, free, expanding field—offering big prizes, wide opportunities, a clear scope for the exercise of all the initiative, energy and ability that a man had in him. The result, inevitable as water running downhill, was that American energy and ability poured into railroading. That field drew ambition and brains by a natural force of gravitation. The schoolboys in country towns along the right of way felt it.

And that is why, in seventy years of world railroad building, America beat the world hands down. I say again that we did beat the world hands down, and the record shows it. But with the beginning of government control that phase began to pass. It was the laying on of a deadening hand—only two fingers at first, but finally, inevitably, both hands up to the elbow.

Government control meant setting up a rule of thumb instead of free, individual initiative. Private, elected managements were no longer free, and by the same token they were no longer responsible as they had been before, for where a man has no choice of action he has no responsibility. Railroading became a field in which individual ability could operate in only two dimensions, instead of in three as theretofore; then in only one dimension; then in only half of one.

As we squeezed individual initiative, opportunity and responsibility out of railroading, we squeezed ability out of it—sure as water runs downhill. Whatever first-rate ability there is in railroading to-day is an undeserved heritage of freer times. The Hills, Ripleys, Cassatts and Hughitts who are now growing up will not be found in government-regulated railroading twenty years hence. They will be found in some field that gives them opportunity to exercise their ability.

First-rate ability does not enter or remain in a field where it must sit with its nose in a book of rules, carrying out orders from Washington. First-rate ability that remains in railroading is not functioning first-rate. It can't. There are not only the rules and regulations to mind but there is the inevitable deadening of morale. Railroad executives are constituted essentially just as you and I are. You start at a job full of enthusiasm and presently run hopefully to the boss with an idea for bettering the work. But the boss, his feet on the desk, yawns and says, "Oh, no; we won't bother about that. It's against Rule 3968 on Page 197." After a few months of that your enthusiasm oozes out like gas from a pricked balloon; you're sitting with your feet on the desk too. By and large, the shop will take its stroke from the man who has the final say. If the man who has the final say is government, it will be a government stroke.

I hate to shock the perplexed and mournful band of railroad executives by tossing a dead cat into their faces; but you can't tell me that when they have to sit around weeks on end waiting for a government decision on almost every vital question that comes up, the punch isn't oozing out of them. I know perfectly well that it is. It will ooze out of anybody under those circumstances.

And as to railroad personnel below the chief executive positions—well, during the war you heard much about the crucial importance of morale; and for four years now the railroad rank and file has had its thumb to its nose for the railroad commanding officers. That has become the conventional railroad salute. It is a product of political control. It will continue as long as political control continues. Political control deadens railroad morale from top to bottom. We shall foot the bill either in unnecessarily high freight and passenger rates or in rail deficits made good out of the public treasury.

With another fifteen years of government control, railroad executives will be superior clerks, carrying out orders. They will be essentially bureaucrats, like most other government employes. A bureaucrat, essentially, is anybody whose job requires, not thinking but minding the rules. If you make a bureaucratic job you will finally get a bureaucratic man to fill it.

Political control and regulation, setting up rules of thumb; bringing in the slow, cumbrous, indifferent government stroke; rigidly limiting individual initiative, opportunity and responsibility—is driving ability out of the railroad field now. The young man who can kick goal—or even thinks he can—isn't turning to railroading now as he was a generation ago. Government control automatically forecloses that field to ability.

With a free hand various individuals made large fortunes out of railroading. Please count them up, from Commodore Vanderbilt and his New York Central fortune down to James J. Hill, who was the last of the railroad fortune makers to pass from the stage. A very few of these men were mere manipulators and leeches. Most of them, like Vanderbilt and Hill, were great builders. Along with the builders who made no big fortunes, they created this world-beating American railroad system.

Bad Eggs Dearer Than Good

I haven't exact figures, nor has anybody else; but no doubt the automobile industry in twenty years has produced as many multimillionaires and as great a total of multimillion fortunes as railroading produced from beginning to end. Hardly anybody sits up nights weeping over Henry Ford's hundred millions, or whatever his fortune may be. But in muckraking days, when government control of rail rates began, the nation was passionately entreated to forgo sleep over Vanderbilt's hundred millions.

We could easily have kept Ford from making a hundred millions, or whatever it may be, out of the automobile industry. Nothing would have been necessary except to set up a Federal Motor Commission, with power to regulate the automobile industry and fix prices at a level that would yield 6 per cent on the investment. Ford wouldn't have made any fortune then, nor would he have made any automobiles to speak of. A touring car would still be about as great a curiosity in the United States as an airplane was before the war.

This generation is keenly alive to the advantages of automobiles. We know from our own experience of pre-motor days how much the shiny gasoline car enlarges our field of action and enhances our pleasures. We don't begrudge Henry his wad. When he is sticking to the motor trade we rather think of him as a benefactor. So the preceding generations were keenly alive to the advantages of railroads. They didn't begrudge Vanderbilt his wad. Thirty years hence, when automobiles have become a

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commonplace, taken for granted as much as air or railroads, a new generation of muckrakers will weep puddles over Ford's millions—and undoubtedly demand intensive government control of the motor industry to make sure that nobody ever accumulates a fortune in it again. And the Fords who are then growing up will not be going into the motor industry but into some field that gives their abilities free scope.

If exact figures were available they would show that four years of government control have cost the country more than the sum total of all railroad multimillion fortunes from Vanderbilt to Hill. The free individual initiative and responsibility under which Vanderbilt and Hill made their fortunes gave us by far the greatest railroad system in the world, paying American wages and selling transportation at European prices—self-supporting, returning fair remuneration to the capital employed, able on its own merits to command the capital needed for extensions and betterments. Government control has given us excessive freight and passenger rates, rail deficits, rail credit weakened to an armchair-and-gruel state, and a general mess that nobody sees a way out of.

The record stands about this way: We paid a dollar in some big individual fortunes and got a dozen good eggs. We paid a dollar and a quarter in government control and got a dozen rotten eggs. Which was the better bargain?

We don't—or haven't as yet—set up a government commission at Washington and one in each state capital to see that nobody puts out forged paper or raises a check. We make a broad, general rule against forging or check raising, and prosecute whoever violates the rule. What the obnoxious and injurious railroad wreckers did, essentially, was to utter forged paper and raise checks. The case should have been covered by a broad, general rule like the law against common forgery. Whatever railroad abuses there were should have been treated by broad, general rules—criminal statutes—and not by political control or regulation.

Our railroad system flounders because it is headless. Nobody is running the roads; nobody is responsible for them. Government says the management is in private hands; but the privately elected managers have only slight authority and only slight responsibility. Interstate Commerce Commission, Labor Board and state commissions say they're not running the roads; they are merely laying down the rules. Here is the extraordinary case of a nation's land transportation system, a vital factor in almost every other industry and business, with nobody at all managing it, nobody at all responsible for it. It is at large—floundering.

Please don't say that this is only a temporary phase which will soon pass. This very acute stage of the disease is temporary. The patient will no doubt be doped through it. But the disease is government control; it will persist as long as government control continues; there will be other crises, requiring more dope.

Government control is a failure. It will never be a success. It squeezes out individual initiative and opportunity, individual rewards and punishments; nobody has a free hand, nobody is responsible. It decides economic questions politically. Politics consists largely in making promises. Economics consists in paying. We are paying now for railroad promises—through the nose.

It will always be so. Political control is a progressive malady. Nobody—except once in a century a dyspeptic Charles V—likes to give up power. The tendency of governments as of individuals is to grab more power.

I haven't a doubt that we should be farther along in railroading, that we should be paying lower freight and passenger rates to-day, that the roads would be solvent and self-supporting, if we had stuck to the plan of 1887, with broad, general rules and prosecution in court in case of infringement of the rules.

Nothing can take the place of individual initiative, ability and responsibility. We are trying fatuously to keep those things in railroading while introducing the rule-of-thumb, profit-limiting, opportunity-limiting, initiative-limiting political control which automatically drives them out. The experiment is a failure. It will continue a failure. Under it the roads cannot attract either the private ability or the private capital that they ought to have. They will flounder and be coming back for more dope—more government loans and guaranties, more government regulation and control. They will grow stiffer in the joints, larger in the stomach, denser in the head.

Once there was an energetic, competent, self-supporting citizen. Fifteen years ago the doctors began prescribing opium for him. Even now he is old Pete Railroad, patiently standing in line at the Washington soup kitchen for a hand-out—and another shot in the arm.

I suppose turning back the clock to 1887 is out of the question. But let's look candidly at our drugged premier industry and take warning against all other schemes of government control.

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